



Yours Sincerely
Chas. New

Memorials
OF
CHARLES NEW:

AUTHOR OF
"LIFE, WANDERINGS, AND LABOURS IN EASTERN AFRICA;"

FOR TEN YEARS MISSIONARY OF THE UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCHES
IN EASTERN AFRICA, AND CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF
THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

BY
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TO
CHARLES CHEETHAM, ESQ., J.P.,
OF RYECROFT HOUSE, HEYWOOD, LANCASHIRE,
“WELL REPORTED OF FOR GOOD WORKS,”
A LOVER OF GOOD MEN,
AND A WILLING HELPER IN EVERY GOOD CAUSE,
FOR MANY YEARS TREASURER OF THE
UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCHES’ HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS,
AND TO WHOSE SUGGESTION
THE MISSION TO EASTERN AFRICA OWES ITS ORIGIN,
AND TO WHOSE
LIBERALITY IT IS LARGELY INDEBTED,
THESE MEMORIALS OF CHARLES NEW ARE RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED,
AS AN EXPRESSION OF THE ESTEEM
AND AFFECTION OF
THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

WE have only a few words to say in relation to the book now in the hands of the reader. It has been written as a “labour of love,” and amidst the many engagements of a Methodist preacher’s life. If the subject does not commend itself, we have no commendation to give. It must stand or fall upon its own merits; and the only indulgence we crave is, that any condemnation of the book, or its subject, fall upon the limner: for of this we are well assured, after a careful study of the original—that he was worthy of the hand and touch of an artist. It has been our study to allow him to speak for himself; and had the space at our disposal been greater, we think his utterances would not only have found a hearing, but have enlarged our conceptions of the breadth and strength of his character. We have done what we could.

SAMUEL SAXON BARTON.

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LIFE OF CHARLES NEW.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH—EARLY DAYS—CONVERSION.

THERE are few things more pleasant and profitable than to read the faithful record of a great or good man's life. It is "holding the mirror up to nature"; and most men like to see the reflex of their own thoughts and feelings, and to trace the possibilities of life, in the aims and hopes, the struggles and victories, that have characterised "men of like passions with themselves." It is this, among other things, that makes a well-written biography the most fascinating of books. The Book of books is mainly a series of biographical sketches; and the high and sublime truths it unfolds are mostly read in the personal history of its leading characters: while the Great Teacher of the world is revealed to us in the wonderful and simple narrative that tells us the story of His birth, life, and death. Thus to-day the world is held entranced by the record of a life, and is solving some of its deepest problems, in a careful study of the "discourses and sayings" of the Man Christ Jesus. So will it be to the end of the age. "The proper study of mankind is man,"—and if we can contribute, in however small a degree, to the

instruction of our readers, and offer a healthy stimulus to the pursuit of that which is good and useful, we shall not have laboured in vain while endeavouring to tell briefly, but truly, the story of the life and labours of Charles New.

London may claim the honour of being his birthplace, for it was in the neighbourhood of this great city he first saw the light, on the 25th of January, 1840. He was born in a somewhat lonely cottage in Farm Lane, Walham Green, in the parish of Fulham, in the county of Middlesex. The whole of the surrounding country was a great garden, where a large proportion of the vegetables for the London markets was grown, and where his father found employment with a Mr. Dancer, a nurseryman, whom he faithfully served for thirty years. We remember Charles taking us to see the little cottage, during his first and only visit to England, and pointing to it as the humble spot where first he drew the breath of life. His parents belonged to that class of English peasantry of which our country had need be proud. With no pretensions, beyond that of duty well done, and with no boast of ancestral dignities, more than that arising from honest hearts, they quietly pursued their way, and as their children multiplied, struggled bravely, and in the main successfully, to "owe no man anything." The family was large—four sons and three daughters—of whom Charles was the third son and fifth child.

His father was a native of Abingdon, in Berkshire; but migrated to London somewhat early in life. Charles is said to have inherited from his father all that characterises the sturdy, persevering, courageous Englishman. East Haddon, Northamptonshire, was the birthplace of his mother, though she had been in London some time prior to her marriage. She belonged to the Baptist Church; and on her arrival in the metropolis united with the people worshipping in Paradise

Chapel, Cheyne Row, Chelsea. She and her husband continued to attend this place until, from the increase of her family and other causes, it was inconvenient—when they became members of the congregation attached to the Salem Wesleyan Chapel, Fulham. His mother was a woman of more than ordinary character, and there can be no doubt he owed more to her precepts and example than to all the preceptors of his early life. He retained a deep and undying affection for her up to the very last; and there is reason to believe that, next to the God whom he served, his mother held the first place in his heart. In his journals and letters her name is continually cropping up; and “wonderful,” “noble,” “precious,” are adjectives which he again and again employs in speaking and writing of her. In a letter to his sister, written from Africa in 1868, he says:—

“It does me good to find you appreciate the worth of our beloved mother. Words cannot express the respect, the admiration, the love I have for her. She is one of the first women upon earth. I say this not because she is my mother, for as such she is *the* finest woman in creation. I never loved her as I do to-day. The more I think of her, the more deeply she sinks in my heart—a heart that in regard to her is bottomless.”

Such, in brief, was the parentage and belongings of Charles New,—of which he was never ashamed. A good ancestry is unquestionably a good thing; but it is not everything. A man may have a good ancestry without having one of high-born lineage, or of proud aristocratic pretensions. Greatness is in goodness; and purity of heart, and honesty of life are to be preferred above high-sounding titles or large ancestral domains. In writing on one occasion to his maternal uncle, he somewhat humorously alludes to this question. He says:—

“Being such an utter nonentity myself, I hardly expected to trace my lineage up to ‘loins enthroned and rulers of the earth,’—but there are times when what would seem to be gentle blood tingles in my veins ; and this, together with the high admiration I have always entertained for what seems to me true nobility in my mother, yourself, and others of my relations, has deluded me into the thought that possibly my great-great-great-grandfather might have been a duke : and now, lo ! I have you assuring me that I am a plebeian from the very tips of my hair down to the very ends of my toes. Is this all that comes of my fine aspirations ? Is it possible that this high and mighty self is the son of Thomas New the carter, and nothing more ? Echo answers, ‘Nothing more,’—and with this answer I am content. I now console myself with asking, Why is not a peasant as good as a lord ?—and calling the Jew Shylock to my aid, in my own behalf and in behalf of the other peasantry, say, ‘I am a peasant. Hath not a peasant eyes ? hath not a peasant hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as the lord is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? if you tickle us, do we not laugh ? if you poison us, do we not die ?’ What, then, is the difference ? ‘All the difference in the world,’ it is replied : ‘this man’s blood is *blue*, yours is *purple* ; but if you demur to that, *this man is called a noble lord, and you a vile peasant.*’ Just so : then the difference is in *what we are called*, not in *what we are*. ‘Yes,’ it is persisted,—‘in what you are. This man has fortune, and you have none.’ Precisely : here is the rub ; and I say, Let him take his fortune, and give me an honest heart. ‘Yes ; but what say you to the fortune and the honest heart too ?’ Hear the Saviour, who knew what

was in man : ‘ How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven ! ’ ”

Most of our readers will doubtless agree with Charles New on the matter in question, and hold it far better to have the honest heart without the fortune than the fortune without the honest heart. Still both are good, and are often held together, and in such cases are blessings of great price :—

“ Honour and shame from no condition rise,—
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.”

His educational advantages were not of a very liberal character, as may be inferred from his condition in life. All his parents could do they cheerfully did ; and all he obtained was in connection with one of the national schools. We have not been able to learn at what age he entered or when he left school ; but from other circumstances we conclude, in both cases, it was comparatively early. Still it would be difficult to estimate the value of the little learning he imbibed during those first years of his life. Certainly it laid the foundation for a goodly superstructure in after-years ; and if the seed sown was but small in quantity, the crop gathered eventually was of no contemptible quality. In one of his letters to his youngest brother he incidentally alludes to his education, and says :—

“ Both you and I, Sam, were sent to school for a sufficient length of time to learn a whole host of things that we knew nothing of when we left it ; and all because we had an *incapable teacher*. I know that during the last four years of my school life the schoolmaster did not teach me a single thing. I always think of this with pungent regret.”

We can well understand how deep that regret would be ; for we have known few men who have had so intense a thirst

for knowledge, or who have done more, under all circumstances, to repair the defects of early training.

With many of the industrious poor the struggle for life is not only difficult, but frequently so keen as to necessitate the use of every means and appliance within their reach. It is not often a question of what they would prefer, but of what they can possibly do ; and all other considerations are swallowed up in the one absorbing effort to maintain life. Hence the early age at which some have to become bread-winners, and to help in the support of a large family. In many cases it is a question, not of choice but of necessity ; and the little toiler is sent forth to do duty at a time when he is more fit for the nursery or the schoolroom than the workshop or the streets. In this particular, the position of Charles was much in character with that of those moving in the same sphere of life. As soon as he was able to earn a little, the increasing demands of the family laid this burden upon him. His first employment was in connection with a grocery store, situated in the neighbourhood where he lived. We have heard him speak of this period of his life with feelings of pleasure, and in some degree of pride, that he was able to do even a little to help to meet the household wants. With Charles there was no false show, or attempt to assume an importance by appearing in borrowed plumes. He never blushed in making reference to the humble character of his first attempt at labour ; though there was an entire absence of that affected humility that loves to boast of early struggles and difficulties. He entered upon his work, young as he was, with the intention of doing everything according to the best of his ability ; and we need not wonder that the result was, he earned the goodwill and approval of his employer, and of all with whom the business brought him into contact. He continued in this employment between one and two years ; when his master

was under the necessity of leaving the neighbourhood, and the engagement with Charles terminated.

For some few months after this he had no settled occupation, and was no doubt in that state of transition common to lads of his age and position. One of his elder brothers, however, being in the boot and shoe business, Charles, after some thought, resolved to learn the art and mystery of boot-making. He was somewhere between the ages of fifteen and sixteen when he formed this purpose ; and in perfect harmony with all his early characteristics, he sat down with the resolute determination of making himself master of his business. For some two or three years he steadily pursued his trade, under the watchful supervision of his brother ; but believing he could make greater progress in Northampton, where his own peculiar branch of the trade was cultivated, and aspiring to be a good workman, in the year 1858 he left London for that famous town—the very shrine of St. Crispin—where he hoped to make himself a proficient in his craft. His mother's native village was also in close proximity, where his uncle and family resided, and for whom he felt a strong affection. He soon obtained employment, and began the “battle of life” in entire dependence on his own resources. Writing to his brother, soon after his arrival, he thus narrates the trials and difficulties that awaited him in his new sphere, and in his laudable endeavours to make himself a good workman. He says:—

“ I must offer some apology for my delay in writing you. It is not because I have forgotten you, but things are so very different here ; you would not credit it, but I am as awkward as a great cow. The reason, then, that I have not written before is, I have not had any great news to tell you ; or the truth is, I did not want to be laughed at. I suppose I must give you an account of my risings and fallings. Last Mon-

day-week, after taking tea at Haddon, I came to Northampton, arriving here about eight o'clock. The next day I, with my landlord, went to seek for work. At the first shop we came to, I walked up as bold as a lion. 'Any occasion, sir,' I asked, 'for men?' 'Have you got a boot?' 'No, sir.' 'Well, bring a boot.' After this conversation I rather suddenly came down. I told my landlord the effect of my application, who immediately went up and promised to be answerable for my work; when he gave me a pair of Oxonians, in order to see my work, that he might give me something better. I then came home, made the boots, and took them to the shop; but they were not good enough for that which he wanted men for. I then went to another shop, got some more work, which I took in, and which passed; when I had two more pair out, which I took in, and got discharged again. I am now at another shop, making men's bluchers, till to-day; and now I have some half-boots, split kips, of which I have two pair. I am to send in my bag to-morrow for more. And now, dear brother, I hope to succeed very well—feeling that in twelve months, by application, I shall be what may be termed a good workman."

Here, then, we leave him for the present, occupying his illustrious stall, and dignifying his calling, if his calling did not dignify him; working honestly for his bit of bread, and living a life of true manly independence, while he patiently waited for the call to "go up higher." Referring, at a subsequent period, to the nature of his early occupation, in a letter written to his uncle, he tells a somewhat amusing incident of a lady, who is said to have been anxious to learn the nature of his business, and who, probably discovering his connection with the "last," had ceased any further interest in him; when he facetiously says: "Undoubtedly, uncle, I have lost a fortune. Remains, how-

ever, one hope: if I can only find that ancestral duke I am in search of—and I have not the least doubt that he is to be found, if not nearer, yet somewhere about the epoch of the Flood—I shall recover more than all. But if I cannot find him elsewhere, I intend to go where one of our poets did. The man shall speak for himself:—

“ ‘ Masters and heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior,—
The son of Adam and of Eve :
Can Nassau or Bourbon go higher ? ’ ”

We now turn to another phase of his character, and one that not only placed him in a new relation to God and his neighbour, but was destined to exert an influence upon him, and upon his life-work, the true effects of which eternity alone can reveal. From a very early period he was a scholar in connection with the United Methodist Free Churches Sunday School, Walham Green. He is represented as of a lively, free, buoyant disposition; full of wit and fun, and given to mimicry and mischief to an extent that occasioned a good deal of trouble to his teachers, parents, and friends. He was the ringleader in all kinds of merriment; and his ready wit, and quick and pungent repartee, was often the terror of the teacher, while he was the pet and hero of all the other boys. As a consequence, Charles was at times the occasion of disturbance in his class, and the subject of some anxiety to the conductors of the school. Still, with all his jollity and apparent indifference, there was a vein of deep seriousness in his nature, and the instructions he received were pondered more deeply than the outward appearance would indicate. He was naturally keen and observant of all that was said, and of all that transpired around him. At home he always showed a wholesome fear of his father, and

cherished a deep affection for his mother. His elder brother Joseph—afterwards a missionary in Sierra Leone, where he died—was at this time superintendent of the school; and there can be no doubt he was largely indebted to his pious care and forbearance for continuance in the school, and for those results that afterwards developed in his character. He seems to have evinced, at a very early period, a talent for talk, and would often gather around him the youths of his acquaintance, and address them on the current topics of the day, in a way and with an intelligence that were far beyond his years. His brother William, with whom he learned the business of boot-making, states that when he was between fifteen and sixteen he was accustomed to discuss the grounds of our common faith, and to argue out the great principles of Christianity, with an intelligence and propriety most remarkable for a youth of his age and attainments.

Yet, up to this period in his life, he had not experienced that great change of heart that is the “beginning of wisdom,” and from whence issues all that is pure in thought, godlike in purpose, and loving in act and deed. He continued, however, to attend the house of God; and impressions were no doubt made, from time to time, that prepared the way for the final stroke of that Hammer of the Word that is said to break the rock in pieces. The immediate occasion that led to this result was characterised by nothing remarkable in the outward aspect of the means. It was, without question, the work of the Spirit; and as He is wont to take and use the humblest instrumentality to work out His gracious purposes of mercy and of love, so in this case He wrought mightily by means of His own choosing. It was under a sermon, preached on a Sunday evening, by a Mr. J. Shepherd, in the chapel at Walham Green, from these words—“This man receiveth sinners”—that the heart of the lad

was effectually touched ; and he remained, with some others, to weep and pray, and sought earnestly to find in Jesus the joy and peace of believing. He did not, however, on that occasion find the blessing he sought. For some time he continued to struggle with his convictions—feeling his need of salvation, and yet unable to realize it—until one day, in conversation with his brother in the workshop, he saw the willingness of Christ to save him, and, accepting the terms proposed in the Gospel, he was saved “by grace through faith.” The reality of the work now wrought within him he never seems to have doubted to the day of his death, and his path became as “the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.” He at once united himself with the church, and, under the care of his brother Joseph, was lovingly nurtured in all things necessary for his establishment and growth in grace.

The evidence of a work of grace in the heart of a believer soon reveals itself in the life. The light kindled by the Spirit is put on “a candlestick, that it may give light to all that are in the house.” The life begotten through Christ permeates the entire nature, and the whole man is brought so directly under its sanctifying influence that he cannot fail to bring forth “the fruits of righteousness.” So it was with Charles. He was soon engaged in “works of faith and labours of love” corresponding with his age and position. With others of a like spirit with himself, he went through the neighbourhood, carrying a message of good-will to all in the shape of a tract, and, by kindly invitations to the house of God, trying to win them to a better life. He also aimed much higher ; and meeting with an old sceptic, or infidel, in his visitations, he offered to discuss the merits of Christianity with him in his own house—an offer which was accepted ; and Charles was wont to think, and say, that he and his companions had

the advantage of the old unbeliever in matter of argument ; though we have no record to show that they won him to the love and practice of the truth. Work in the Sabbath-school, where he had now become a teacher, occupied a large share of his attention ; and this department of labour formed a meet preparation for subsequent work among the heathen.

In such works as these he found fitting and constant employment until his removal from London to Northampton, where he was to enter upon untried scenes and encounter new temptations, and where his stability would probably undergo a severe testing. However, very soon after his settlement in the town, we find him thus writing :—

“Now with regard to my shop company. My landlord, although a professing Christian, appears to be a man void of the power of godliness : but God forbid that I should judge him ! His apprentice is a young man about eighteen years of age, who does not believe in consecrating the Sabbath unto the Lord, any more than any other day of the week. He does not believe that the whole of the Bible is inspired, and therefore laughs at all professing Christians who do believe it. The other young man, with whom I sleep, is very steady, although not a member of the church ; and with him I get on very well. But I pray that God may move upon all their hearts by His Holy Spirit, to the end they may enlist under the banner of the cross. I am happy to inform you that I feel Christ to be precious to my soul. I can now say He is ‘all and in all’ to me, for through Him I believe I am justified before God.”

CHAPTER II.

ENTERS THE MINISTRY—FIRST APPOINTMENT—LABOURS IN CORNWALL.

AT the time of Mr. New's residence in the town of Northampton, the Church to which he was attached by choice and conviction was small and feeble; but immediately on his arrival he sought out and joined its fellowship. This was a step alike creditable to his head and his heart; for it was at once a proof of the sincerity of his religious profession, and of his preference and attachment to the polity and doctrines of the Free Churches. Nor was it less important in relation to the future of his life; as it became one of the links in that chain of circumstances and events, by which the Providence of God was preparing him for work at home and abroad.

We can well imagine the appearance of the youth, as he presented himself for recognition in the church. A little shy; somewhat reticent at first; a modest, manly bearing; a pleasant smile; an eye dark and piercing, but full of soft and liquid tenderness; a frank and genial manner, and a courteous, gentle bearing, that could hardly fail to win a place in the esteem and affections of those who knew him. We are not surprised that he awakened the kindly interest of the minister of the little church, the Rev. R. Steele; and that, attracted by the appearance of the youth, just fresh from home and friends, he sought in every way to help him in his need, and to encourage him in all that was good and useful. He is said to have found him a home, and sympathising in his desire for self-improvement, to have lent him

books ; and thus became a valuable guide and instructor at a most important period of his life. He also seems to have encouraged him in the attempt to exercise his gifts by preaching,—discovering, no doubt, in the young man the possession of those peculiar qualities that distinguish every true minister of Christ. To this gentleman he was greatly indebted for kindness and for help ; and he never ceased to feel the deep obligations under which he had laid him. Here, then, for the time he found a resting-place, and also a congenial sphere of usefulness ; and was preparing himself, almost unconsciously, for more extensive service.

We gather from hints scattered throughout his correspondence, that Mr. New did not take very kindly to the “craft,” and had no great reverence for St. Crispin. His position was not exactly in harmony with his aspirations ; and as time developed, and began to mature his powers, he felt a spirit stirring within him that made this kind of business somewhat irksome, if not actually distasteful. Still he pursued his calling with diligence, and worked hard to eat a bit of bread honestly. But after a time trade declined a little, and work was not so easy to obtain ; so that his mind began to dwell upon the possibility of changing the character of his employment. Yet, like a wise man, he did not attempt to hurry or to control events, but patiently waited for the time and manner, as God might direct him. In the meanwhile he sought diligently to improve himself, and to repair the defects of his early education. He read somewhat extensively ; and as he had the faculty of retaining a good portion of what passed through his mind, he reaped great advantage from the process. He was also careful to secure correctness in the manner of communicating his thoughts in writing, and paid much attention to the smallest details. Hence, in a long letter written to an elder sister at this period, he says : “ I

would fain write this over again, but I am too tired. Hoping that you will look over all faults, as there may be some here—such as a capital letter for a small one, and a small one for a capital, with here and there a word spelt wrong, through hurry and wearisomeness.” In a subsequent letter he says: “In your last you favoured me with a little correction. I shall be pleased if you will always do so; but the instance you referred to, I must say, was a careless one rather than an ignorant one. Nevertheless, I thank you.”

While thus watching and waiting, a suggestion was made by Mr. Steele that he should turn his attention to the work of the ministry, and begin such a course of study as would prepare him to enter any door that might open. This seed-thought fell into soil already prepared to receive it. He was now engaged locally in the work of preaching the Gospel in the surrounding villages; and his letters to several members of his family speak of the pleasure he felt in the work, and of the many encouraging tokens he had received. It is not improbable that thoughts may have passed through his mind that this might prove the ultimate issue of all God’s dealings with him; so that when the word was spoken, it found an echo in his own thoughts and feelings. Writing home, and speaking of his unsettled position in the trade, he says:—

“To-day I was talking the matter over with Mr. Steele, and he thinks I had better give my mind to study, and enter the ministry as soon as there is an opening; as he believes it to be the will of God. With regard to this let me have your advice. I believe it would be most congenial to my own feelings; but I feel my inability to be a great barrier, as well as the want of a pure heart. I pray that God would direct me,—hoping that you also in this respect will give me an interest in your prayers.”

The matter lay in abeyance for a little time; but eventually

it was brought under the notice of the late Rev. R. Eckett, at that time ex-President of the Methodist Free Churches—who, being in communication with Mr. New's brother Joseph, mentioned the matter to him, and suggested that Mr. New should make an offer of his services for the ministry. To this course he was strongly urged by his brother ; but he felt a natural shrinking, largely owing to his sense of unfitness, mentally and morally. However, after a long and severe struggle with himself, he says :—

“ At first I was very undecided, feeling my own weakness and unworthiness for such a great work ; yet I was afraid of displeasing God by not entering the door He had opened. I thought of the matter for three days ; and on Tuesday an unaccountable calmness came over me in a moment ; my heart was fixed, and I felt satisfied and determined to cast myself, my powers, my all, into the hands of God. After making a promise to Joseph, I sat down, while mother was in the room, and wrote, and sent an offer of my services to the Committee.”

Having thus decided, and forwarded his letter to the proper authorities, he left the disposal of the event with God, and went on with the necessary work of preparation. In due course he was invited to London ; met the Committee ; passed through an examination ; preached a trial sermon ; and being accepted, he was at once appointed to the Preston First Circuit, under the superintendence of the late Rev. J. Saul,—where he arrived early in the autumn of 1859. He now bade farewell to all the associations of the awl, the wax, and the leather ; and though scarcely twenty years of age, he had placed his foot on the rung of the ladder he was destined to climb for the rest of his life.

The Preston First Circuit, at the time of Mr. New's appointment, was very large—extending over an area that embraced

the town of Southport, some twenty miles from Preston. In harmony with the arrangements of the Circuit, Mr. New was appointed to reside in Southport,—thus placing him at a long distance from the centre of operations ; interfering very much with the careful guidance and valuable instruction of his superintendent, and involving him in responsibilities much greater than his youth and inexperience warranted. This was, however, more a matter of necessity than of choice ; and he carried himself with a prudence and thoughtfulness much beyond his years. The first letter we possess, written after his arrival in Southport, is addressed to his mother, under date of Nov. 1859, in which he says :—

“ Since I last wrote to you, I have visited head-quarters,—having been to preach at Preston, our largest place, the chapel holding some six or seven hundred people. The place was quite full in the morning, and at night they were obliged to put seats in the aisles for the accommodation of the hearers. I had a little conversation with my superintendent, Mr. Saul, who is all I could desire. He received me with the greatest kindness, and I might almost say affection—as he promised to treat me as a son. He is a man probably about forty-seven years of age, of good abilities, of great experience, and is liked among the people exceedingly ; but I am sorry to say the distance between us will not allow of much intercourse. However, as I am thus deprived of his assistance, I must endeavour to make up for the same by more closely studying the authors I have. I am pretty well in health, and hope to improve very much the longer I stay. I am sure if eating will make me stout, I shall carry a greater tabernacle at the end of the year than I do now ; as the people seem determined that if they receive of my spiritual things, I shall reap their carnal things.”

It is evident he was soon in the midst of his work, and

all his energies were directed to make "a good minister of Jesus Christ." His very youth was a passport to the kindly sympathies of the people; but Mr. New had the happy art of gaining, and retaining, the esteem and affection of all with whom he was brought into close relations. We can well understand the strong attachments that were formed, by many members of the church and congregation, to the youth thus thrown among them as their teacher and friend—attachments that continue to the present day, that death has not destroyed, and that nothing will ever weaken or abate.

The year was spent in the faithful discharge of his duties, in pleasant intercourse by letter with the several members of his family, and in a successful endeavour to improve himself in knowledge. Nor was he left without a clear testimony that he was doing the work of God. In one of his letters he says:—

"I was preaching yesterday, . . . when five souls were powerfully awakened, and three promised to attend class, and the other two seemed to lay hold on the promise, and I believe will be saved. To God be all the praise!"

He was moved, like many others in the same position, with deep heart-searchings, and often felt painfully his insufficiency for the work he had undertaken. Hence he says:—

"Here am I, a young man of twenty years of age, engaged in the onerous duties of a minister of the gospel. A young man, as you are aware, of not the best education, of no more than ordinary natural abilities, standing in a position to teach the multitude upon a subject the most serious and and important—standing between the living and the dead, between God and man, with the eternal welfare of perhaps hundreds of immortal souls depending upon me, who must either be lost or saved according to the efforts I make to

save them, by my example, my prayers, my faithfulness in and out of the pulpit. Good God ! who can bear this terrible pressure ! I look away from myself, and glance at the apostle Paul, at Peter, and others in the early ages. Then at men in modern times, such as Luther, Melancthon, and (still nearer) at Baxter, Wesley, Fletcher, Watson : men of great piety, of vast genius, of wondrous minds, of the mightiest intellects ; and yet who, notwithstanding all this, have exclaimed, ‘ Who is sufficient for these things ? ’ When I thus look, I am led to exclaim, Who am I, that I should be called as an ambassador of Christ ?—and thinking thus, I am almost constrained to give up.”

Though removed at so great a distance from his home, he continued to feel a deep interest in the welfare of every member of the household. He wrote to them all in turn, and gave them advice and counsel, with all the wisdom of a sage and all the affection of a father. In writing to a younger sister, after congratulating and encouraging her on having made the choice of Christ as her portion, he says :—

“ You must check in yourself an inordinate love of dress. You must not give way to paltry finery, to flippancy and coquetry. This has been the ruin of thousands of young ladies, and you must watch against it. When any of your acquaintances give way to such paltry things, and you find a little spirit of jealousy rising in your heart, check it immediately, try to overcome it. Never try to satisfy it by aping them and dressing yourself like a doll. As these are matters for little minds, let others make themselves ridiculous if they please, but be you of nobler mind ; and in after life it will yield you more solid satisfaction than all the finery in the world. Another thing I wish you to do is, under all circumstances, govern your temper. Not only in the company of other people, but at *home* : *never be pettish*. Nothing

is more despicable—more mean. When you are in company, never be forward, but always be reserved without being shy. Cultivate the best manners ; be polite without being stiff and formal ; learn to speak correctly, so that you may do it without affectation ; be courteous, obliging, and respectful to all : and these things, together with real piety, will gain you the respect of all with whom you have to do.”

As the period for holding the Annual Assembly of 1860 approached, he began to feel some anxiety as to his future location. The friends in the Preston Circuit would have been glad to retain his services for a little time longer ; but other, and no doubt wiser, counsels prevailed ; and at the Annual Meeting, held in Manchester, he was appointed to the Camelford Circuit, Cornwall, with the Revs. R. Bell and J. Jenkins as his colleagues. He left his Southport friends with much regret ; and before entering upon his new sphere he hastened to London, for a brief sojourn under the paternal roof, and to refresh his spirit with a sight of his dear mother and the several members of the family. He also made a short visit to Northampton and the neighbourhood, and called at Downham, Norfolk, to see his old friend Mr. Steele, now removed to that town. Then hurrying back to London, he was soon on his way to Cornwall, and arrived at the little town of Camelford in the latter part of August 1860.

His new sphere of labour differed materially from anything with which he had previously been familiar. Methodism, from the very first, had taken deep root in Cornwall, where it found a congenial soil, and soon covered the entire county with its congregations and churches. The people have always shown an attachment to its primitive forms ; and to this day there are few parts of the kingdom in which there is the same manifestation of original zeal and earnestness. To those unacquainted with the simplicity, life, and power

of Methodism, in the days of its early triumphs, many of the scenes witnessed in this favoured portion of the land would be held, not only as a departure from religious order, but as partaking largely of the element of the wildest enthusiasm. Yet in no portion of the kingdom is there less crime, violence, and lawlessness ; while the great mass of its people are attached to some section of the Church of Christ. The population being somewhat sparse, the congregations are widely scattered ; and hence, to a faithful shepherd of the sheep, there is much need for physical endurance, and abundance of employment for the feet as well as the brains. The churches, however, are characterised by a loving attachment to the ministry ; and those faithful in word and doctrine find no lack of kind attention and hearty co-operation.

In the midst of such a place and people Mr. New found himself for the first time, and was not long ere he discovered the right way to their loving hearts, in the earnest and faithful discharge of his ministerial duties. The Circuit was very large, and involved a great amount of walking ; but then Mr. New was young and strong, and was both able and willing. He has given one or two sketches of the work he had to do that may perhaps be interesting to many. He says :—

“ I have been very much engaged for the last three months, and have hardly had an evening to myself—having been constantly preaching. I will give you an account of this week’s work, just to show you what I am doing. Last Sunday morning I walked three miles and preached at Pengelly. In the afternoon, one mile more and preached. In the evening, back to Pengelly and preached, after which held a lovefeast, and then walked three miles home. Monday morning, reading. Afternoon, five miles’ walk to preach in the evening. Tuesday morning, visiting people, and five miles’ walk to dine, after which nine miles to go to preachers’ meeting, and back again

at night. This I rode. Next morning, reading. Afternoon to farmhouse, four miles over the moors, to preach in the evening, and back again. Thursday, reading, writing, study,—when in come two notes: the one an invitation to St. Columb to preach missionary sermons, on the 24th of March, and missionary meetings the four following nights; the other a scold from sister Kate, which I am now answering, but must leave off here to get dinner. Dinner over, I have to finish this and go three miles to preach this evening. To-morrow I have five miles to walk, and preach in the evening. Back on Saturday morning, and meet a class in the evening. On Sunday, walk seven miles and preach twice, with seven miles to walk again next day and preach again. So you will see I have plenty to do, and it is not at all likely I shall rust out. I have good health, and am treated with the greatest possible kindness. I feel I have the Lord with me, so I intend to go on.”

Nor was this an exceptional case; for in another letter, at a much later period, he says, after speaking of a little indisposition from which he was suffering:—

“I have been very busy lately—preaching almost every day. Last Sunday week, for instance, I walked five miles and preached twice, and on Monday evening at the same place. On Tuesday I walked back and preached in the evening. On Wednesday I walked ten miles and commenced service at seven o’clock, and was in the chapel until half-past twelve. I could not induce the people to go home. Some were rejoicing in God’s love, others were seeking earnestly for mercy. I got to rest about two that morning. On Thursday I walked fourteen miles and preached at night. On Friday I returned to the same place where I preached on Wednesday. Was in the chapel until half-past ten—the people still greatly inclined to remain. Got to bed about

half-past one, and was up the next morning at six, and preached to the people at seven. Good time. I then took breakfast, and walked and rode ten miles home. Next morning (Sunday) walked eight miles and preached twice. Monday, preached again at same place. Went on further on Tuesday and preached again. Same on Wednesday. Back six miles on Thursday and held a missionary meeting. Next morning (Friday) walked home, seven miles, and was under an engagement to go eleven miles further the same evening."

All this, however, was without a murmur or complaint. His work was no burden to him, but a joy; and no amount of labour was shirked, if only within the range of physical possibility. His two years' residence in the Camelford Circuit were years of unalloyed pleasure to Mr. New. He was associated with brethren in the ministry for whom he felt a sincere affection, and who heartily reciprocated the same. His domestic arrangements were thoroughly in harmony with all he could wish or ask; and the kindness of those who ministered to his home-comforts was never forgotten. He had also a large circle of friends in the different parts of the Circuit, for some of whom he cherished a high and lasting regard. But, more and better than all these, he was permitted to see the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, for which he prayed and laboured continually. He often spoke, in after-days, of the scenes he had witnessed in this Circuit; and he was wont to look back upon this portion of his life as a kind of oasis in the desert, and to describe it as "the land of Goshen," in which he had been permitted, for a short time, to dwell. The few letters that have been preserved, connected with his sojourn in Cornwall, make many incidental references to the good work, and show his heart as overflowing with gratitude for the part he had been allowed to take in it. We have seen something of this in those from which we have already

quoted ; but in writing to his sister on one occasion he describes the following scene :—

“ I referred just now to last Sunday’s labours ; and I must say that, although it was hard work, we had the presence of the Lord with us in a most wonderful manner. The morning was a good time ; but in the afternoon, when drawing my subject to a close, one good old man shouted ‘ Hallelujah,’ and fell to the floor. Strong men wept like little children, while the women shrieked for joy and we all shouted together. It was good to be there. In the evening the place was crowded, and the people listened attentively. In the lovefeast we had a glorious time. One young man, in speaking his experience, wept profusely, and shouted till he could do so no longer ; and at last concluded by shaking his sides with laughter. This to some people may appear very strange, but to us it was a feast indeed.”

• A young friend writing to him, after ten years had passed, says :—

“ It must afford you much satisfaction to know, on your return from Africa, that many of the young people you were wont to converse and pray with are now trusting in Jesus for salvation, and walking in the fear of God.”

During his residence in Camelford he had a serious illness that held him in its grip for a few weeks, and prostrated him greatly. Indeed, it was the first attack of many of the same kind, that subsequently laid him low in the jungles of Africa. To this complaint he was a martyr, more or less, during the remainder of his life ; though he seldom spoke of it, and had mostly to bear it alone. However, he received every attention at this time from his friends in the Camelford Circuit ; and their kindness he never forgot.

His growth in mental stature was considerable during his stay in this place. No doubt the long walks and frequent

preaching engagements would seriously interfere with any consecutive study ; but Mr. New was one of the few men who find food for thought in all circumstances, and whose mind attracts to itself the material for its own strength and enlargement.

Soon after his arrival in Cornwall he makes the following proposition to his youngest brother, which if only carried out to a partial degree, must have been a good mental exercise for both :—

“ You wish me to moot some subject for debate. There is such a wide field I hardly know what to fix upon. Perhaps Theology, on the whole, would be best. With your brains and Bible, your dictionary, and a book borrowed, or purchased, upon the subject in hand, you might say a great deal. To begin, then, you might give me your thoughts on the Being of a God. We might consider the arguments in support of His existence. Then the possibility, probability, and necessity of a revelation from God to man. Then, of course, would follow the doctrines of this revelation : such as man's original condition ; his fall ; its nature and extent ; his redemption in Christ Jesus ; the nature of faith ; justification, regeneration, sanctification ; and the final state of the righteous and wicked ; with many other matters, too numerous for me to mention in this note. At any rate, with this list before us, neither need plead poverty as to a subject for correspondence. If we were to write two or three letters weekly we should be well repaid. Now, then, the way is clear. All you have to do is to be determined and set to work.”

In a letter, addressed to the same brother, he makes some remarks that may be regarded in a sense as autobiographical, and therefore a guide to his own habits of mental culture :—

“ The best advice I can give you is to take particular

notice of the style in which sentences are constructed, and paragraphs composed, by the best authors you read. Be sure and let no opportunity slip for storing your mind with useful information. *Think much. Think hard.* Turn over in your mind all you gather. *Digest it well,* and it will become blood and life to the brain. *Write when you can, and as much as you can.* If you have companions who will listen, *talk* all you can, *but never talk until you have thought*; then conversation will always become interesting and useful. However much a man may read, talk, and write, if he be not an independent thinker, he is only artificial. He may be flashy, dashing, grand; but he will never be a stalwart, a strong, and a mighty man. Be, then, an independent thinker."

So he laboured for two years in the Camelford Circuit, much approved of God and beloved of men; and at the Annual Assembly of 1862, held in Bristol, he was chosen to represent the Circuit, as a mark of its confidence and esteem.

CHAPTER III.

APPOINTMENT TO EASTERN AFRICA—PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE.

WE now approach a most important period in the life of Mr. New, and one fraught with issues of great moment to himself, the Church, and the world. We have hitherto seen him moving in the ordinary walks of life, faithfully discharging duty, battling with and conquering circumstances, and proving himself in the main equal to every emergency as it arose. Yet there was nothing to the mere outward observer to indicate any special adaptation to the higher departments of God's work in the world. A young man of promise he undoubtedly was, but as yet, a man of mark in no true sense of the word. But, hidden underneath a somewhat quiet and confident exterior, there lay a depth of religious fervour and earnestness that only required occasion to develop; while his real capacity for work was but in process of formation. He had been moving along in the plain and beaten path of every-day duty; but he had also been busy storing his mind with knowledge, and was keenly observant of human nature in all its varied phases. It is evident he was preparing himself, under the Divine guidance, for an enlarged sphere; and gathering material of a kind well fitted to help him in the subsequent work of his life.

At the base of Mr. New's nature lay an unquestioning faith in the providence of God. The process by which he had been led to this conclusion was no less moral than mental; and all his being was in harmony with this faith, and wrought in him to one end of childlike confidence and

love. He was in no sense a superstitious man,—and the last we have known to be moved by mere fancy, or to place much dependence on anything not proved by experience or countenanced by revelation. But he was a firm believer in the *special* providence of God,—a belief which deepened as life progressed, and as he saw the good hand of God frequently stretched out for his help and deliverance. While labouring in Camelford he had a narrow escape from death; which then, and in the subsequent periods of his life, he attributed to the immediate preservation of God. The fact is thus narrated by himself:—

“I was walking down the hill from Mr. Bell’s house to my own lodgings. It was about nine o’clock in the evening, and densely dark. I could scarcely see my hand before me. I was in deep thought, and was suddenly aroused by the shout of a man, apparently above my head. Looking up, I saw a horse reared over me, its feet almost touching my head. Starting aside, in the twinkling of an eye, I was just saved from being trodden beneath its feet. How this happened I cannot say: whether the man discovered me just in time, and by a dexterous effort pulled up his horse, or whether the horse, upon coming so near me, reared in fright, I do not know, but to my mind it was most decidedly the hand of God.”

On his way to the Annual Assembly a circumstance occurred that made a deep impression on his mind, and had much to do with the decision at which he afterwards arrived, in relation to Mission work in Eastern Africa. “I was travelling from Cornwall to Bristol,” he says, “to take my seat in the Annual Assembly of 1862, as one of the representatives of the Camelford Circuit. We arrived at Plymouth in safety. Soon after we started from this place, however, there was an awful crash. The whole train stood still,

trembled, and fell to pieces. The carriage in which I sat was smashed up like a matchbox in the hand. 'Lord have mercy!' 'Jesus save me!' 'Redeemer help us!' broke from many lips; and then all was scuffle and groans. Several women, who had been sitting opposite me, were jammed in a singular manner above my head, and the blood streamed from their faces upon my clothes. Mr. Jenkins sat at my left unharmed, but a lady friend of his looked pale and death-like. A gentleman opposite her was falling through the timbers below; and, as it afterwards proved, his legs were broken. My hat was crushed down upon my head, but I was unhurt. I believe none were killed, though many were very seriously injured. There was a great providence, however, in the fact that scores were not killed. We were nearing Ivy Bridge station, therefore the speed had been slackened; and the engine-driver, seeing the danger, had reversed the engine. To these two circumstances, in the providence of God, I, with many others, owed our lives."

The facts are there; and we leave them where Mr. New left them; but to him they were clear interpositions of God on his behalf, and his mouth was filled with praise and his heart with thankfulness.

The Annual Assembly of 1862 was one of great importance to the Free Churches. At home the denomination had met with a sad, and all but irreparable loss, in the sudden death of the Rev. R. Eckett, the Foreign Missionary Secretary, who died just on the eve of its meeting. This was the more painful and embarrassing, from the fact that the East African Mission, which had been inaugurated amidst much enthusiasm, and in which he had taken a prominent part, was passing through a season of great trial and peril. Out of the five missionaries whom the Society had sent out in 1861, two had returned disheartened; while another was

compelled, through serious illness, to come home, as the only chance of saving his life. One of the two left was seriously prostrated with fever ; and Dr. Krapf, the leader of the party, from various causes, was anxious to return at once to Europe. Under these circumstances the case seemed almost hopeless ; and the disasters and reverses on the Mission field were intensified by the death of Mr. Eckett.

It was at this juncture that the writer of these Memoirs was called upon to pick up the fallen mantle of the departed secretary, and to take immediate action to reinforce the Mission on the East Coast of Africa. It was decided, if possible, to send out two men at once, and in every way in our power to relieve and sustain Mr. Wakefield, the only one left of the original five. It is one thing to resolve, but another to execute. Men qualified for a work such as this are not so easily found. However, God interposed on behalf of His Church, at the time when our need seemed the greatest ; and when every door, apparently, was shut, He opened another, and thus made a way for our escape.

We have already seen that Mr. New was appointed to represent his Circuit at this Assembly ; and in due course he made his appearance. Our personal knowledge of him, up to this point, was very small indeed. We had been brought into casual contact with his brother, the Rev. Joseph New, who had been for some time acting as one of our missionaries on the West Coast of Africa ; but we knew little of Charles New, beyond general reports. From his first appearance in the Assembly, however, we were drawn, in a remarkable way, towards the young man. As yet we had not exchanged words with him, and knew nothing whatever as to his views on Mission work. Still the impression deepened, day by day, that this young man was one on whom the Church should lay hands for the work of God in Eastern Africa. At

length we sought a brief interview with him ; and, after informing him of the impressions made on our own mind, stated the nature of the work for which we were seeking suitable labourers, and asked him to give the matter a careful consideration. We have a vivid remembrance of his appearance, and of the manner in which he received the communication ; and if our interest had been awakened in him before, it was now increased tenfold. He heard the statement with a modest, quiet surprise, as though the subject was not altogether new to him, and yet had come sooner than he expected ; or as if it came in confirmation of some recent consecration of heart and life to the service of his Master. He said he would think on the subject, and converse with his friends, and would let us know his decision in a short time. Now, it was somewhat remarkable—and to Mr. New it was a matter of great significance—that this proposal came almost immediately after his supposed deliverance from death ; and he regarded it at once as a call from God, and almost without “ conferring with flesh and blood,” he placed himself at the disposal of the Church, to go to any part of the world, if deemed suitable. It is evident he had followed the fortunes of our Mission in Africa with great interest ; but it does not appear that up to this period he had any serious conviction of personal duty in relation thereto. Indeed, if he had a preference at all, it would have been for Mission work in China ; but the invitation to Eastern Africa he now regarded as clearly of God, and from the moment he accepted the call he never wavered in heart or purpose. “ I dare not go back, whatever the consequences may be,” he says. “ I am in God’s hands. He cannot err.”

The committee to whom the Annual Assembly had entrusted the management of its Missions arranged to meet on the 14th of October, 1862, to consider Mr. New’s offer

of service ; and invited him to be present for further consultation on the subject. In the interim startling and painful intelligence had been received from the West Coast of Africa. His brother Joseph, after a short illness, had died, in Sierra Leone, and the whole family were thrown into deep sorrow at the sad tidings. Mr. New was just starting to meet the Committee, after bidding his friends farewell, when he received the information of the death of his brother. We can well understand the pain and sorrow that would fill his heart at such news ; and had he now wavered in his purpose to lay his young and bright life upon the same altar as that on which his brother had fallen a sacrifice, he would, in the judgment of the Church, have stood absolved from his promise. But Mr. New had not so “learned Christ.” And here we see the true moral heroism of his nature. He knew no shrinking from the path of duty ; but, hastening up to London that he might comfort the heart of his dear mother, and finding that she placed no obstacle in his way, he met the Committee according to arrangement, and was appointed to proceed, as early as practicable, to the East Coast of Africa.

It would be unreasonable to suppose that this decision had not cost him a pang. It could scarcely have occurred at a time more likely to awaken painful reminiscences. His dear brother, to whom he owed so much of a spiritual nature, was just dead—a sacrifice to the unhealthy climate of Africa ; and yet, in full knowledge of this fact, he stood before the Church, and said, “Here am I: send me.” Friends, too, in seeming kindness, besought him to pause, and not only predicted dire calamity to himself, but wounded his heart by trying to turn him aside from what he felt to be the path of duty. Speaking of this period, he says :—

“Since this matter was first settled in my mind, I have

had my fortitude tested by the occurrence of circumstances of the most trying character. The arrival of the news that my brother had died in Sierra Leone was a *severe blow*. How much I loved him I cannot express, and how much I felt his removal God only knows! Here came the trial. 'Surely,' said some, 'you will not think of Africa after this!' And others, 'The committee will not think of making the appointment now.' Persuasions came from all quarters against my taking the step. But all this could not *alter the fact of my call*! This remained the same; and I felt I *must obey*. God revoked nothing, and my old conviction remained with me still. Return I could not, and by God's grace I did not. I thought of the anguish of my mother and sisters, of the struggle it would cost them to part with me, under such circumstances,—and it cut me to the heart; but *my duty* pressed me hard, and I did not wish to flinch. I trust I may never do so when *duty calls*. Labourers were said to return from the very field to which I was appointed, through failing health; and fresh solicitations poured in upon me to withdraw. Well-intentioned friends said, 'What folly to expose your *health*, your *life*,—and do nothing after all! Stay at home: there is much work to be done here.' But God had said, 'I will send thee far hence,'—and I could not stay. The will of God *is*, and I hope ever will be, of paramount importance. His will being known, my course is clear. I therefore take the course which He has marked out. In this path I ever hope to walk. The Lord Jesus has gone before me. May it be my highest ambition to follow Him!"

Brave words these, uttered in no vain and boastful spirit, and nobly sustained by a brave and heroic life! On the eve of his engagement with the Society, to proceed to Eastern Africa, a friend met him, and said he had just received a

letter from the Secretary to say that intelligence had come to hand that Mr. Woolner had been put on a native "dhow" for Zanzibar, in a dying state. Upon which he replied, with great calmness, "The greater need I should get there quickly." Now all this was based upon a deep and clear conviction of duty; and hence he says:—

"Thursday, 11th December, 1862.—To-day I have been making my final preparations for departure, to the East Coast of Africa. I think, upon a review of the course I have taken, in relation to this Mission, that I have acted in accordance with the will of God. This conviction inspires me with courage and hope. I feel that I could not undertake this great work if it were not for this. I have been very cautious lest I should be running before I was sent. I have consulted the most pious and intelligent of my friends; I have thought much, and very deliberately, upon it myself; I have made it the subject of prayer, and have anxiously looked for Divine guidance; and the result is *a clear and decided* persuasion that, in taking this step, I am fulfilling the Divine will.

"When I examine my own heart I am not aware that I am actuated by any motive unworthy of a work of such immense importance. I do not think I am induced by curiosity, nor do I think myself the dupe of ambition. I have felt curious, before now, to see foreign lands and strange things; and I believe in my life some little ambition to do something extraordinary, and to become a great man; *but I feel nothing of this kind now.* These things are not influencing me in the least in my present course. I do not expect to better my worldly circumstances; nor have I any morbid taste to forsake the pleasures and comforts of my present position, so as to be thought by others remarkably self-denying. The 'wondrous' has had nothing whatever

to do with what I have done. If I had been the subject of these feelings, I do not think I could have acted upon them. With the views I possess, taken in conjunction with other circumstances, such a course would have been sheer madness. So far as I know the truth, it is this. My mind has been irresistibly impressed with a sense of duty, and I have yielded to this. I therefore feel confident that I am right. Love to God and souls I know should ever be the master-passion of the minister's life; and I trust this is the case with me. But I do not think I love *black men* better than *white*, or that it would be impossible to love God with all my heart and stay at home. This should actuate men at home fully as much as it does those who go abroad; and when this is the case, a conviction that another sphere of labour, whatever that sphere may be, is the will of God and the minister's duty, will cause it to be undertaken without the least hesitation or delay. This explains my position.

“My *duty* in the matter is a settled thing; I cannot doubt it. If I had sought myself a work of this nature, I should have had my doubts. I have not done so, and therefore I have none. The calling of a Christian missionary has always appeared to me to be of such importance that I think I never should have sought it: I should have deemed it presumption. The dangers, difficulties, and responsibilities of a work like this are so great, that I dare not encounter them alone—which, if God called me not, I must be compelled to do. I have therefore satisfied myself as to God's will. I say satisfied *guardedly*, for I have not the shade of a doubt on this head. I may be wrong, but I do not believe I am. If I thought I were, I should even now retrace my steps. My mind is at rest; and I go calmly, determinately, and willingly, to the work God has appointed for me to do. I know He will afford His aid; and this gives me courage.”

While Mr. New is preparing for his departure, it may be necessary to offer a few remarks that will enable the general reader to understand our position, as a Missionary Society, on the East Coast of Africa. The United Methodist Free Churches had been engaged in Foreign Mission work for some years; but feeling a growing conviction that it was their duty to enlarge their operations in this direction, attention was awakened to the matter, and the hearts and minds of many of our church members were much moved on the subject. Just at this juncture Dr. Krapf, of the Church Missionary Society, published a book on Eastern Africa—which being read by Charles Cheetham, Esq., then Missionary Treasurer of the Methodist Free Churches, made such an impression on his mind, that he brought the matter before the proper authorities, and urged that something should be done to mission that part of the world. Correspondence was opened with Dr. Krapf. He was eventually invited to meet the committee; did so; and the result was a resolution to establish a Mission among the Gallas,—but in the meantime to commence operations at Kauma, in the Wanika country, and on the borders of the Galla land. The Doctor kindly offered to accompany any missionaries that should be sent, and to act as guide and interpreter, until such time as they could be safely left to themselves. Four young men were selected: two Swiss, from the Chrishona, at Basle, at the suggestion of Dr. Krapf; and two from our own churches at home; and after suitable preparations the party left Europe in August 1861. After a long and tedious voyage they arrived on the Coast of Africa, met with unexpected difficulties, and after a time were scattered and enfeebled, in the way already indicated; but at length succeeded in opening a Mission at Ribe, among one of the Wanika tribes. In about twelve months Mr. Wakefield was the only one left on the Coast,

and his health was broken and shattered. Such, in brief, was the history and condition of the Mission at the time of Mr. New's appointment; and a strong desire was felt to hasten his departure, that he might succour and strengthen Mr. Wakefield, if yet found on the station and among the living.

It was also deemed prudent to send another missionary with Mr. New; and one was selected; but eventually his departure was delayed, so that Mr. New had to proceed alone. Preparations were quickly made; and in the hope of securing his speedy arrival on the station, it was arranged that he should proceed by the Overland Route. On reaching Aden he was instructed to sail at once to Zanzibar, if it was at all practicable; but if not, to go on to Bombay, and from thence to Zanzibar at the earliest opportunity. Arrangements were soon completed; and everything having been done that prudence and foresight could suggest, he went forth amidst the tears of many and the good wishes and prayers of all. The facts and circumstances connected with his departure will be best told in his own words:—

“It was with a mind calmly stayed on God that I went to Southampton to see my baggage safely on board the vessel that is to take me to Alexandria. After I had completed this I returned to London, in order to spend my last evening in England with my friends. It was a source of much gratification to us all that I was enabled to do so. The time was spent in conversation, singing, and prayer. When I left, my mother and sisters were deeply affected. I was hardly prepared for such an expression of feeling. I thought they had thoroughly prepared themselves for the trial. I believe they did their best; but the struggle was great. The power of their feelings completely overcame them.

“All this tried me much, and it required no slight effort

to preserve my calmness and maintain my position, but it was an effort made for Jesus Christ. I left my friends in the hands of God, with a full conviction that He would make 'all things work together for good.' In company with my brother William I now made my way to his house, where I stayed for the night.

"Friday, 12th.—Rose this morning at six o'clock. When I came downstairs I found my mother and sisters awaiting me. At this I was surprised, as I really thought I had taken my final leave of them last night. But they seemed resolved, in all the affection of their hearts, to see me at the latest possible moment. They were much more composed this morning; they had been enabled, I doubt not, to stay their minds on God. When all was ready I bade them a last farewell, and took my seat in the cab with my brother Samuel, who had resolved to accompany me to Southampton. The man drove off, and I breathed another long farewell to all the hallowed associations, comforts, and pleasures of home. We arrived at Waterloo Station in very good time, and at Southampton about half-past ten; made our way directly to the dock, and went on board the steamer. She is a noble vessel, called the '*Ceylon*,' and seemed to be in first-rate condition. After having seen my cabin, and examined the vessel, we returned to the town to dine; after which the President and Secretary, who had accompanied me to Southampton, engaged in prayer.

"Our devotions concluded, we all returned to the vessel. The first bell has been rung, the second also, and now the third is ringing! 'Farewell!' 'Good-bye!' 'God bless you!' escapes from many lips: and now the friends of the embarked are crowding off the vessel. I shake hands for the last time with the President, Secretary, and my brother Samuel, bidding them a long, last farewell, receiving theirs

in return, with every expression of good-will and desire for my welfare and success. In a short time the deck is cleared of all but the passengers and crew. Friends of the departing now range themselves along the edge of the dock, as though determined to keep us in sight as long as possible. More conspicuously than any (at least to me) stand my three friends. In a few moments everything on shore seems to be receding : we only, who are on board, seem to be stationary. The vessel slightly trembles from head to stern with the motion of the screw ; and, looking about me, I find we are actually, though slowly, moving off. It was just at this moment that I felt as I had not done before. While on shore, in the company and society of my friends, I did not fully realize that in a short time I should be separated from them, perhaps for ever. But now I see it clearly, and feel it acutely. My friends on shore waved their hats most lustily, and I endeavoured to keep pace with them, so as to let them see that I still had them in sight, and as an evidence that I was not altogether down at heart. I watched them as long as possible ; but eventually they were hidden by the breakwater, as we made a turn in the river, and I saw them no more."

CHAPTER IV

LEAVES ENGLAND—ARRIVES IN BOMBAY.

WE may now regard Mr. New as fairly embarked, not only on the voyage that is to convey him to far-off lands, but on the enterprise that will henceforth occupy his thoughts, and crowd his life with interest and importance. He had heard the call, and to him it was the voice of God. Of this he had no doubt; and he went forth in cheerful trust, “not knowing whither he went.” Of “the things which should befall” him in the land of his adoption he knew not; but knowing in whom he had believed, and confident in the authority and benevolence of his mission, he set his face towards the East, and “counted not his life dear unto him that he might testify to the Gospel of the grace of God.” The vessel had now left the docks, and he had had the last sight of friends and home. It was just at this point, if at any, he would feel the strain of his circumstances; and if there was a weak place in his armour we might expect to discover it now. Left alone amidst strangers—separated from every tie of earth—and with nothing but God and the consciousness of his integrity—he stood face to face with life and its duties. Yet he neither quailed in spirit, nor cried out in fear; but with a cheerful, resolute, firm heart, he departed to “go far hence unto the Gentiles.” He says:—

“We passed in stately style down the river, both banks of which are extremely pretty. Notwithstanding my previously gloomy feelings, I was much pleased and interested with what I saw. Beautiful residences stud the banks on

either side, which must be delightful in the summer, when the trees are covered with foliage. At present, however, it looked somewhat sombre—and particularly as I could not altogether shake off my own sadness, or get rid of the idea that I might never see ‘Fatherland’ again. The trees, in my then state of mind, as they bent to the breeze, seemed to be nodding ‘farewell.’ After all, I was by no means gloomy; and I thanked God for this. I felt a blessed tranquillity arising from the satisfaction that I was doing His will. With this consolation how could I be unhappy?”

The voyage was on the whole pleasant, and crowded with those little incidents that are common to a life at sea. His mind was kept continually on the alert by the recurrence of new scenes, places, and peoples; and he took careful note of the lights and shades in the moving panorama. He does not appear to have been greatly distressed by sea-sickness; and yet, like most who make their first venture on the ocean, he paid the accustomed tribute. The Bay of Biscay was an object of terror to him, in this aspect; and he looked forward with an undefined sensation to the time when he should cross this much-dreaded Bay. However, he found that, like many other things in life, the anticipation was far more terrible than the reality. He says:—

“As soon as breakfast was over, I got upon deck as quickly as possible. We had passed Ushant Point yesterday, and were now in the Bay of Biscay. My preconceived notions of this Bay were all put to flight. It has always been spoken of in such terms, in my hearing, that I imagined a fine steady sail across it to be almost an impossibility. The Bay of Biscay! The Bay of Biscay, storm and disaster, were always one and the same thing to me. Terror was associated with the very name. Well, it may be rough and stormy sometimes; but, thank God! there is no place in the world,

however stormy, that has not its calms. This is true in many respects, and certainly is so in respect to the Bay of Biscay. The sky was brightest azure. The sun shone gloriously. The atmosphere was clear, cool, and refreshing; while balmy breezes fanned the brow, and the surface of the waters rose and fell in gentlest undulations. Nothing can be more pleasant. May there be no change ! ”

Mr. New seems to have taken great interest in the places passed on the voyage; and he enters into historical and other descriptions of Lisbon, Trafalgar, Gibraltar, Malta, and such points of attraction as came under view. They were permitted to land at Gibraltar and Malta; and he saw much that was strange and new, and that yielded profitable subjects for reflection. We are disposed to think that life at sea, even under the most favourable circumstances, is a questionable pleasure. Its monotony and wearisomeness are barely compensated by pleasant company and good books. Still these are valuable auxiliaries, and do much to relieve the tedium of days and weeks cooped up in a narrow space, and exposed to all the turbulence of old ocean. Mr. New had laid out plans for study, while on board, that met with greater interruption than he had anticipated. Still he maintained a close and constant intercourse with God, and refreshed his spirit, quickened his zeal, and enlarged his knowledge, by a careful reading of that wonderful book, entitled “*Missionary Enterprises in the South Seas*,” by John Williams. A better companion it would have been difficult to select; and he felt the influence of this book throughout the rest of his life. He says :—

“ Before luncheon, and some time after, I spent in reading the ‘*Missionary Enterprises*’ of John Williams. What a noble, glorious Christian ! John Williams was a real missionary of the Cross. There was such self-denial, such devotion, such

zeal, such perseverance under circumstances of the most discouraging character; he could only have been actuated by supreme love to God, and burning love to the souls of men. He did his work well. I wish to emulate him in all that constituted him great and good, and desire to do my work as well as he did his. I have the same example before me that John Williams seemed ever to keep before him—Jesus Christ; whom to follow is to secure complete success, conquest, and triumph. May I, then, follow not man, but Jesus Christ!

Nor did he neglect the opportunity of acting the part of missionary among the passengers, as far as prudence would permit. Among other instances he records the following:—

“Some time had been spent in this way, when I spoke to a young man who was going home to Gibraltar to spend the Christmas with his friends. Mr. C—— soon proved himself to be possessed of considerable intelligence. He ran over a great variety of subjects in a very short time, and hopped from one to another as a sprightly bird does from branch to branch in a tree. However, as his mind was evidently of a religious bias, all the topics he broached were of a religious character. As he desired my opinion, I was enabled to express myself fully; and gently, but faithfully, to warn him of his danger; and as he seemed quite willing to listen, I spoke to him earnestly about his spiritual welfare. I begged him not to rest satisfied in the mere externals of any Church, but to seek earnestly a personal interest in the blood of Christ. I felt my soul drawn out; and the Spirit helped me to speak to him with unusual tenderness. I did try to preach Christ and Him crucified. May God seal the truth upon his heart!”

“In the evening talked again with Mr. C——, the young man with whom I had so long a conversation on Sunday.

I again spoke with much plainness of speech upon the all-important matters concerning the soul's salvation. He expressed himself more satisfactorily this evening than when we last conversed together ; so that I am led to hope that he already knows something more than I suspected of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. I trust he may be soon numbered with the saints of God."

While on board he was requested to conduct service on one of the Sabbaths ; to which he thus refers :—

"After breakfast I was requested to take service—which I consented to do. I must confess, however, I did not feel happy in prospect of it. I looked over the Church Service, to make myself familiar with the routine. By the time I had done this, the ship's bell rang, and the passengers made their way, in goodly numbers, into the saloon. I took my seat at the middle of the table, where the cushion, with a large Bible and Prayer-book upon it, had been placed. For the first time in my life I read the Prayers, after the fashion of the Church of England. I endeavoured to put my whole soul into this service,—and I believe God recognised my sincerity, for I felt helped and blessed, in some measure ; yet I cannot say I felt thoroughly at home. It would have been a great satisfaction to me if I had been allowed to deliver my soul to the passengers, in the shape of a plain sermon ; but as a young man I did not wish to impose myself upon them, and as I was not requested to preach, I did not do so."

The vessel arrived at Alexandria on Christmas Day 1862, after a prosperous voyage of some thirteen days from Southampton. The stay in this place was very short. He says :—

"Alexandria was the next place at which we stayed,—arriving at noon on Christmas Day. I went ashore as soon as possible, and had just time to see Pompey's Pillar and

Cleopatra's Needle, walk about the town, and call upon the Rev. Mr. Yule, of the Scotch Church. There are some respectable-looking places; but on the whole it looks wretched. The Bazaar is the most miserable display of the kind I have ever seen. The houses of the poor are not better than the Wanika huts. They are of mud, and not larger than pigsties. We left this place at half-past four, and arrived at Cairo at midnight."

Some two or three days were spent in Cairo, of which place he says:—

"Cairo is a much larger and better place than Alexandria. The streets, however, are very narrow, and are as crowded with pedestrians as any London thoroughfare. It contains much that is interesting. From Cairo, on donkey-back, I went to the Pyramids, and saw the Sphinx. To get to the Pyramids we had to cross the Nile,—which we did by getting into a boat, prepared on purpose, and taking the donkeys with us. In the town itself I saw the great Mosque of Mehemet Ali, and that of Sultan Ben Hassan, and the palace of the Pasha of Egypt, and many other places of note, which interested me greatly."

Intent upon the special work he had undertaken, he called upon the European missionaries in Cairo, and spent some time in conversation with them, on their work in Egypt, and on Mission work in general. He was very much pleased with these gentlemen, and obtained a good deal of information on missionary operations in the East, while he was much refreshed in spirit by their kind and Christian bearing. He left this city with a sad and sorrowful heart, owing to his impressions of the great wickedness of the place and people. He says:—

"I was much impressed with the wickedness of the place. I did not go into the lion's den, but I went close enough to

hear them roar ; and a deep roar it was. I have seen the wickedness of Britain, and deplore it ; but I thank God we are not so bad as this. After dinner I took another short walk, and was pained beyond measure to witness what I did, and to meet iniquity in the horrid shape in which it was presented to my notice. Sickened and disgusted, I returned to the hotel."

Pushing on from Cairo, a few hours brought them to Suez, on the Red Sea, and the place of embarkation for Bombay. After a short time had elapsed, all were on board the steamer, and the stately vessel was ploughing her way along a path rich in historical association to all lovers of the Bible and its wonderful narratives. The only thing that seems to have disturbed his mind, in connection with the matter, was, that this was the Sabbath, and all this travelling and bustle, on such a day, was not only foreign to his habits, but very repugnant to his feelings. However, he says :—

"A few people in the evening descended into a lower cabin, and one of the number read the Church prayers. I was not aware of this, and therefore was not present. Conversing, however, with Mr. D—— upon the subject, he proposed that we should go into the cabin and there read and pray together. Mr. D—— was from Scotland, and had been used to the Presbyterian form of worship ; and being possessed of strong common sense, and pretty correct notions of true worship, had a decided aversion to the formalism of the Ritual. I was pleased with this proposal, and we immediately retired. We read the eighth chapter of Romans, and had a little conversation upon it, and then prayed together. I believe God was in that cabin ; and I felt it good to be there."

The steamer cast anchor in the harbour at Aden on the 2nd of January, 1863. Among the passengers on board the

vessel was Brigadier Coghlan, at that time Political Resident at Aden; and with him Mr. New had a most interesting conversation. In a letter written home he says:—

“I suppose you will have received my last letter, posted at Aden. If so, you will recollect that I had been fortunate enough to meet with Brigadier Coghlan, Governor of Aden, who had been down the Eastern Coast of Africa himself, and was therefore able to give me some important information. Colonel Playfair, one of his assistants, had been appointed to Zanzibar, as British Consul. He also told me that the Colonel had accepted this appointment, and would go with us to Bombay, on his way thither. As I wished to see the future Consul, I rose early, when we arrived at Aden, to go ashore with the Brigadier; but he was off before me. I then got into a boat and pushed off to the shore, in company with one or two other passengers. As soon as I got on shore, and had arranged about the letters, I went to the Parsee Hotel, bought a pith hat and puggery, mounted a donkey, and made for the encampment. Just as I arrived at what I thought to be Colonel Playfair’s house, I saw Brigadier Coghlan walking up the steps. Dismounting immediately, I made up to him, and asked him if he could introduce me to the Consul. This was soon done, and I was received most kindly. The house I found to be Mr. Rassam’s, Chief Magistrate; and this gentleman provided me with water to wash my hands, and gave me a most hearty invitation to take breakfast with them—which I did. After breakfast we made our way to the vessel again, and in a short time were ploughing our way through the waters of the Arabian Sea. The result of my having met with Colonel Playfair is, that as the Government will provide a vessel to take him across the Indian Ocean to Zanzibar, and as I have a recommendation from Sir Charles Wood to the authorities of Bombay, to

obtain me a passage, if possible, on one of her Majesty's vessels, I can go with him, and shall therefore land on the shores of Africa with all the influence of the British Consul on my side."

Leaving Aden, a few days brought them to Bombay, where they dropped anchor on the 11th of January, 1863. Bombay, at which place Mr. New found himself, was very far from the base of operations, and was only regarded as a means to an end. At the period referred to in our narrative it was exceedingly difficult to reach the East Coast of Africa, either from the north or the south. Now and then trading vessels might be met with at Aden, freighted for Zanzibar; but these were so few and so irregular, that no dependence could be placed upon them. Hence it was all but a matter of necessity to proceed to Bombay, and take a native "baghala" over to Zanzibar,—unless fortunate enough to obtain a passage in one of her Majesty's vessels, crossing the Indian Ocean in the direction of the African Coast. It was partly on this ground Mr. New was directed to proceed to Bombay; and also in the hope he might be able to secure the services of some native Africans, under training in India for Mission work in Africa, and which the Church Missionary Society had kindly placed at our disposal, if deemed suitable for our purpose. From this it will be seen that Mr. New had a clear and defined object before him in thus visiting India; and there can be no doubt that in doing so he served the interests of the Mission. Mr. New was an entire stranger in Bombay, and, save the few passing friends he had made on the voyage, there was not an individual in the place to whom he was known. However, after engaging a room at the hotel, and attending to a few little matters, he went out to inquire his way to the residence of Dr. Wilson, of the Scotch Free Church. This gentleman has been at the head

of a religious institution in Bombay for many years, and is engaged in the work of Christian instruction among the young men of that continent. He and Mrs. Wilson are "well reported of for good works," and have been "succourers of many." He had shown great kindness to the Rev. J. Woolner, on his return from Africa; and of his own reception Mr. New says:—

"I found myself at the door of the Institution. I was soon shown into the room in which the Doctor was, and introduced to him. He received me in the most friendly manner. I explained to him who I was, and the object of my call; and that I wished to thank him for his kindness in assisting Mr. Woolner when he passed through this city, and to beg his advice upon certain matters in relation to my own proceedings. He then promised to do for me all that lay in his power; and invited me during my stay in Bombay to take up my abode with him. I thanked him, and accepted the invitation."

The kindness shown to strangers, on most Foreign Mission stations, is one of those features that stand out with pleasing interest. All who bear the Christian name are made welcome, and need no other passport to the kindly and generous sympathies of these true servants of the Lord Jesus. No doubt many things contribute to make the case peculiar; but that it exists at all is one of those facts that reveal the true spirit and genius of Christianity. For two months Mr. New was unexpectedly detained in Bombay; yet during the whole of this time he was the honoured guest of Christian brethren, who seemed to vie with each other in showing him kindness, and relieving him from any painful sense of obligation or dependence. Such a fact as the following is worthy of record:—

"I had accepted yesterday an invitation to dine with Mr.

Williamson, one of the Harbour chaplains, who resides in the Fort. I therefore made my way down to the house. Mr. Woolner, when he passed through Bombay, stayed with these good people, and was treated with the greatest attention. I took occasion to thank them for their kindness to a brother missionary under circumstances of need ; but they seemed to think they had only done their duty. Everybody does not do this. I am pleased to record that the impression made upon the minds of those who came in contact with Mr. Woolner was most favourable. All speak of him in the highest terms, and refer to him as though they thought he had come to Bombay to die—he was so very ill and so much reduced.”

Being now comfortably settled in the house of Dr. Wilson, he began to make inquiries on the various matters connected with his future work. He paid several visits to the Institution under the Doctor’s care ; examined the classes ; conversed with the young men ; and in other ways sought to gain a knowledge of the best methods of spreading the Gospel among the heathen. Other institutions of like character were visited ; so that his time passed away both pleasantly and profitably. Dr. Wilson also kindly introduced him to many persons likely to further the object he sought, and interested himself in the necessary preparations as though the Mission was his own. Mr. New says :—

“ I went in company with Dr. Wilson to the Governor’s breakfast. Here I found most of my fellow-passengers. After breakfast Doctor Wilson introduced me to Sir Bartle Frere. His Excellency is much respected in Bombay, on account of his well-known interest in all that concerns the welfare of his fellows. He is ever prepared to give his influence to what he conceives to be for the advantage of the people ; and any scheme commending itself to his judg-

ment is sure to command his countenance and support. The object of our Mission was explained to him ; when he at once expressed his interest in the work, and his willingness to aid us—promising me, without the least hesitation, a passage across the Indian Ocean, in company with Colonel Playfair. Dr. Wilson also mentioned to His Excellency the desirability of establishing a colony on the Coast, of liberated slaves : a scheme in which he seemed to be fully interested ; so that it is probable something will be done in this way.”

Mr. New also took part in the Annual Meeting of the Bible Society in Bombay, and moved one of the resolutions ; and preached once or twice in English, to the scholars and others, in the Institution.

The following extract from one of his letters will tell of his doings and feelings at this time. It is addressed from Sarampur, Nassick, and dated Feb. 10th, 1863 :—

“ I am now with Mr. Isenberg, at Sarampur, Nassick. This gentleman was in Abyssinia some years ago, under the direction of the Church Missionary Society, but was not permitted to stay in the country by the King of Shoa ; and being driven from that field, he came to India, and here he has a very important Mission. There are in this Institution some African youths, who I thought would have been sent with me to the Coast of Africa, to be engaged on our Mission there ; and I came to Sarampur to see about them. I find, however, they are not yet sufficiently advanced for the work.

“ I shall return to Bombay either to-day or to-morrow, when I am going to remain with the Rev. Mr. Williamson for a short time. Is it not strange that those who are entire strangers to me should treat me so kindly ? But this is the genius of Christianity. You will be pleased to hear that my health is good. The climate agrees well with me. I feel sometimes as light as a feather. The mercury of my

nature rises to such a pitch that I feel that I could leap over the moon. In the middle of the day the heat is rather oppressive, and then it is well to be quiet; but in the mornings and evenings the atmosphere is really delightful. The country does not at present look very beautiful, as the hills are all bare; but I am told in the rains the grass grows six feet high, and that the whole land is covered with verdure. If I get on in Africa as I feel I could do here, everything will be right. My stay in Bombay is much longer than I expected; but I shall leave at the latter end of this month, I hope."

Before he left Bombay he also paid a visit to some of the heathen temples, and thus reports what he saw:—

"In company with Dr. Wilson I visited the heathen temples, which were not far off. Such miserable places I never saw. Strangers, however, are not permitted to enter them. When Dr. Wilson stepped inside the gate of one he was peremptorily ordered to retire. I noticed several stone pillars, with some strange figures cut in them and coloured red. I asked what they were, and was informed that red was the sign of the devil, and that the people worshipped him in these stones. I saw a poor miserable creature who appeared to be burning wood. This, I found, was that he might sit in its ashes,—which he was really doing, having thrown the ashes over his head and the whole of his body. I saw another mendicant, not far from this, who had surrounded himself with a wall of pebbles, just allowing room to sit in the middle. He had about him many little things of the most childish nature, and looked as miserable as it was possible. Before one of the temples I saw a large number of bells hanging—much in the same way as such articles would be hung up at home in an 'old iron shop.' I inquired what they meant, and was told that they were used to wake

up the gods. For instance, when a worshipper arrives he wishes his presence to be known ; but his god may be asleep. If he is, the bell is rung to wake him up ; and if not, to tell him his admirer is present. The idols we saw were all of them of the most hideous character ; it is therefore the more surprising that men with intelligence should be so far blinded as to worship them as gods. I was saddened and sickened with the sight."

It will be seen that his detention was much longer than he had anticipated, and he felt very anxious to depart. Still all things were ordered rightly ; and the two months he spent in Bombay and the neighbourhood were of much greater use to him, subsequently, than a long delay on the Coast of Africa could possibly have been. He left India on the 10th of March ; and on the eve of his leaving he wrote :—

" You will be pleased to hear that I have been treated with unvarying kindness by Christian friends during the whole of my stay in this place. For the first four weeks I stayed with Dr. Wilson. A few days I spent at Nassick ; and for three weeks I have been at Dr. Somerville's, with the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson. I desire to record my deep sense of the disinterested generosity of these good people. May the Lord reward them for the kindness shown by them to His unworthy child ! "

CHAPTER V

DEPARTURE FOR ZANZIBAR—ARRIVAL AT MOMBASA.

THE moment Mr. New stepped on board the little vessel that was to convey him to Zanzibar, he felt himself to be another man. During the greater part of his residence in Bombay, though treated with true brotherly kindness, he had felt an intense desire to see the land and the people among whom he was appointed to live and to labour. Repeated delays annoyed him very much; and he was often tempted to break through all restraint, and endeavour to subdue circumstances to his will. But the time had now come when he should be released from this anxious waiting, and make a move towards the long-expected Coast. The ship in which the Governor of Bombay had kindly permitted him to take his passage was appointed to ply, as a mail boat, between Zanzibar and the Seychelles; and it was expected that Colonel Playfair, the newly-appointed Consul, would have sailed in the same vessel. This, however, he was prevented from doing; and the "*Pleiad*" left without the Consul. Owing to the late season, the "north-east monsoon" had almost ceased blowing, and hence the passage across was greatly delayed. However, he was now on his way; and if the progress was somewhat slow, still day by day he was approaching his destination, and it only required a little patience, and the favour of God, to bring them in safety to Zanzibar.

The voyage, though greatly prolonged, was, on the whole, pleasant; and Mr. New endeavoured, by close application, to make it profitable. He found the captain and officers of the

ship agreeable and kind, and all that could be done to secure his comfort was cheerfully done. In a letter written home he thus describes the voyage:—

“ When I wrote you from Bombay I told you that I should start from thence for Zanzibar on the evening of the day on which I was writing. This, however, was not the case. It is true I went on board that evening; but as soon as I had done so I was informed that they would not leave before the next morning. I determined to spend the evening on shore, and therefore returned. Early next morning I was moving; and after all was prepared, accompanied by Mr. Williamson, I went to the ‘*Pleiad*’ again. I was now informed that ten o’clock was to be the hour; so that I determined to remain, and hoped that we might not be delayed any longer. At eleven o’clock we began to stir; our screw, however, had not performed many revolutions before it got entangled with the buoy, but the vessel righted herself in a short time, and we actually thought we had started. But not so. There was a strange motion of the screw which we could not understand; and before we cleared the harbour the captain determined to stay to have it examined. This was done; and then it was found necessary to take out the fire and water, in order to get the defect remedied. Altogether we could not get off again until two o’clock the next morning. We then made another start, and all went well—making, during the time we were under steam, a hundred and twenty miles a day. This, however, only lasted two days, when the engine was stopped and we had to depend entirely upon the wind. Our progress now was not very rapid; but it was very pleasant,—much more so than when we were steaming, as the motion of the screw is very uncomfortable. I had everything on board to make me comfortable, and had much cause for gratitude to God. Sometimes we were becalmed, and

sometimes we met with a breeze ; indeed, so variable was the weather that there was very little dependence to be placed upon it. We were followed by a shark for two days, and we tried to catch him, but he was too wily for us. Flying-fish were in abundance, and sometimes they fell upon the deck, when they were immediately captured and served up on the table. Occasionally I amused myself by catching, with a line and hook, the pilot-fish, that swam in goodly numbers at our stern. These fish are beautiful in the water, but when taken out they lose their colour, as life departs. The flavour is more like mackerel than any other fish I know. Porpoises kept at a good distance ; but the most beautiful fish I saw (and one of which we caught, weighing about thirty pounds) was the dolphin. When in the water they display every colour of the rainbow—ever changing as they gracefully make their way through the blue deep. We sighted Zanzibar on Monday the 5th of April, just before sunset. At nine o'clock we saw a low black-line about seven miles off, and continued to cruise about until the light of the next morning dawned, when we found ourselves at the north-east point. As soon as we rounded this point we had very heavy squalls, and the rain fell in torrents. However, we dropped anchor in the Harbour at three o'clock in the afternoon."

During this voyage he devoted himself with great diligence to the study of the Kisuahili, according to the best means within his reach ; and his journal frequently records hours as spent in a careful perusal of Dr. Krapf's Grammar, with a view to a knowledge of the elementary principles of the language. He also seized this opportunity for reading a number of books bearing in some way on the work he had been sent to do. The life of Henry Martyn was perused with great care, and seems to have been of much use in stirring up his spirit, and moving him to a holy emulation. "Before break-

fast read twenty-five pages of H. Martyn's life. I wish I was more like this servant of the Lord Jesus. Such humiliating thoughts of self; such an abhorrence of sin; such a burning desire to live for God!" "Read H. Martyn's life. Holy, humble man: may I grow more like him! A missionary's life is a glorious, though a trying one. O Lord, qualify Thou me!" He also read Ellis's "Madagascar," and Burton and McLeod on Eastern Africa. It is evident that thoughts of his own peculiar work filled his mind, and he made all his reading and study tributary to this end.

Nor was he less anxious as to the cultivation of the life of God in his soul. It is pleasing to mark the care with which he sought to maintain a high spiritual walk and conversation. Prayer and reading the Scriptures occupied a good portion of his time; and he records with great regularity and minuteness the endeavours he made to keep the lamp well supplied with the precious oil of God's grace. Entries such as the following are common in his journal:—"This morning, before breakfast, was spent in reading the Scriptures, prayer, and meditation." "This morning I read the Scriptures before breakfast for two hours. I am resolved to read this best of books more than I have hitherto done. I have often put it aside for other works; but this must not be again." "Before breakfast read the Scriptures and went through my ordinary devotions—I hope in the spirit of sincerity, although I fear not with so much profit to myself as I might have done. I want more earnestness, more feeling in these matters. My heart gets so cold, so sluggish, that I almost fear sometimes that its pulsations have ceased." "This morning awoke and arose in good time. In prayer I did not realize that freedom of access which is my privilege as a child of God. Oh, when shall I live up to my privileges? What a poor, unworthy child I am!" "Wrote my journal

and read the Scriptures before breakfast. I am glad I have determined to devote all the spare time I have before breakfast to reading the Word of God. I shall now be able to test my love for it. If I prefer lying in bed to one hour up with my Bible, I shall see how the matter stands."

The vessel arrived at Zanzibar on the 6th of April; and Mr. New soon made his way on shore and began to inquire for the means of conveyance to Mombasa. He had hoped to get away at once; but in this he was disappointed, and had to learn that hard lesson to him, to wait in quiet submission to circumstances. He was treated with much kindness by the European residents; and as the Consulate was unoccupied at the time, a room was offered to him in the building, of which he gladly availed himself. Here he remained for nearly three weeks—very lonely, yet doing all he could in the way of personal preparation for his work.

On the day of his arrival in Zanzibar, he says: "I dined ashore; saw a few of the merchants—no Christian men—cause of sorrow." This brief record reveals a state of things that was the occasion of much pain to him during his short residence on the island. No direct means were provided to meet the religious need of the Protestant part of the Europeans then resident in the place. We can well imagine the consequences among a people given up to the making of money. Religion, even in profession, was all but unknown among them; and there was very little outward recognition of the forms of religious worship. To this matter he alludes in the following extract from his journal:—

"Sunday.—Another of D. Brainerd and H. Martyn's Sabbaths; though I fear far short of theirs in real spiritual enjoyment. All alone: and yet not alone. Not alone, I trust,—for Jesus is with me. I had resolved on Sunday last, that should I spend another Sabbath in Zanzibar, I would

by circular invite the European residents to attend service, —which it struck me I could hold very nicely in this large room. The Protestants of this place know nothing of religious worship in the shape of public service. This I think a shame and a disgrace. Here are German, American, and English Protestants, whose sole object, it appears, is to make money. Last week I was deploring this state of things in the presence of a lady residing here, and she informed me that such is the result of the lives led by European residents, that the natives think that a praying white man is the greatest anomaly. She related the following incident. In a conversation with a youthful brother of the Sultan, allusion was made to prayer, in connection with a certain European; when the youth in reply, and in the greatest surprise, said, ‘What! do Europeans pray?’ With such impressions upon their minds, who can wonder that they reject what the white man brings in the shape of religion?” It is cause for rejoicing, however, that divine service is now regularly held in Zanzibar, and a zealous, earnest Christian Mission has been established on the island.

His departure from this place and arrival at Mombasa, with an account of his first meeting with Mr. Wakefield, are thus described in his letters and journals:—

“I obtained a passage in a native ‘baghala,’ and left Zanzibar on the Sabbath, at three o’clock p.m. We had not lost sight of the town, when the owner of the craft, who was on board, and going to Cutch, discovered that he had forgotten his provisions: the anchor was instantly let go, and we stopped for the night. All was noise and confusion on board; so that, as an opportunity presented itself for going ashore, I did so, and called upon Said Hamond, the cousin of the Sultan of Zanzibar. We held some little palaver, through an interpreter; he gave me a glass of sugar-

water ; we held a little more conversation together, and then I took my departure. When I got back to the 'baghala,' my cabin had been cleared out. This was very necessary, for when I first came on board I found it completely stuffed with old sails. These gone, I found plenty of room ; but it was very filthy,—yet decidedly the best place the boat contained ; and here I sought rest for the night. I say, sought rest, but I cannot say I found it ; for such was the noise created by the cocoanut-fibre ropes working through the wooden pulleys, that to sleep was out of the question. Early in the morning we made another start, and when I got on deck I found we were skirting the north-west coast of Zanzibar. In the after-part of the day we neared, and passed, some lovely islands, though low. As soon as it grew dark we cast anchor, and remained where we were until the morning. I was on deck very early, and became intensely interested in what I saw. We were making our way among a group of islands, which looked to me almost like 'fairy-land.' They were most of them very low—so low, indeed, that the trees seemed to be growing out of the water ; and in some cases they were actually surrounded by the sea. But the vegetation of all kinds was so luxuriant, the foliage of the trees so rich and plenteous, the shades of green so various and beautiful, that it inspired me with exquisite delight, as I gazed on Nature's loveliness and thought of Nature's God. All this was so interesting to me, that I remained in the sun until my hands were scorched and looked as red as though they had been roasting before a hot fire. By-and-by, however, the coast got low and monotonous ; and as it became too hot to remain on deck, I retired to my cabin for the sake of shelter. Here, after reading for some time, I fell asleep, and when my boy awoke me I found the anchor had been dropped in the harbour of Mombasa. I

became, in a moment, intensely excited, and began to look about very wildly for my things, until I could shake off my sleepiness. All things gathered together, I clambered upon deck, and found that we were actually within gunshot of the town. My object was now to get ashore as quickly as possible. The boat was lowered, and I descended—still much excited, although preserving a calm exterior. My intention was to make arrangements for lodging for the night, and to send a message and a boat to fetch Mr. Wakefield from Ribe, where I expected he would be. The men, however, had not pulled many strokes of the oar, before I saw a man, with a whiter face than those around him, looking towards us, as though somewhat interested in our approach. At first I thought, ‘This must be Mr. Rebman, but after all it may be Mr. Wakefield,’—which I found to be really the case. Our boat’s head was turned towards the Custom House, in a different direction from the spot upon which the man stood. After he had scrutinized us for some time longer, he began very leisurely to turn about, and then he disappeared. The boatmen, with their paddles, pulled as though they had no strength left; so that we moved through the water very slowly. At last we came to the ‘Bunder,’ and I stepped upon shore; and as I stood upon the bottom step the man stood at the top. ‘Well,’ I thought, ‘that seems to be the man whose likeness I have seen.’ I ascended, and he descended a few steps, and putting out his hand, said, ‘Mr. New?’ ‘My name is New,’ I replied, hardly knowing how to control myself: ‘Mr. Wakefield, I presume?’ I do not know what he said; but somehow I found his arm within mine, and we were both gibbering, I know not what, and walked to the Custom House. The natives, old and young, were collected in swarms. They gazed at us with all their eyes; and many a ‘Yambo,’ ‘Yambo sana,’ ‘Garibu,’ (‘Well?’ ‘Well, very?’

‘Come near,’) were heard from every side. Likmeedas, the Custom master—a great man in Mombasa—made way and received us cordially; and two chairs were brought, on which we sat down, to be gazed at and scrutinized still more closely by the people. We arranged a few little matters, and then made our way to the house that had been hired in the place. The evening was spent in talking over matters in relation to friends at home, and in looking over letters. But I trust not the least part of our joy arose from the contemplation of, and conversation upon, subjects of a higher character. We both thanked God in prayer for His unbounded goodness, and resolved to help each other in every way, to bear with each other’s infirmities, and to labour together for the glory of God.”

He was now in Eastern Africa; and if not yet on the actual scene of conflict, he was so near that he daily expected to see it, and his soul burned with intense desire to be fully engaged in the work he had come to do. His patience was, however, to be still further tried; and he was doomed to spend many a long day in Mombasa ere he reached the little station at Ribe. He found Mr. Wakefield in a very feeble state of health, needing rest and the influence of the sea breezes; which he could better obtain on the coast than at the station. He was also suffering from a bad foot, which assumed at times a serious aspect, and was not merely the occasion of much pain, but prevented him from walking, except with great difficulty. It seemed also desirable that Mr. New should remain in Mombasa until the arrival of his boxes, which he had left at Zanzibar, containing nearly the whole of his clothes and books, and whatever little property he possessed. These he expected daily; but with the usual delay of the East, days grew into weeks, and almost months, before he received them. Still this time

was not altogether lost, nor was it badly spent ; for he was not only passing through the process of acclimatization, but was gaining a knowledge of the language—a matter of first importance in relation to the labours of the future.

Immediately on his arrival, with his usual earnestness, he set himself to whatever work came first to hand ; and as his love of order, which was in him almost a passion, had been sensibly touched by the appearance of the house at Mombasa, he began at once the process of cleaning and arranging. His first sight of the premises had led to this remark : “The house looks much better outside than it does inside, but still I think it is capable of some improvement. This improvement I at once resolved should be made.”

Accordingly, the day after his arrival, he says :—

“Rose in good time this morning, and, after some conversation with Mr. Wakefield, began to busy myself in putting the place in order. Everything was in the greatest disorder. The missionaries who had returned had left their things in much confusion. Mr. Wakefield has been ill more than once since they left ; and when well he has felt compelled to devote his time to the study of the language. Thus I found everything here in a heap. The whole day has been spent in this way.”

Again he writes :—

“The ‘fundi’ (carpenter) came to-day to fix up the shelves we had arranged to have for our books. I busied myself in arranging many things about the house, and also directing the operations of the ‘fundi,’ and assisting him also. The day’s labour fatigued me very much.”

“Another busy day about the house. I have employed myself chiefly in putting things straight. This end of our room now begins to take some shape, and looks something like a home. The bookshelves, with the books nicely

arranged, and a few other things upon them, is a great improvement upon bare whitewashed walls. The old, rough, filthy tables, which ought never to have been bought, I have planed; and now they look clean and smooth. When I sit down now, I think I shall be able to do so with some degree of comfort. Otherwise I should have been miserable."

It is not difficult to understand the joy and pleasure with which the arrival of a batch of letters from home is hailed by missionaries on a foreign shore. Cut off from all civilized life, but such as they may form among themselves, and hearing from home and friends only at long intervals, it must be a time of intense excitement when a bundle of letters, containing news that may be fraught with weal or woe, is placed in the hand. A little thoughtful consideration by friends at home would often fill the hearts of these men with a gladness that few things else could produce, and would diffuse a ray of comfort and of hope to cheer many a weary hour. It was while waiting at Mombasa that Mr. New received his first letters from home; and he thus describes the event:—

"In the morning Pedro came in with the news that a 'jombo' was approaching. I was all excitement in a moment, and looked anxiously out to sea. In a short time a small dhow, crowded with passengers, Arab and Wasuahili, dropped its anchor in the harbour, almost opposite our house. It is the custom here to land immediately anything which may be on board for the 'M'sungu' (white men); but this applies more particularly to letters. I expected therefore a messenger every minute. However, he did not come to the house till the afternoon; when he brought with him a small parcel containing my letters. I was all agitation, and almost trembled when I broke open the seals, and for some time after. Six, more than six calendar months, had passed away since I

left home ; and during this time I had not received the least information. I did not know whether to laugh or cry for joy. Praise the Lord ! the news was encouraging on the whole."

The letters were quickly followed by the arrival of his luggage, which came in the same vessel that brought the long-looked-for and welcome missives.

Having now got the boxes, for which he had waited so long, he hoped they would very shortly depart for Ribe ; and he began to make preparations accordingly. But the time had not yet come ; indeed, the state of Mr. Wakefield's foot put an insuperable barrier in the way. Writing on the 18th of June, he says :—

"Mr. Wakefield's foot was not in a fit state for exercise, and therefore our visit to the Fort was not made this morning. I have been all day at work. I am amazed that attention to these household matters, unpacking and packing of boxes, consumes so much time. I have been arranging many things with an eye to our journey to Ribe. We hope to leave Mombasa on Tuesday next, if Mr. Wakefield's foot is in a fit condition. I am afraid, however, this will not be the case. It is now very much swollen and inflamed—the result of his having used it too much on Monday. I retired to rest much wearied, and felt that 'the rest of the labouring man is sweet.' I think myself most decidedly a labouring man. I pack and unpack, tie and untie, fold and unfold ; I lift, carry, drag, push, and pull, when required ; I cut and saw wood ; I drive nails and screws : and with all this I have to write as much as I can ; study the language, philosophy, theology, and the other 'ologies, when I can get an opportunity ; and I manage to read a little history, biography, etc. Well, I hope I shall never earn the title of 'a lazy man.' There is much work before me here. I am desirous to do it, and pray God to help me."

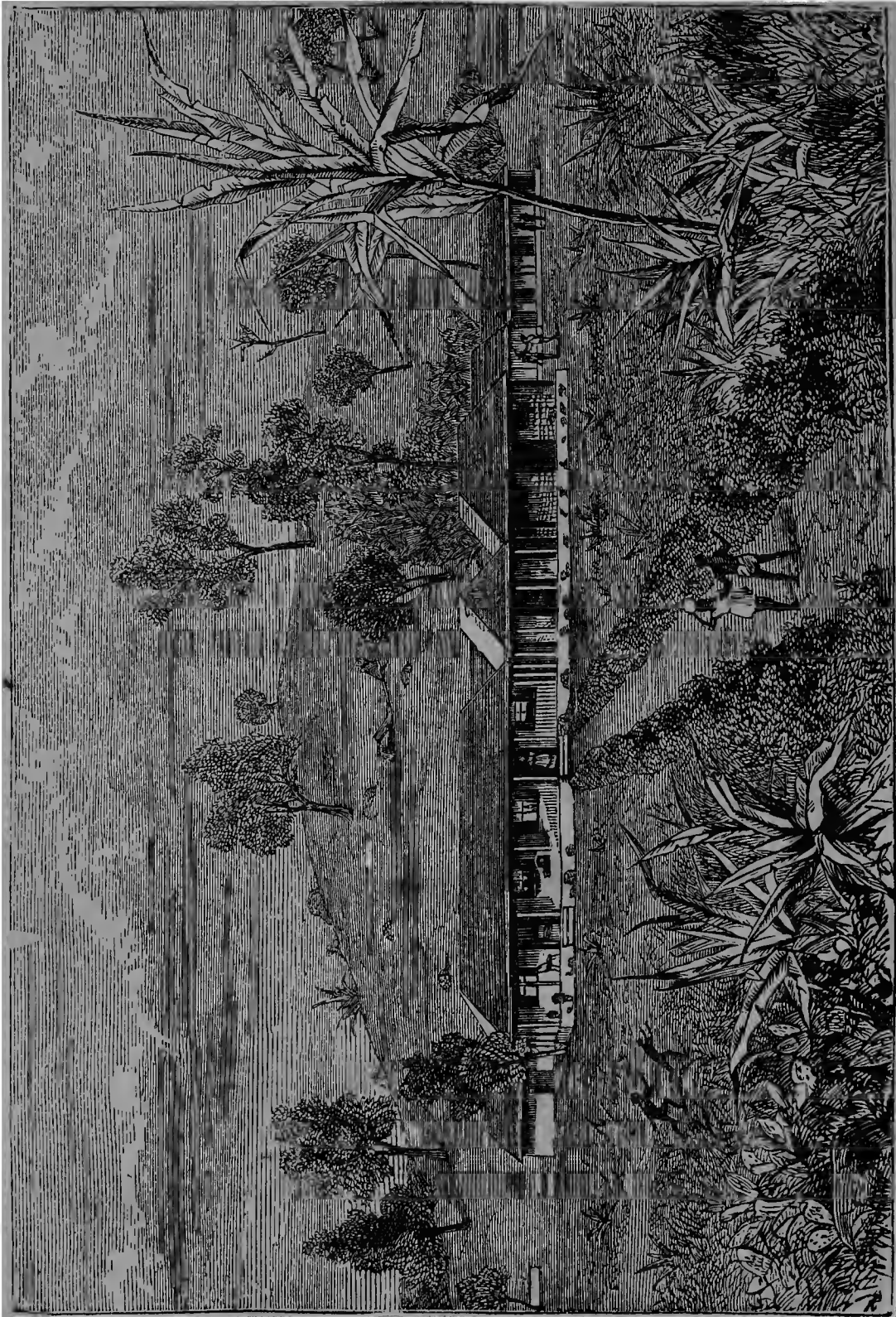
During the whole of their residence at Mombasa they were unable to take any part in direct Mission work, owing to their inability to speak the language with that readiness and correctness necessary to public teaching. Still they kept up the observance of the Lord's Day, and held such services as were possible between themselves. They also agreed to read one of John Wesley's sermons on each Sabbath, and to spend a few hours in reading the Scriptures and prayer. It was thus they kept up the outward form; and were the means of quickening and stimulating each other to a closer walk with God.

Before Mr. New's departure from England, he had been kindly furnished with a photographic apparatus, and had received a few lessons in the art, that he might be able to send home views of the country and the people—and so, by these means, give greater interest to the Mission. In the course of transit, however, many of the chemicals got damaged or destroyed; and though he spent a good deal of time, while in Mombasa, in trying to perfect the matter, his labour was largely in vain, and he had to abandon the attempt for a season.

Mr. Wakefield's foot at length began to exhibit signs of amendment; and final preparations were made for their departure to Ribe. This took place on the 1st of September 1863; and Mr. New says, in recording this fact:—

“Upon reviewing my labours, during my stay in Mombasa, they do not appear to me altogether satisfactory. I have acquired a little Kisuahili; and made many experiments in photography,—and if I have not succeeded so well as I had hoped, still as well as I ought to have expected. I feel confident that I shall be able to get some portraits and scenes. In addition, I have done a little reading and writing of different kinds, which I hope has done me good. Then a

great deal of time has been taken up in arranging the things in and about the house. Yet, when I look at it now, I feel grieved that so little should have taken me so long. However, everything was in great confusion when I came. The present state of affairs is an improvement. Another source of annoyance was the uncertainty of our stay there. We were expecting to leave every week. No plans could be formed so as to act upon them. Everything seemed to be done in driblets ; and I think if I hate anything in the world I hate this. I dislike groping my way exceedingly. I like to see it clearly before me. If this be not the case, I am never satisfied with what is done."



STATION AT NIBE.

CHAPTER VI.

RIBE AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE Mission of the United Methodist Free Churches on the East Coast of Africa was originally intended, as we have seen, to reach the Gallas; and a settlement was sought, in the first instance, at Kauma, to the north of Ribe, and on the borders of the Galla country. Difficulties, however, arose which rendered this plan abortive; and Dr. Krapf, after careful inquiry, resolved to make the first attempt at Ribe, in the Unika country. The elders of the tribe offered no opposition to the residence of the white men amongst them, but seemed anxious to secure their presence, and readily promised to submit themselves and their children to the teaching of the Book. A parcel of land was purchased from the people; an iron house, which the missionaries had brought from England, was removed to the new station,—and all things made ready to commence operations at once. Here Mr. Wakefield began his labours; and to this place Mr. New was appointed, to assist in founding the Mission.

Mr. New, after a somewhat tedious journey of about twenty miles from Mombasa, arrived safely at the station. The location of his future home would naturally be a matter of great interest to him; and shortly after his arrival he thus describes its position, and the general aspect of the neighbourhood, as far as the eye could reach:—

“As to the situation of the station, I do not think the best has been done, though the present one is not bad. It is high, and the sea is open before it; and it is near the ‘kaya,’

or town. The situation, as to scenery, might have been better; more table-land might have been obtained, and in a position that would have given us the benefit of the cooling breezes of both monsoons. I am afraid we shall be sheltered more than we desire from the north-east monsoon. At present we occupy just the top part of a mountain side, with fifteen or twenty acres of land: Dr. Krapf says forty. In the centre of this the house has been erected. Behind the house, north-east, the mountain rises to a sharp ridge, at an acute angle. This mountain ridge curves round, and falls, somewhat abruptly, into a deep valley towards the south, shutting out all prospect towards the north, and as far as the south-east. From south-east to south-west we have an extensive view. The land spreads before you, clothed in tall grass, and bearing many green trees, and many others blasted and bare, for fifteen or twenty miles; beyond which the sea stretches in a long narrow line of blue, which is only bounded, of course, by the distant horizon. From south-west, for a considerable distance towards the west, extends an irregular line, but dimly seen, which marks the Shimba range of hills—the district of a Wanika tribe called the Wadigo. The western end of this line is hidden by a hill which rises before it, and is very near us. Beyond this, four hours off, and running straight across the west, are the Rabai hills, behind which we see the sun descend every evening, painting for us a golden scene. This is simply a rough lineal sketch. There is nothing uncommonly wonderful, sublime, majestic, grand, or beautiful, in all this,—such as travellers like to describe, novelists to imagine, poets to fancy, artists to paint, and fashionable idlers to visit and talk about; but, notwithstanding, there is something, even here, for the true lover of nature to admire. The matchless workmanship of the

Almighty is seen ; His power is displayed, and His goodness felt."

As his acquaintance with the country increased, he spoke of its natural scenery in most enthusiastic terms; and some of the many pictures he has drawn of it are worth preserving, and cannot fail to heighten our interest in a people dwelling in the midst of such a lovely land. In one place he says:—

"The general aspect of the country is, at this season of the year, so exceedingly beautiful that the soul must be dead indeed that could feel no thrill of enjoyment in viewing it. True, the whole is a wilderness, and in this respect is a sad emblem of the spiritual condition of the people ; but luxuriant vegetation clothes hill and dale. On the right is a forest of gigantic trees ; before you a scene of park-like loveliness ; on the left a breeze-swept lawn, of richest verdure ; here a clump of graceful palms ; there the spreading tamarind, or the mighty baobab ; while the cheerful buzz of insects and the merry song of birds produce a delightful effect on the mind and heart. Such a multitude of butterflies I never saw before. They literally rose in clouds from the bushes as we passed them ; so that, by simply putting out the hand and closing it, it would have been almost impossible not to have taken one or more. They were all of a modest brown colour, and evidently of one family. I have never seen them so abundant, even in Africa, before."

On another occasion he thus describes a place he had visited in the neighbourhood of the station:—

"The path, a thousand feet above the level of the ocean, sweeps round a bend in the mountain range, which commands a complete view of the whole country to the south and east. At your feet is a deep gorge, which soon widens out into a broad valley, and throws open a large tract of undulating country, variously decorated, and possessing a

thousand charms. In the bed of this gorge rises a perennial stream, the circuitous course of which, onward towards the sea, is distinctly marked by groves of the feathery palm-tree, the waving of whose tops and the sheen of whose verdure renders them conspicuous among the mass of foliage by which they are surrounded. Beyond their farthest reach is seen, throughout the whole of its course, the Mombasa river, or rather 'Mukono wa vahazi' (arm of the sea), which at this distance, and beneath the full blaze of the midday sun, looks like a rich vein of burnished silver—so bright, so still, so solid does it appear. Bounding the scene, a little to the west of south, rises the majestic mountain range occupied by the Wadigo and Wa Shimba; and from the limits of that range, towards the east, sweeps round, in a fine quadrant, a beautiful strip of deep-blue sea—which, in the hazy distance, melts away indistinguishably into the equally beautiful cerulean of the sky. A line of snowy breakers, stretching along the whole extent of the beach, is plainly visible at quick intervals, now appearing, and now vanishing from the sight—thus supplying the azure deep with the adornment of a most exquisite and ever-changing fringe. Altogether the scene is a grand, impressive, and inspiring one."

Again he says:—

"I came suddenly upon an exceedingly pretty scene. It was not exactly upon a bed of roses; but it was, I should say, one of Flora's most favourite resorts. A most delicious fragrance first attracted my attention, and caused me to pause. This I soon found proceeded from a high bush, called here 'Mbuali,'—the blossom of which is not unlike the May bloom of pleasant memory; indeed, I was reminded of the hawthorn, and with it came sunny memories of May days spent among the hedges of the Old World. But this was only a part of what was now before me. The vegetation had

formed itself into a dense bank of the purest emerald ; and this again was all aglow with beauty, decked in all the colours of the rainbow. Most conspicuous, for their numbers, were the purple and golden flowers of luxuriant convolvuli, whose long arms interlaced and bound together the whole verdant mass. Much more, however, attracted my attention. There was one flower resembling, but in my humble opinion surpassing, the parasitic woodbine ; another much like the yellow primrose ; a third reminded me of the bright marigold ; while over the whole were peeping a hundred cheerful eyes, each one displaying a distinct and separate beauty. But I must not omit to mention that at my feet crept a tiny blue flower, which I had scarcely noticed until I was about to resume my walk. It then looked up at me, as flowers only can look, with a meekness and modesty that was beyond expression charming ; and out came, in tones the most plaintive and appealing, ‘ *Forget-me-not.*’ There may be a great deal of nonsense talked about the language of flowers ; but I am now relating a fact. All the poetry of the thing, however, vanished, when, in stooping down to pluck the little flower, Mungoma said, ‘ We Wanika eat that, with mbalazi ; and it is very good.’ ”

Such is a brief description of some of the scenes that abound in the country which had now become the land of his adoption, and where he was destined to live and labour more or less for the rest of his life. Let us now turn to the people, and endeavour to form some conception of their character and manner of life.

Of the many tribes into which the Wanika people are divided, the “ Wa Ribe ” is one of the least. Dr. Krapf estimates the whole of the tribes of the Wanika as comprising some fifty thousand persons ; but Mr. New questions the accuracy of these figures, and is disposed to place them much

lower—say, from twenty to thirty thousand. The exact number of the “Wa Ribe” tribe we have not been able to learn; but that it is very small all accounts uniformly agree—not more than from two to three hundred persons. The condition of the people, physically and morally, is most degraded: in outward circumstances, scarcely raised above the level of the brute, and exhibiting all those phases of life and character that belong to a semi-savage state. Their appearance is thus described by Mr. New, at a very early period after his arrival in their midst

“The Wanika are a very dark, ignorant heathen, whom it will take a long time to train and improve. They are very fond of ornaments. The men are seldom seen without a bow and arrow, with a quiver slung over the shoulder. Their hair, when allowed to grow, is so twisted as to hang over the head in a strange way, and looks very much like those woollen mops you use at home, when wet. The women are oddities. They wear very little dress—commencing with the hips, and falling not quite as low as the knees. They often string on to such locks as I have described white beads, which gives to them a singular appearance.”

After a lengthened residence among them, he represents them as an exact counterpart of that terrible picture given of the heathen by the apostle Paul, in the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans. Living in a condition of wretchedness beyond the power of language adequately to describe, they are given up to every form of vileness which the heart of man, “deceitful and desperately wicked,” can devise. Sensuality, lying, deceit, hypocrisy, selfishness, ingratitude, laziness, and pride, are things in which they glory; and may be regarded as their normal condition,—for they not only do those things themselves, but “have pleasure in them that do them.”

Such scenes as the following are common in the journals:—

“ At Zalu I met with perhaps twenty people—who were, however, mostly women. For some time I looked about me in vain to find the ‘walume’ (men); but walking up to a hut, in which I heard something like a hoarse babel of tongues, and calling out, ‘Hodi! hodi!’ there issued from the low pigeon-hole door, upon all fours, one after the other, a string of five individuals—all men, considerably advanced in years, but each one having about him some symbol of carousal in progress. I do not care much about describing the picture these five men presented. One thing, however, may be said: that nothing can possibly exceed in bestiality and degradation the appearance of the Wanika, as seen under such circumstances. In the first place, every man is as filthy in person as grease and dust can make him, considering that probably the last wash he had was as late as a month ago. Secondly, with the exception of a small cloth about their loins, they are in a state of complete nudity. Thirdly, all are in a condition of maudlin drunkenness. To complete the picture, imagine one of them sipping ‘tembo’ through a reed; another with an abominably dirty pipe, smoking tobacco; another plugging his nostrils with tobacco dust; while the other two look hungrily on, waiting their turn to one or other of these delicacies: and you will have a faint idea of a very common Wanika scene.”

He gives us in another place a brief description of a portion of their ceremonies:—

“ We found a very large number of young people gathered together, and a considerable number of ‘wasi’ (elders) also. Many of these latter had left the ‘kaya’ when we arrived. The young people were engaged in dancing—which was of a character far too obscene for description here, and such as was calculated to set on fire all the basest passions of human nature. The noise, dust, stench, and filth, were extreme.

I could not help thinking, as I gazed, ‘Well, if this be human nature, human nature is the most revolting thing in all creation!’ To look for anything analogous to it among brutes would be altogether vain! Brutes are modest, decent, virtuous, pure, compared with what we saw.”

In another place he says :—

“Mr. Wakefield and I went to the ‘kaya’ one night to see what was going forward. It was a juvenile celebration, in connection with ‘Mahanga.’ Oh, what we beheld!—it was indeed a shocking sight! The young of both sexes were assembled in great numbers. It was a dark night, and a drizzling rain fell, which now and then became a sharp shower. Wood fires burned and hissed here and there; breaking now and then into a short-lived blaze, or when disturbed giving forth a shower of sparks. Around these, as centres, the youthful company—black as ebony, and scarcely distinguishable in the darkness, but brought out when the fires blazed—leaped and screamed in a manner similar to what may be imagined of the imps of the nether regions. In further description of their wild and wicked freaks, I will not write a single word. The noise, the rout, confusion, and sight, was horrible—intolerable—sickening. Talk of Pandemonium! This was Pandemonium itself! I may, however, mention another sight. We heard a strange noise issuing from a far corner, and we made our way thither, to see what it meant. When we came to the spot, we found it to be the grave of the departed. At the head stood the ordinary Kanika ‘monument’ of a ‘great man’: a piece of wood, about three feet high, rounded off at the top, and notched at various distances about half down it on either side, and painted white, picked out with red. This object looks much like a New Zealand idol. Before it blazed a large fire; and round about the relations and friends of the

deceased man were dancing, playing, and singing what I suppose they considered a funeral dirge. The whole scene was ghastly, and almost upset me. I got away from it as quickly as possible, filled with horror and disgust. I said to Mr. Wakefield, ‘If I can help it, I will never see the like of that again.’ God of mercy, pity the Wanika! Wretched beyond all expression!—wretched people!”

Such scenes as these, which might be increased almost a hundredfold, are sufficient to reveal their moral condition. They are also sunk in the deepest poverty—living literally from hand to mouth, and frequently, through sheer laziness or improvidence, suffering the pangs of hunger. Though living in a land that requires but slight labour to yield abundant crops, even at best they will only till sufficiently to meet the passing wants of the day; and hence, in some cases, famine, with all its terrible consequences, falls upon them. We can easily conceive how the residence of the white man in their midst is regarded with favour; for he opens a source of supply to meet the wants arising from their unwillingness to work. Hence they are the greatest adepts in the art of begging, and practise this trade to an extent that would secure competence, if not wealth, in any other pursuit. It is amusing, as well as painful, to read of the pertinacity with which they are wont to pursue this calling, as well as the ingenious methods adopted to compass the end:—

“Abbe Jay, the second chief, came this morning, as usual, to beg,—though he adopted another device. He brought his son, who has returned to Ribe from Kauma. He wished me to receive his son as my particular friend. I told him that we wished to be the friends of all the Wanika, and that I was willing to stand in this relation to his son. He begged me now to write his name, and call him my friend. I humoured him in this whim, and read to him the name.

‘Now,’ said he, ‘give your friend some pice.’ I told him it was a poor friendship which was only formed from motives of self-interest ; and that it was not the work of such great men, as they professed to be, to give themselves up to such continual begging. He left now very much disappointed,—probably thinking very little of a friendship that would not part with a pice to help another, though it be only to buy ‘tembo.’ ”

The love of intoxicants is also a prominent feature in their character. Indeed, the desire for “tembo ” is so strong as to bear down all opposition ; and is fruitful of all that misery, quarrelling, and wretchedness, which is so common in our own land. He says :—

“Drunkenness is thought but little of among the Wanika. It seems, in the estimation of some, to be more a sign of greatness than a disgrace. All get drunk when they can.”

In another place he says :—

“I was disturbed to-day, soon after dinner, by a great deal of shouting at the bottom of our plantation. I went out to see what was the matter, and found many running in that direction. I went down to see what was wrong, and if a quarrel, to do what I could to stop it. I found, however, that the men were altogether beyond my reach. Most of them were drunk with ‘tembo,’ and two of them, a father and his son, were quarrelling. They had come to blows, but had been separated ; and when I got down, the old man was being led away—the son remaining obstinately on the ground. I was glad the affair was settled ; but the old man soon returned in a furious rage. He was too much under the influence of drink to hear anything from me ; and when I begged him to go away, he stormed out, ‘I will not go.’ However, the son became a little more tractable, and two or three of the Wanika led him off, and I returned to the house. The influ-

ence of intoxicating drink is precisely the same all the world over."

The Wanika, as a people, suffer fearfully from disease,—knowing nothing of the art of healing beyond the most rude and barbarous methods and appliances. Some of the sights recorded by Mr. New are harrowing in the extreme, and might well move a heart of stone. It is most important, among such a people, that the missionary should have some little knowledge of the use and power of medicine. Mr. New did all he could, from time to time, to relieve their sufferings; but this was little compared with their need, and was often done without any intelligent appreciation of the requirements of the case. Rheumatism prevails to a frightful extent; while many are afflicted with wounds and ulcers of the most shocking character, and to whom death is the only possible relief.

"In the afternoon I went through the districts of Gnombeni, etc. Having called at the hut of Zombo, which was empty, I made my way to the Kraal of Kambi. Here I found only a few women—one of whom I shall never forget. She called herself 'Mkongo' (sick person), and begged cloth and other things. Her speech, however, was so peculiar, that I could scarcely understand what she said. Stooping, I looked within the hut to see who she could be. The sight shocked me. I remember having caught glimpses of such a face before; but I never had it before me as I had now, and for a moment I was almost thrown off my balance. The nose and top lip were completely eaten away, leaving the teeth, and almost the whole of the upper jaw, quite bare; while the rest of the face was scarred, seamed, knotted, and drawn up together in a manner truly frightful to behold. Such a sight I have scarcely ever seen, and would fain believe that there are few such to be seen in the world."

In another place he says :—

“ A poor woman was brought to me whose left hand was in a most dreadfully diseased condition. Except among the Wanika, I never saw anything like it. It was swollen to a prodigious size—out of all shape and form. It was more like the foot of an elephant than anything else I can think of. How it is that by any possibility any part of the human form should be rendered such a mass of loathsomeness, must be a cause of the profoundest humiliation to every thinking mind. The poor creature, as she came towards me, appeared to be carrying a huge load at the end of her arm ; and as she endeavoured to hold it up, for me to look at it, the bulky hand hung down from the wrist, like a large weight which she could not support.”

We will not multiply these illustrations ; though it may be well to show the methods they adopt to cure sickness, and to drive out disease from the bodies of the afflicted.

Mr. New says :—

“ As I drew near to the Muzi Wa Kitseko I heard the sound of the Kanika drum. In a moment I suspected that they were putting Kitseko through a process of ‘ nganga,’ to cure him of his sickness. This was the case. A number of people were standing outside the hut when I arrived ; but there was a greater number within. I inquired if there was any objection to my going inside ; and being answered in the negative, I crept through the pigeon-hole doorway, and quietly took my seat on the floor, in one corner of the hut. The proceedings were not stopped on my account, though Kuvatsi, the operating ‘ Mganga,’ ceased his singing, but not his drumming, and shouted out the compliments of the dáy. As I wished to see all, I did not seem to be curious, but took as little apparent notice of what was going forward as possible. There were in the hut perhaps a dozen persons—the greater part women. Kitseko was seated on the floor ; and,

though an uncommonly strong man, was weeping like a child. Kuvatsi sat drumming on Kitseko's right ; and a woman, his sister, who seemed to have an important part to perform, with her child slung on her back stood directly before her sick brother, dancing and singing with all her might. The other women were equally in earnest—going through the same bodily contortions, singing the same words, and keeping excellent time. The hut was so dark, that I could only distinguish the well-known features of the parties present after having been with them for some time, when my eyes had become used to the place. The heat was most oppressive, and the perspiration rolled copiously from the almost naked bodies of the performers. I beheld the scene with mingled feelings of pity and disgust. The powers of darkness were eminently present. In the meantime the drumming, dancing, and singing proceeded, with unremitting vigour. Occasionally the female operator dipped her hand in a pot of herbs, which had been prepared ; and, taking a portion of its dripping contents, she sprinkled it upon the sick man's head. At length the singing ceased, and then commenced a conversation between the two chief operators, in a low undertone, regarding the seat of the disease, etc. This concluded by touching each other with the little finger of the right hand—in this way raising their arms together in a most formal manner, and then relaxing their hold. The woman also joined fingers with the sick man in the same way. Two fowls were next produced—one black and the other white—which were disposed of thus : An old man present took charge of the white one, and called for a knife. He then cut off one of its claws, so as to draw blood—which instantly appearing, the sick man was called upon to put out his tongue, whereupon the operator tipped it several times with the bleeding claw, and then gave the fowl into the charge

of the patient. The 'Mganga' himself next came forward with the black fowl. This he first dipped in the herbs, and then, gabbling at the same time his incantations, he made it stand upon the sufferer's head, where it remained remarkably quiet for some minutes. Under other circumstances I could have smiled at this,—it looked so ridiculous. The fowl was eventually taken from the patient's head, and given into his hands. After a few more words the women left the hut to commence another performance outside. I crept from the hut to witness it. The 'Mganga,' this time, was seated with his drum in the centre of a circle, formed by the (not) fair dancers. He was performing his part with much dignity and self-complacence. Each woman held a pair of rude sticks, which she beat alternately at both ends—all following each other, at a rather slow pace, around the 'Mganga,' writhing their bodies, and singing much in the same manner as before. One woman, however, I observed, had not joined the dance. She sat on one side, looking as though there was something wrong with her. Mgomba, finding that I was looking at her, said, 'That woman is seized.' 'Seized by what?' I inquired. 'By Mbingu,' was the reply. The tears now began to roll down her swarthy cheeks—a state of things which was far too serious to pass unnoticed. The dancing ceased, a short consultation was held, and presently the 'Mganga' came to me, and said, 'You must go.' 'Go!' I said; 'why?' 'Because,' he replied, 'the people are afraid of you: look at that woman.' At this I stepped forward, to make the best of the time. 'One word,' I said, 'to you all, and then I'll go.' At this the weeping woman broke out with a stream of gibberish, of which I did not understand a single word. I was told afterwards that this was 'Kimasai.' When she had done I said again, 'One word with you all, and I will go.' They all gave ear, and I began and showed

them the folly of the whole proceeding. With this I bade them all farewell, and went on my way."

Among a people so sunk in heathenism, and so utterly ignorant of God and eternal life, we are not surprised to meet with customs and superstitions that characterise all rude and barbarous peoples. Hence they abound in charms, sorcery, enchantments, dancing, and all other devilish practices and inventions, and seem to be given up literally to "believe a lie." It would be not only tedious and useless, but even abominable, to enter fully into these matters in these pages. "For it is a shame even to speak of these things which are done of them in secret." "They are given over unto lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness."

We find in the journals one or two pictures of Wanika life under what may be regarded as its most favourable aspects. As we have had little but shades, let us now see what are its lights; and we may then form a better judgment of the true condition of the people among whom Mr. New was living and labouring.

The following is a description of a Wanika family, one member of which had become a scholar at the station; and if he was not a disciple of Christ, he was in a hopeful state of mind, and seemed to be inquiring his way to a knowledge of the truth. Mr. New says:—

"Next I pursued my way until I came to what they please to call the 'Township of Kiréri.' It contains six huts, all of which are occupied by members of Kiréri's family,—which is an unusually large one among the Wanika. A few particulars about this family may be worth jotting down, as illustrative of Wanika life.

"Kiréri has three wives, all of whom I saw to-day. He has had five in all; but two he has dismissed, he says, in

consequence of their having proved themselves unworthy of a place in his affections,—though I suspect the chief reason to be that they had grown old and incapable. One of them I know. She lives very near our station, and is a sad cripple. One of her feet has been literally eaten away by some disease ; so that now she walks upon her heel—all that is left of it. This I suspect to be the reason, to a very great extent, of her dismissal. The other I do not know ; but I should not be surprised to learn that it was for some similar cause.

“Kiréri counted upon his fingers fifteen children, most of whom are now staying with him. I have no doubt, however, there are several more which he could not at the time call to mind. It is a fine family. All the children, with one or two exceptions, are strong and healthy. Two or three of them are married ; and there is a little generation of grandchildren rising up into life and vigour. Kiréri is yet a young man, comparatively speaking ; and it is probable that he may yet see as many great-grandchildren as he has now grandchildren. A large heritage : and perhaps some may become the future missionaries of East Africa. During the day all this tribe live out in the open air ; the elders working in the ‘samba,’ while the very young spend their time pretty much as they please. The women, however, be it observed, always work harder than the men. They do the greater part of the cultivation ; fetch all the water ; cut down and bring home all the firewood ; prepare all the food ; and, in fact, are little better than the slaves of the men. At night the company is divided into several communities. This division was described to me by one of the young men. The father takes one hut ; the women sleep in another ; a third is occupied by those of the women who have infants ; a fourth by the young men ; a fifth by

the younger children ; and the sixth probably by strangers and friends. This, however, is a far more liberal accommodation than is supplied by most Wanika,—for it is not uncommon for the whole family, young and old, male and female, to sleep in one room.

“As I was intending to remain the night, I got a little food. My fowl was divided among the company ; and they supplied me with roast Indian corn. After our meal was over, I gave notice that I should be pleased for all who would like to do so to come and join me in evening worship. Many came, and remained pretty quiet while I read to them the Parable of the Lost Sheep. When, however, I called on them to kneel, with closed eyes, while I engaged in prayer, there was some disturbance, and one young man made off ; but Kiréri himself remained, though with much shame and confusion of face. Our devotions were conducted outside the huts, under the canopy of heaven. When I retired to rest, many followed me into the hut which Kiréri had appointed for me, and were much interested in what they saw. I had taken off my boots ; but still retaining my stockings, my feet appeared a mystery to them. Had I any toes ? Juma endeavoured to explain to them that I had toes, and spread out his fingers to show them what kind they were. I drew off my stockings, which highly gratified them, and they examined my feet very closely for themselves. It is the Wanika opinion that the ‘ Wasunga ’ have not such good feet as themselves,—which they attribute to the fact that they are pinched up in shoes. There is some truth in this. While they remained I tried to talk to them of good things ; and finally got to sleep at a pretty early hour. As, however, several cocks had taken roost under my bedstead, I was awakened, beyond all possibility of sleep again, as early as three o’clock on the next morning. Their

noisy and incessant crowing proved an impediment to sleep."

As a fitting sequel to the contents of this chapter, we will present our readers with a glimpse of Mr. New's daily life at Ribe, so far as its outward conditions were concerned. The letter was written to his mother, in answer to many inquiries, when he had been a little more than twelve months in the country; and may be considered as a somewhat correct representation of these things as they existed during the whole of his residence in Africa. He says:—

"I get three meals a day. Suppose I just describe these first, and then enter into particulars afterwards. Breakfast at eight in the morning. I get, generally speaking, fowl and rice—also native vegetables. Drink, coffee. Dinner at two o'clock. Fowls, rice, and native vegetables again. Tea at half-past six. Tea, and a dry biscuit made by our own servant from American flour. This is just what I get day after day, as a rule. I will explain how we get an occasional change by-and-by. You will think this a rather limited 'bill of fare,' but I do very well with it indeed; though there are times when we feel the want of a change in food. You will see that fowls and rice are the chief articles with us. Now, a fowl is all very well for a change at home; but to live on them almost entirely is quite another thing, and particularly when you can get only one kind of cooking. Then the fowls here are vastly inferior to fowls at home. If we get a change of meat, it is when we go to Mombasa, where we are sometimes able to get a little goat's flesh. Sometimes we may get a piece of sheep—I don't call it mutton, because it is quite another thing to what you get for mutton at home,—a piece of cow, or probably camel. I have no confidence whatever in anything here in the shape of cow-meat. It may be cow or not. It may have been

killed, or it may have died of some bad disease, or old age ; or it may have been killed, as an Irishman would say, to save its life. You have no guarantee that it is what it should be, except the consideration that the people are Muhammadans,—it being unlawful for them to eat anything which has not been properly killed. Camel, of course, we never buy, if we know it ; but I am not certain that we have not eaten it.

“ However, as we do not often go to Mombasa, we get a change very seldom. We cannot, unless we kill a sheep or goat ; and this is rather too much for two people, for one day,—and meat will not keep a second day in this climate. If we kill an animal, therefore, we must give the greater part away,—a practice we should be very glad to follow, provided our purse would admit of it. The rice we eat is native, and pretty good. As to vegetables, we are poorly off. There is, it is true, plenty of a certain kind ; but the best is bad. The chief of them are ‘mahogo’ (cassada), ‘biási’ (a sweet, soft kind of potatoe), and ‘muong-múnia’ (a kind of melon). The two first are roots, but infinitely inferior to our potatoes at home. I would give sixpence, this moment, to hold a smoking potatoe in my fist. I mean, of course, a good English potatoe. In addition to these vegetables we have sometimes boiled a few greens. But of course we can get nothing equal to the cabbage of Fulham fields. I say we get these greens sometimes ; for, as I do not like them, it is only very seldom that we give orders to have them cooked. ‘Mbóga’ is the name for greens here, and consists of the leaves of the muhoga plant, and other wild plants. To me all have a very disagreeable taste, and it is only when I want a change very badly that I can reconcile myself to eat them. We get a little fruit, when in season ; which is always acceptable. The grain of East

Africa is Indian corn and maize. To vary our food a little, we sometimes have these prepared in native fashion; and so prepared it is not very delicious. It comes to the table hot from the oven—hard as a brick, and as heavy as lead. It is in colour what a very coarse bran loaf would be at home, provided there had been put into it, when mixed, a few teaspoonfuls of soot. Instead of being ornamented, as fancy bread is with you, it contains the impress of the human hand only; and if you wish to know how this is moulded, I will tell you what I was told when I asked the question. It is taken up like a lump of clay, and beaten against a mud wall two or three times; and I believe this is true, for it is full of grit. One very unpleasant result of this mode is, that if a cockroach happens to be taking a walk across the wall he gets taken up and baked with the cake; and if not careful, the next thing is you have him in your mouth. This is not an uncommon case. You shudder; and you may well do so, for the cockroaches of East Africa are the most enormous things of the kind I ever saw. They are giants indeed.

“The biscuits we get for tea are made as follows: A piece of dough is mixed with an extra quantity of ‘samli,’ or ghee—that is, rancid butter in an oily state; the dough is then rolled out pretty thin, and cut into shape with the aid of a saucer, and then put upon a dry tin over the fire, and turned round and round until sufficiently baked on both sides. I get on with these biscuits very well. We eat them as they come from the fire, without anything in the shape of butter. I have got used to the rancid taste occasioned by the ‘samli.’ Our cooking is done by a Suahili. However, I have often had to do the cooking myself. I have made bread pudding, etc., for the first time, since I have been out here. I am but a poor cook. I have often swept and dusted our room, and made my own bed. I always have to fold my own linen;

though, except in a very small way, I have never had to wash it. We get the natives to do this. Everything after washing has to be put on rough-dried. I may say, too, that they are also rough-washed. Sometimes they come back from the water worse than they went to it—a great deal. They are washed in the river. Indian soap is used, which is very bad. Washing is very ruinous to our clothes; for instead of rubbing them, as you do at home, they simply beat them—perhaps on a log of wood, but often on very rough stones. Washed in this fashion, our shirts are soon spoiled. When I shall have a really clean one again, I cannot tell.”

Such, then, is a very brief view of Ribe and its people. There is nothing in the picture very flattering, or calculated to tempt the mere adventurer. He that has strength and courage to grapple with these circumstances, and change their character, must be one of God’s true heroes.

CHAPTER VII.

LANGUAGES—ACCLIMATIZATION.

IN the work of such a Mission as that on the East Coast of Africa, one of the greatest difficulties is the language,—as nothing can be done until this has been acquired, and the missionary is able to speak with the people in their own tongue. The difficulty is increased when the language, though spoken, is unwritten, and a knowledge of its peculiar forms and idioms have to be learnt from the lips of the natives. This can only be fully understood by those who have had practically to battle with such facts; but for all useful purposes such a method will invest the learner with a power, in the use of the tongue, that nothing else can give. A missionary, on his first arrival on the Coast, finds it necessary to commence at once the study of the Kisuahili, as this language is the key to the Interior, “as all the dialects spoken by the agricultural people of Eastern Africa are allied to it,”—though the language of the pastoral races, such as the Galla and Masai, are totally different in their character.

Comparatively little has been done, as yet, in the compiling of grammars, vocabularies, and translations, in this tongue; though the labours of Dr. Krapf should be spoken of, not only with respect, but with much approval. Of late years the efforts of Dr. Steer and others have also been of great service. Still less, however, has been done in Kinika than in Kisuahili; though we are indebted to Dr. Krapf for valuable help in relation to this dialect. At the time of Mr. New's arrival in Africa there were, in Kinika, the beginning

of a spelling-book, accompanied by a translation of the Heidelberg Catechism, by Dr. Krapf and the Rev. J. Rebman ; a translation of the Gospel of St. Luke, by Dr. Krapf ; a few alphabets in the Kisuahili language ; and one or two of the Gospels in manuscript. It will be seen from this that some little had been done ; but still the missionary was left to struggle very much alone, and could only obtain a correct knowledge of the tongue from the people themselves.

Mr. New had paid some attention to this matter, from his first appointment to East Africa, and had carefully studied the language with such aids as were within his reach. On his way from Zanzibar to Mombasa he had tried to air his knowledge of Kisuahili among the sailors on board the “dhow,” but with no very flattering results. No sooner, however, had he arrived on the Coast, than he entered upon the work with all the ardour of an enthusiast. In a short time after his residence at Ribe, in writing home, he says :—“ The study of Kisuahili and Kinika necessarily take up a good portion of my time. The Kisuahili has derived a large number of words from the Arabic. I therefore intend to take up the study of this language, as soon as practicable.” In another letter, written some time after this, and speaking of the way in which he was working, he says :—

“ Well, I have to say that scarcely a day passes over my head when I am not the subject of a greater or less degree of sadness, arising from the consideration that I seem to be doing very little for Jesus. Not that I am idle ; for there is not a labourer in England who works harder than I do. I am constantly up to my elbows. You will understand this when I tell you that there are two native languages to learn before one step can be taken towards the instruction of the people. The languages are the Kisuahili and Kinika. Properly speaking, however, the Kinika should be spoken of as

a dialect of the Kisuahili rather than a distinct language; but there is sufficient difference to occasion a great deal of labour. For instance, a stranger coming to East Africa, supposing he were to learn the Kisuahili first, and then go up into the Wanika country, would not understand a word of the Kinika tongue. The very barbarism of the language renders it difficult. Then, as it is an unwritten language, we have not the aid of books. We have a vocabulary of Dr. Krapf's; but it is very small and faulty, so that it is not a great deal of use to us. We have to pick up what we hear from the lips of the natives. However, you will be glad to learn that I can now talk to both Wasuahili and Wanika, so as to be understood; but more time is necessary in order to speak with great fluency, and to become acquainted with the native idioms and modes of thought."

As this would for some time form his principal work, he began to study it systematically; and his journal records, from day to day, the patient determination with which he pursued it. Often discouraged at what he considered the slow progress made, he says:—

"As to Kisuahili, I feel I am just emerging out of darkness into the light of day. What I have acquired in a short time stimulates me to greater exertion. I feel, at such times as these, that I really am capable of great improvement, if I will only exert myself. I hate laziness. I abhor idle people, and am often disgusted with myself on this account. I must prevent the possibility of this in the future by steady, persevering effort."

While he was resident at Mombasa he frequently consulted Mr. Rebman on questions that perplexed him in connection with the language; and after a time, many were the friendly discussions he held with him on disputed points. Thus, by plodding, patient perseverance, he gradually overcame the

difficulties of the tongue ; and great was his joy when he could for the first time stand in the midst of the people and preach the truth of the Gospel. Referring to this fact he says :—

“ I have been trying for the last few days to preach Jesus Christ to the people. On Sunday I made an effort ; and to-day I have been trying to show them the love of God in the gift of His Son. It is difficult to make them understand all ; for if you make the slightest deviation from their own pronunciation, they are instantly confused. However, there is generally one or two in a company who catch your meaning, and with a few words explain it to the rest. With a few breakages of this nature, I have been able to explain the substance of that verse ‘ God so loved the world, etc.’ ”

As time progressed, he was able to speak with fluency, correctness, and ease ; though, to the last day of his residence in the country, he never ceased a careful study of the native languages, and attained a proficiency in them that placed him, in this particular, almost at the head of the European part of the population. He also learned the Kigalla tongue, and for some time previous to his departure for England he was in the habit of speaking and preaching in this language, to the people of that nation resident with him at Ribe, or who might from time to time visit him.

He also made considerable proficiency in French and Greek, of which he says :—

“ I have been pursuing my studies ; and I hope that in some things I have made a little progress. I have, I think, acquired some knowledge both of the French and Greek languages. The first I am acquiring simply as a matter of taste ; but the last because I feel the vast importance of being able to read the New Testament in the mother-tongue, to one who may be hereafter called to do something in the

translation of the Scriptures into one or more of the languages of Africa. This, I think, may be before me; and I am anxious to prepare myself for it. Should this not be the case, I shall still be a gainer. The power to read the Scriptures in the original tongue, under any circumstances, must be a great privilege. I will at least do my best."

His knowledge of the native languages soon taught him the need of good translations of the Scriptures, in order to a successful prosecution of missionary work. Such as they possessed were highly prized by the missionaries; but they failed at times to convey the true meaning of the word,—while some of the forms in which the thoughts were conveyed were not understood by the people. This proved of much hindrance to the work, and tended to perplex instead of instruct. Mr. New says:—

"Shortly after this I held some conversation with two aged men. After talking to them for some time, I had occasion to refer to the authority of God's Word; when one said, 'Where is the Book of God?—bring it to us, and read us a little.' I took up Dr. Krapf's St. Luke in Kinika, and commenced reading. I had not proceeded far, however, when I heard the cry of 'Si sikira, si sikira' (I don't hear it, I don't hear it, or understand it). 'You don't hear it!' I said: 'is it not Kinika?' 'Yes; the words, many of them, are Kinika,' they replied; 'but still—si sikira, si sikira.' I mention this to show a difficulty which meets us upon the very threshold. This translation of St. Luke I find the people do not understand. I have met with some cases in which I have heard the remark made, after reading it as carefully as I could, 'Ah! si sikira, si sikira Kisungu' (I do not understand the language of the white man). For this reason I very seldom attempt reading it to them."

But above and beyond the difficulty of language is that of

climate, which exacts from every European, sooner or later, a terrible penalty. For the first twelve months it is all he can do to keep from sinking into utter prostration, if not into the grave. It is literally a "battle for life," and one which is waged, more or less, during the whole of his residence in the country. This is the uniform experience of all who dwell long in the land. Mr. New suffered terribly from fever. His first attack took place soon after his arrival on the Coast. He had been expecting it for some days; and as he had been told that the first attack was usually the most severe, he naturally felt a little nervous as to the result.

However, in two or three days it passed away, and he was again well and strong. So he continued for some time; but during the month of November, while staying in Mombasa, whither he had gone on business, he had a severe attack of fever, combined with dysentery, and was brought so low that it seemed a question whether he would be able to withstand its power. For thirty-two days, with one or two exceptions, he was confined to bed, and reduced to a condition of childlike weakness. He says, under date of November 28th, 1863:—

"I had felt feverish for the last two days; but on Saturday I was decidedly worse. Shivering came on, and I went to bed. My head was very bad. The hot fit ensued; and I found no relief until I began to perspire. The night was spent more satisfactorily than I expected. On Sunday morning I felt much better, and got up at eleven o'clock. I read the last twenty-two chapters of the Book of Job, and a little of Fry's 'History of the Church.' At two o'clock, however, the shivering came on again, which induced me to retire at once. This time the attack was more severe, and I began to prepare myself for a regular 'quotidian intermittent.' I sent to Ribe for quinine on Monday morning; but before the

man had been gone long I found that my disease was not so much a fever, as something rather more serious. I now sent to fetch Mr. Wakefield, who promptly undertook the journey, and arrived on the following evening. Monday night was a very restless one to me. I found it impossible to sleep, though I tried every plan I could think of. Though I was so weak that I could hardly stand, I tried to walk the room so as to tire myself; but I was disappointed, for I could not get a wink of sleep. Tuesday was a long and anxious day. I had read Graham in the middle of the night, and decided that my complaint was dysentery. The hæmorrhage was excessive, which rendered me exceedingly weak. When I heard on Tuesday evening that Mr. Wakefield was near, I wept like a child—a thing I have not done for many years, except at the news that my dear brother Joseph was dead. Tuesday night was a fearful one. I shall not easily forget it. I was so thoroughly exhausted that my eyes closed involuntarily; but was instantly awake again, through some frightful dream. The dreams, if indeed they may be called such, were frightful in themselves, and in my disordered state seemed more so. I seemed to be incessantly talking, and in a very loud way. I do not think I was delirious, but I was fearfully agitated. I felt I had lost to a very great extent all control over myself. Let the darkness cover this night! I was very ill the whole of the week; but I think the symptoms were more favourable from the evening Mr. Wakefield came. Yesterday I was very bad in my head, and I felt this to-day; but I trust it will pass away as my body strengthens. I feel weak and feverish, however; but I trust I shall be saved from a relapse. Care will be necessary to prevent this.”

Under date of December 28th he says:—

“More than a month has rolled away since my last entry!

I have not attempted work sooner, lest I should bring on another relapse. I think possibly I might not have been obliged to retire after my first attempt to get about, had I not set myself to work. It is necessary in these cases to exercise patience. This remark will be understood by what follows. The pain in my head, alluded to in my last entry, did not pass away as I hoped, and it was speedily followed by a fresh attack of fever, which compelled me to take to my bed again. This was the severest attack I have had ; but I am thankful the dysentery did not return. It came on exactly a fortnight after the first attack. It set in with considerable violence, and during the hot paroxysm I felt almost as though I were being consumed by heat. The fire raged, but at length relief came with profuse perspiration. This continued for another fortnight, when the force of the fever abated. During this time I had, through mercy, some seasons of relief. My nights were sometimes sleepless, at others restless ; but they were not altogether so. The fever at length subsided, but it left me very weak. My flesh had wasted so much that I was truly surprised. It would have seemed incredible had it been predicted beforehand. Strength I had none ; I could scarcely stand : and remained in bed half the following week, when I made an attempt to dress,—an operation which engaged me for the greater part of the morning, but which I really managed to complete, to my thorough exhaustion.”

He felt the effects of this attack for some time, but gradually regained his strength and vigour in some degree ; though he never seemed exactly the same man again. From this time he continued free from anything, beyond slight visitations of fever, till Christmas of 1864, when he records the following experience in his journal :—

“It must have been about ten o'clock when I got to bed ;

but I soon found my nerves to be in such a state as to render it utterly impossible for me to sleep. I lay for some time in a very restless way, until my head began to ache, and I again felt so feverish as to induce me to get up and take a dose of quinine. I slept a short time after this, but woke up again with more fever than ever. Slept again, but soon woke up with one of the severest rigours I have ever yet experienced. All the muscles in my body seemed to be in commotion, and at war,—twitching, snatching, dragging, and pulling at each other in the most reckless manner, altogether beyond my control. I was shaken as an infant might be shaken in the hand of a giant. Thus I lay for some time, the violence of my shakings disturbing my companion, the foot of whose bedstead meets my own. But this state of things was not to last for ever, and it gradually subsided. Fever now came on, and I expected a fierce scorching, and was not deceived. The animal heat became intense, raging in my bones, drying and shrivelling up my skin, parching my tongue, until my thirst became almost intolerable. Oh how I longed for water—just a few drops !—but was afraid to move lest I should do myself harm. This burning continued until the pent-up fire found egress through my pores, when I began to melt into liquid drops, and pass away into thin air. In this condition I waited for the morning light, welcoming the first grey streak which found its way through our venetian window-frame with feelings of intense desire.”

After a time, fever became the rule with him; and for a long period his attacks were weekly, or fortnightly,—so that he came to look upon this disease without any particular apprehensions as to the result, though it produced great weakness and prostration. Fever, however, was not the only disease to which he was subject. We have seen that he suffered from dysentery at an early period of his residence on

the Coast ; and to this he was a victim, at times, during all his subsequent life,—and eventually it largely contributed to his death. But more than this, he seems to have been a martyr to the stone, or some kindred complaint, that often threw him upon his bed in an agony of pain. In his journals he refers again and again to the terrible ordeal of physical suffering through which he was passing. Yet few knew to the day of his death how much he had endured from diseases for which he could find little relief, and most of which he had to bear alone. His first attack was while labouring in the Camelford Circuit ; though he received, at that time, all the help that medical skill and kind nursing could afford. The disease, however, had only been scotched, not killed ; and he had a return in the year 1864 ; and from this time onward to the close of his life he suffered more or less from it.

He had also frequent attacks from boils, which at times covered the whole body, and were the occasion of much annoyance and pain. Still these were regarded as an effort of nature to throw off the disease which might be lurking within ; so that while they produced some degree of irritability, they presented no ground for alarm. The effect of these repeated attacks from fever, dysentery, and other diseases, must have been to enfeeble the body, and make it subject to slight influences from without, and the prey of many nervous disorders. Mr. New records an experience of this kind in his journal :—

“ On Thursday evening I was the subject of a strange shock. I was looking over a medical work—reading, in fact, something about cholera. Suddenly I felt a chill go through me. I threw the book aside, and endeavoured to control myself. I took a walk in the verandah, but to no purpose : I was obliged to go to my room and throw myself upon my cot. I began to shake, as if in an ague ; yet I did not feel

cold. Unlike an attack of ague, too, my muscles twitched spasmodically, but very fitfully, in various parts of my body. First an arm, then a leg, then somewhere else, would, as it were, be rent by the strange and uncontrollable power ; and I, perfectly well a few minutes before, lay an entirely helpless victim. I called Mr. Wakefield ; and he told me he had been attacked in much the same manner on the previous day, but not quite so severely. I got into bed, and wrapped myself up in an extra blanket, which produced, after some time, a slight perspiration ; and then the trembling and twitching began to subside. Soon after, I dropped off to sleep. Did not wake until the next morning, and then perfectly well. What to call this but an attack of nervousness I know not. Yet ordinarily I am not a nervous person. The truth, perhaps, is, that a European cannot live for many years in such a climate as this, be taken with innumerable fevers, suffer from dysentery, etc., without finding his whole system to some extent undermined. In the course of so long a fight the constitution may sometimes reel and stagger, though it may gain the victory in the end."

Such is life in East Africa. The influence of the climate on the European is terrible beyond conception. It is almost impossible to retain health for any length of time ; and if the resident should escape death, he frequently suffers the penalty of an enfeebled and shattered frame, which entails suffering and pain for the rest of life. Mr. New says :—

" I have found out that the real test of a European constitution, in such a climate as this, is not so much the early fevers through which he has to pass, as a *protracted residence*, —the being subjected, for a lengthened period, to a uniformly high temperature, and the constant inhalation of an atmosphere impregnated more or less, from year's end to year's end, with poisonous, fever-creating miasmata. One may have

a very severe fever, and shake it off, and be as well as ever again; but to have fevers, though much less severe, once a week, once a fortnight, or even once a month, for one, two, or more years, must severely try—I had almost said, a constitution of iron. But add to these dysentery, influenza, etc., and you will have enough to shake a constitution of iron, of double plates.”

CHAPTER VIII.

BUILDING, PLANTING, SOWING, ETC.

A MISSION among such a people as the Wanika is surrounded by circumstances differing widely from those existing in India, China, and the East generally. In East Africa the missionary has not only to deal with a people ignorant of the Gospel,—but who are in a state of the rudest barbarism, and altogether destitute of anything like civilization. Their condition is much worse than that of the beasts that roam in their jungles; and they know nothing, beyond the sharp pangs of hunger, to induce them to put forth an effort for the preservation of life, or to attempt any improvement of their outward circumstances. All their surroundings are in character with this primitive state of things; so that they only live, in the most literal sense, for the present moment. Their houses, furniture, clothes, and food, are the product of untutored savage life; and filth and wretchedness are the natural outcome of the position. A Christian missionary, placed in the midst of such a people, needs not only a heroism of the highest order, but a knowledge and a wisdom that are rarely found combined in one man. He must be prepared to dig out the foundations, and build up the life of the people, from the first rude base to its crowning pinnacle. He must be no delicate, shrinking, sensitive creature, starting aside at every rude contact, and shocked at every exhibition that may meet his eye. He should be a man of iron nerve, of undaunted courage, of indomitable will, of pure thought and high aim, of steady,

patient perseverance ; and withal a universal genius, able and willing to work, and with a capacity for anything, from the teaching of the alphabet to the building of a house. Such are the men needed for a people like these ; and, now and again, God raises up men of this stamp to do His work in the world.

We may not be prepared to say that Mr. New was all this, to the very letter ; but we have seen, read, or heard of few men that approach so nearly our own conception of the character of a true missionary to the barbarous races, as did Mr. New. With a warm, earnest, loving nature, and a heart yearning with intense love to God and his neighbour, he had a hand cunning to every work ; and few things that he attempted failed of accomplishment in the end. No sooner had he arrived at Ribe than he set himself to improve their dwelling. The only place of residence was the iron house, which had been brought from England and erected on the station, and a pole house, sixty-six feet long and fourteen wide, consisting of five rooms, of which two were for a missionary, one for a store-room, and two for servants. Not only was the house very narrow in its dimensions ; but, from the fact of its having been so long unoccupied, during their residence at the Coast, it was in a sad state of filth, and needed a thorough cleansing. Hence he says, in his journal :—

“ When I arose the next morning I began to look about me ; and never before did I see myself surrounded by so much rubbish and confusion inside, or so much wildness and savagery outside. I think I may add that this was the first time in my life, after having been without food the day before, that I awoke without the prospect of a breakfast before me. The novelty amused me. In the afternoon, however, we obtained a little food ; and as the goods from

Mombasa were brought up, we were prepared for the next day. Finding everything in such a confused state when I came, I resolved at once to go to work and restore the appearance of civilization. Everything has been taken out of the iron house ; and the floor, instead of being six inches too low, has been raised by paving. The large room has had given to it two coats of paint ; shelves have been put up, and other carpentering has been done. There is much yet to be done, but now the whole place and premises at least wear an air of progress."

All this was in character with the man ; for to him "Order was Heaven's first law." However, as time progressed, they began to feel the need of a little more room ; and, after thought and consultation, they resolved to build some additional cottages, to relieve them from the inconvenience felt in the iron house—which might be used for school purposes when ready to begin the work of teaching. Accordingly, in the early part of November he says :—

"In the afternoon spent some time in conversation with Mr. Wakefield about the intended new house,—the style, the size, material, etc.,—and eventually went with him to measure off the ground. We have decided to put up two rooms, on a line with the present iron house, and in such a way that two others could be built upon the top of them, if required. Should it be determined to build a distinct Mission-house, these will be excellent places for school-rooms ; and the iron house, with the partition removed, a few forms or benches, and a desk put in, would make a very good chapel—large enough to accommodate the congregation we may have for some years to come. I think, therefore, that the rooms we have resolved to build will be found useful."

In the middle of the following year we find them busily

engaged in the work of enlargement. This had to be done under great difficulties, arising from the incompetence of the native workmen whom they hired from the Coast, together with the laziness of the people on the station whom they engaged to help, and their own lack of that knowledge so valuable to an undertaking like this. As a consequence, the heaviest part of the labour fell upon them; and to fell trees, and to drag them up to Ribe, was the work of many days, before a commencement could actually be made. On the first of June he says:—

“The ‘fundi’ put up some of the main pillars of our school to-day; so that it is now actually commenced. This is a satisfaction of no small moment to me. True, he had put them in wrong; but this we soon rectified, and I hope on Monday next we shall do something considerable at the frame. May God bless our efforts!”

Further on he says:—

“On Monday we set to work house-building in good earnest. Though we did not do so much as I expected, yet, all things considered, I was pleased with the result of the day’s labour. We have working for us a ‘fundi’ (native carpenter) and his three apprentices; but it is amazing the little they do. They vex me twenty times a day with their idleness. We finished putting up and fixing all the upright outside posts, and the front-door frame. Mr. Wakefield and I did at least three-fourths of the work.”

On the following day he says:—

“Another hard day’s work. We made a frame for the partition between the two rooms, and put it up; and also two end posts, for the support of the central roof-beam. We are now ready for beams on the top. The ‘fundi’ and his apprentices as idle as ever; though they think they have done a prodigious quantity of work. I have endeavoured to stir

them up to duty ; but with a result not at all satisfactory to myself. The elder 'fundi' took occasion to express an opinion to the effect that I was 'rali, sana,' (sour, sharp, or hot). I know I am not so meek as I should be, by a long way ; but I do not think even meekness itself requires that we should put up with the downright rascality, laziness, and dishonesty of a man of his stamp.

" Wednesday.—What a day ! We could not proceed with our building for the want of beams. Very early, therefore, we started, with the 'fundi' and his lads, to look for, cut down, and drag home such as would answer our purpose. We had not been gone an hour when it began to rain, and soon grew into a regular rainy-season soaker. Our work, however, was important ; and we remained to do what we could. Our men would have returned at once, but this we would not permit. Two trees were cut down ; and we then tried to bring one to the ground which had been cut a few days before, but which had got entangled in the boughs of a lofty tree near it, and which, after many efforts to disentangle it, had been given up in despair. There were only two methods by which this could be done,—fastening a rope to the top and pulling with all our might, or cutting the boughs by which it was held from the standing tree. But to do either of these things it was necessary to climb ; and this our men were afraid to do. We could not induce them to do this ; and with my large watertights on, and my mackintosh about my legs, I did not think I could do it. We therefore cut the ground from under the tree, and then a piece from the bottom end, thinking that its own weight would bring it down. This was done, however, to no purpose ; the two tough little boughs still held it tight. Schemes of this kind proved of no avail. All this time the rain was pouring in torrents, and soaked us through and through. We stood before the still unfallen tree, cross, tired,

and disappointed. At length, determined to make a vigorous effort, I grasped the tree, arms and legs, and began to climb,—eventually fastening the cord nearly at the top. I then slid down, and we all commenced pulling with all our might. The tree really seemed to be falling, when down we all fell among the tall wet grass. The strong rope had broken near the top. This was trying indeed. However, the natives, encouraged by my last effort, tried to climb the tree : several gave up, when at length one effectually fastened the rope even higher than I had done. We began to pull ; but it broke again, and we gave it up, and returned to our house highly chagrined. After all this I felt very unwell. All the bones and sinews of my body seemed to ache. I felt all the symptoms of fever.”

On the following day, however, the troublesome tree was secured and brought home ; but we are not surprised that such labour, in such a climate, should be followed by fever and great prostration of strength. But, nothing daunted, no sooner had the symptoms passed away than we find them fully employed in working and directing the operations. He says :—

“To-day’s work is done ; and the sun is already beyond the western hills. Mr. Wakefield is now paying the Wanika their pice ; and while this is going on I sit down to pen the history of the past week. From six o’clock in the morning till six at night, during this time, I have been thoroughly engaged in this house-building. On Saturday we commenced putting in the clay for the foundation. Though I tried hard to get it completed, I was doomed to failure. You cannot possibly calculate upon what can be done in one day, when you have such a people as the Wanika to deal with. As the result of this labour—at which about twenty persons, on each day, have been engaged—we have filled in the foundations,

got up part of the framework, and in some places have reached, perhaps, a foot above the ground. Slow, slow, very slow for me!—but it is what must be put up with in this land.”

Fever, however, continued to hang about him as the result of constant exposure, combined with anxiety and hard work; but now another difficulty arose. He says:—

“For the past two days I have been too ill to make an entry. If we had, however, been ever so well, we could not have got on with our building, as the Wanika have struck for wages. This is in consequence of the short pay Mr. Wakefield gave them on Wednesday. It is surprising what independence they assume under such circumstances. However little work they may do, they hesitate not to demand their full pay; and if this is not given them, they return with indignation their short pay, or tell you they will not work again until you have made up their ordinary wages. In the present instance cunning is mixed with their assumed independence. They know very well that we wish to push ahead with our house, and imagine that we are wholly dependent on them. A lazier class of people it is impossible to meet with. On the day Mr. Wakefield stopped their pice the Wanika did not commence in the morning until eleven o'clock, and gave over at twelve. In the afternoon they returned at three, and worked till six. Still they expected the same amount as though they had worked ten hours. I think, therefore, that my colleague was quite right in the course he adopted.”

This event was succeeded by another, apparently more disastrous still. He says:—

“Since Thursday last I have had a great deal of work on my hands. The frame of our clay walls did not prove sufficiently strong; for when the men began to tread in the clay from the top, it bulged considerably—and, being afraid to let

it go on in this way, we determined to pull it all down and put it up afresh. No sooner were the boards moved than down tumbled our wall. We now had to commence afresh ; and we set to work in good earnest."

Thus the matter proceeded from day to day—the work being done almost entirely by their own hands, so that it took them a long time. He says :—

"But the bulk of my time has been taken up in this building affair. There is an unusual amount of labour in the erection of these two rooms ; but we are such novices that we have to pull down on the second day what we have put up on the first, and then erect it again on the third. This involves three times the labour ; and we need a great deal of patience."

Again he says :—

"On Saturday we were wholly engaged about our house. The door-frame we took down, and put another in its place. This was in consequence of the white ants having got into the first, which they were devouring. We also made two inner frames for the windows, and put them up. We also did a little to the walls."

Still further he says :—

"To-day Mr. Wakefield and I have made a working-bench : a stronger one was, perhaps, never made. We have been driven to this by circumstances. The owner of the slave carpenters who have been working for us demanded more money, which we refused. On this account he has called them away before their work was done. We turned up our sleeves and went at it ; but without a bench we could not get on very well, and therefore yesterday was devoted to the making of one. It answers our purpose admirably ; but it has been a hard day's work."

Such were some of the hindrances that met them during

the progress of the work ; but at length their labours were crowned with success, and on the third of September 1864 the house was finished, and they took possession. So, from time to time, buildings were erected to meet the need of the Mission, and to furnish accommodation for the scholars and the worship of God. Mr. New says, under date of May 1869 :—

“ Beyond these labours, I am building, carpentering, cultivating, etc. Since Mr. Wakefield left the station I have built our schoolroom and chapel, and have fitted it up, roughly, with platform, seats, and forms ; and now I have no less than a dozen cottages on hand. They are only wattle-and-dab places ; but there is a good deal of work in them, particularly when you get such poor labourers as you do here.”

But while outside work, of the kind we have described, was progressing, he was not unmindful of the comforts needed within, and his ready fingers were ever employed in some little matter that promoted decency and comfort. Hence entries like the following are common in his journal :—

“ Busy all last week. The three last days were occupied in making a set of cupboards and shelves, to be fixed in the iron house. This was hard work ; which appears from three considerations : first, we have to work in a temperature which raises the thermometer to 95° or 98° ; secondly, we have not been used to labour of this kind ; and thirdly, the wood we have to use is very thick and very hard.” “ Monday and Tuesday I was engaged very busily in bringing to a conclusion our bookcase and cupboards.” “ Forenoon, made a rack for my towels, in my bedroom, and commenced a table.” “ Early morning made a scraper for cleaning our boots, after having been on the land. Oiled my clock.” “ Made a gutter round our house, to lead off the water which

falls from the roof. Put some sweet potatoes in the ground ; also some English potatoes. Cut down a tree which was in my way. Planted a few flowers, and made some additions to the row of bushes down our garden walk." "Marked out a place also for a reservoir. Took my clock to pieces and repaired it. Two hours' work at gardening." "To-day I have been variously engaged. Forenoon, writing and studying the native languages. Afternoon, made a pudding, a shoehorn, and a boot-jack." "Two days ago I drew several teeth for a poor woman. Same day visited a sick girl at Silu. Sent her medicine, which I hope may do her good."

Such is a fair specimen of the work done by a Christian missionary among a heathen and barbarous people. Nor is this matter of choice, but of stern necessity, if he would maintain the decencies of life. The danger is, that he sinks into the same outward condition as the people, and instead of raising them to his own level, falls himself into the same deep.

CHAPTER IX.

MISSIONARY WORK.

MR. NEW having gained such a knowledge of the language as enabled him to hold intercourse with the people, began to think of the direct work he had been sent to do, and to form plans for its accomplishment. It was some time before he was sufficiently advanced in the use of the native tongue to make preaching an easy and practicable matter ; but if he could form a school for the children, and teach them to read and write the Kinika, he would not only be enlarging his own acquaintance with the dialect, but, under the Divine blessing, sowing some good seed for a future harvest. On this plan, therefore, he resolved to base his first operations in direct missionary effort : if possible, to gather the little ones together, and while teaching them the letter, to pray for the higher teaching of the Spirit. As soon, therefore, as he had recovered from his first serious illness at Mombasa, and returned to Ribe, he opened his little school, and began the process of initiation into the mysteries of a written language. The children at first evinced a good deal of interest in the school and its teacher ; but, by-and-by, feeling the drudgery connected with a constant repetition of sounds, the practical issue of which they failed to comprehend, they began to lose their interest, and one by one dropped off altogether, or came with such irregularity as greatly to discourage the preceptor. Writing home in June 1864, he says :—

“ We have been doing all in our power to gather the youth

and children together, in order to teach them to read ; but our efforts have not hitherto been very successful. I have founded many classes ; but they have all come to nought. My last effort was made a month ago, when I commenced with some half-dozen lads, who all promised regular attendance. For a fortnight most of them attended pretty well, and we even made accessions to our ranks ; but in three weeks I have lost all but three. These I hoped would remain, and that we should be able to make up the others in a short time ; but in this I have been disappointed ; and though to-day I have had four, who all declare their desire to learn, I have, I think, only one I can depend upon. It is exceedingly trying to witness the utter carelessness of these people to all that concerns their best interests. I have taught half a dozen lads the alphabet, after a month's patient labour with each ; and just as I hoped to interest them they have been missing, and the only answer I can get to my inquiries after them is, ' Varani, varani.' By this is meant that he has gone to the 'samba' (plantation), to till the ground, or to drive monkeys from the 'mahindi' (Indian corn) and 'mtama' (maize). Thus I lose my scholars."

This state of things naturally led to the adoption of plans for securing the regular attendance of the children. This was a question of some difficulty, inasmuch as they were left very much to their own liking in the matter. The parents felt no interest themselves in the teaching, and moreover often required the presence of the young people in the plantations, to keep the seed from being destroyed. In August he writes :—

" I have down upon my book eleven names ; but whether I shall be able to keep them all I cannot say. I hope for the best. As soon as our schoolroom is finished, I think it would be well to give them a dinner, so as to encourage

them and others to come. Mr. Rebman, I believe, does not like this kind of thing; but it is what we do at home in connection with all our Sabbath-schools, and I see no reason why we should not do the same here. At any rate, we can try the experiment. It is, I am sure, very innocent. It is, however, I confess, a somewhat roundabout way to get at their heads and hearts through their stomachs. Well, it is a singular notion; but if it succeed, well."

This thought seems to have been matured; and early in September he says:—

"I have long been puzzled to think what we could do for our scholars, by way of encouraging them to attend regularly; and to-day I think I have hit upon a plan. We have been talking about giving them a dinner as soon as our cottage is finished. However, when this is over, I fear that unless they have something more in the future, by way of reward, this will not hold them together. The plan is this. Give them the proposed dinner, or rather give it to all who will come, in order to get them together. After dinner talk to them, endeavour to explain to them the advantages of learning, etc., and give them an invitation to come for instruction. Cut up all our tin boxes into tickets, and explain to them that these are to be given for early and regular attendance, also for good behaviour and progress; the advantages of obtaining them to be that a certain number shall procure a piece of cloth, of so many cubits, to answer the purpose of decently clothing them. This I think to be the best plan we could adopt. By-and-by we may make the rewards in books. This would not answer at present. They all want cloth; and if we can enable them to clothe their bodies while we are endeavouring to furnish their minds, and make the former the handmaid to the latter, we shall, in both ways, be furthering the cause of civilization and Christianity."

As Christmas approached, preparations were made to carry out the proposal ; and he says :—

“ To-day I spent the greatest part of the morning in writing, study, etc. The boys were told yesterday that they would have their treat to-day ; and this accounts for our having so many about us, all desirous to learn to read. With a good dinner in view, however, it is surprising we have had so few. Seventeen only sat down to partake of it. We account for this, first, by the distance most of the children live from us—in consequence of which it is probable the news did not reach them. Our boys, whom we have already been teaching, and to whom we committed the task of acquainting their neighbours, etc., seemed disposed to think that the privilege was exclusively their own, and did not appear inclined to inform others that they were elected to like favours with themselves. Then, again, there are not a great many children in the tribe. We had provided for a larger number than came, but we were not overstocked. After the boys had had sufficient, we fed five other children and half a dozen men. But when these were satisfied, we had very little indeed to spare. On the whole, I am rather pleased that on this occasion we had not a larger company ; because we found to attend to these involved labour enough. Now a very brief sketch of our proceeding, and a remark or two upon the conduct of our company. Our provisions consisted of a good quantity of rice, and ‘sima’ (boiled ground ‘mahindi,’ or Indian corn), besides a ‘mbusi’ (goat), which was killed on the same day. This was served up to the boys in large ‘makombe,’ or dishes, around each of which four boys sat ; but in one case there were five. We are now so used to the appearance of the Wanika, or we should have thought it a curious sight. A steaming hot piled-up dish of rice, well seasoned with good gravy, and topped by many pieces of goat’s flesh, was

first placed upon the mat spread upon the floor. Around this centre of attraction gathered four or five naked, black, hungry, well-made, and I may say not unhandsome lads. They seated themselves hurriedly upon the floor, at a convenient distance; and the temptation to commence at once proved so strong that several of them had their hands in the dish before they could be told to ask a blessing. When all was ready the boys drew up to the object of their attack, and immediately began the work before them with a quiet order, a determined vigour, and a cool dexterity, that threatened a complete demolition of the formidable castle before them. This was most certainly effected; and the feast was concluded, as it had begun, in the most orderly manner. So far their triumph was complete; and they looked about for another object of the same character, as though they felt confident they could perform the same work a second time. They were soon supplied; and after a short halt, to know whether they were to say grace again, and being told that this was unnecessary, they faced the monster as before. This concluded, they were supplied a third time; and as our provisions were going fast, we watched the order of the day with some concern; but at length we observed one of the attacking party sitting with his back turned upon the foe. 'Ah!' said Mr. Wakefield, 'what does that mean?' 'I suppose,' I replied, 'he has had enough.' So it was: he was conquered at last. Another and another followed his example, until each acknowledged himself beaten. When the meal was over we all returned thanks; after which our object in calling them together was explained, and we proposed our plan. All the boys, but one, promised to attend regularly; and then, after a few more words, were dismissed."

The experiment at least was an interesting one, and

deserved to succeed; and for a time was undoubtedly a success. To obtain a cloth was, with most of them, a strong motive for continuance at school; but they had no sooner secured the object than their interest began to abate, and it was not until they again felt hungry or naked, that they looked towards the school. Mr. New somewhat sorrowfully says :—

“The teaching of our scholars has gone forward at the same rate—the attendance being five on an average. These, however, are all regular scholars. Several of them have completed their tickets, and have obtained their first cloth. I am sorry, however, to observe that several are very careless about receiving any more tickets; while three or four have refused to take them again. If they do not value what we hold out to them as rewards, we lose the hold upon them we expected to have secured by this means; and so we have no other guarantee for their attendance than their own desire to read, or a determination to persevere. I fear, however, these will not prove sufficiently strong to secure an attendance that will be of the least advantage. So good-bye to all our hopes of forming a school, until we can adopt other measures which will have greater influence over them.”

Still the labour was not all lost. A few continued faithful, and by their attention and progress did much to strengthen the hands of Mr. New. The difficulty, however, was not all on the side of the young people. The elders of the tribe were not favourably impressed with this new movement, only so far as it might be made the occasion for levying contributions on the white man. Mr. New says :—

“This very day I have had some talk with Katami about school matters. I told him that we were very much saddened by the conduct of the Wanika. I explained this to him by saying that we had come a very long way to teach the Wanika;

but that now we were among them they refused to listen to us, and would not send their children to be taught. 'No,' said Katami: 'but listen to me. If you would pay us for the children's attendance, we should be quite willing.' To ascertain what might be their expectations as to the amount of pay, I said, 'Well, suppose we were willing to give something for the attendance of your children, what would suffice you?' 'Three dollars,' he said, 'for one child, or twelve dollars for four children.' 'And if we gave this,' I pursued, 'we take the children entirely, until they are able to read. That is to say, you will guarantee their attendance for any length of time which may be determined upon for their instruction.' 'Just so,' said he. 'Is this,' I said, 'the advice of the Kambe?' 'Yes,' he said, 'and of each individual man.' 'Listen to me, Katami,' I said; 'I think this is very bad, and shows the selfishness of the Wanika. If I want things—such as rice, maize, cows, goats, etc.—I have no objection to pay you for them; but to purchase the attendance of your children is another thing. This would be very wrong. Whose advantage is it if we teach them? Is it ours? Certainly not; it is yours and theirs. In England we pay the teacher to instruct us, which is right and proper, and not the teacher to pay the scholar.' Here Katami put in, 'But the Wanika are very poor, and cannot afford to pay.' 'Therefore,' I replied, 'we are willing to teach you for nothing. To pay you to send your children we cannot do.' "

Such were some of the experiences through which Mr. New passed, in relation to the school; but both he and Mr. Wakefield held on their way, in spite of these and other difficulties; and the teaching was only suspended for a time, on account of their absence from the station, when visiting the Gallas and neighbouring peoples. On Mr. Wakefield's return

to England, however, in 1868, Mr. New opened the school again, and found a better disposition among the people, and a greater willingness to place themselves and their children under the teaching of the Book. He further resolved to take children whose parents were willing, and keep them entirely on the station, and feed, clothe, and educate them. The cost was trifling—as the boys, after school hours, could be employed on the ground in sowing and planting, and in other ways contributing to their own maintenance; while the advantage of having them constantly under his own eye, and separating them from heathen customs and practices, was very great indeed. This effort succeeded beyond his highest expectations; and a school was formed that has done great good. Mr. New had a strong opinion in favour of sending some of his lads to England, and placing them under the care of good Christian men, to teach them some branch of industry, and so fit them to become instructors to their own people. Such a plan appears on the face of it both feasible and desirable; but we are convinced it is a mistake, and would prove a failure in the working of it out. Whatever is done for the African will have to be done in his own land, and amidst the conditions of life that surround him there.

Attention to the claims of the young was not the only method adopted for the spread of the truth of the Gospel. Side by side with these efforts the missionaries sought, by all possible and proper means, to make known the message of salvation. Indeed, Mr. New regarded this as his proper work, and made all other matters subordinate to it. He held strong and clearly-defined opinions on this question, and was ready at all times to expound and defend his views, and maintained that the work of preaching was the great work of his life. He would teach in the schools, or explore “the regions

beyond," but all this was in connection with a set purpose to make known the Saviour of men, and to tell the story of the Cross. We have already seen that at a very early period he began the work of preaching, and, almost before he was able to find suitable words, he was trying to speak in his Master's name. From the first establishment of the Mission, services for preaching were commenced at Ribe ; but as the people did not come to them they resolved to go to the people,—and for some years they itincrated, singly and together, and visited every hut and "kaya" for many miles round the station. The people were not only in a state of gross darkness and ignorance, but, like the natural man, had no care or desire for these things ; and when presented they appeared "foolishness" to them. A better view of the work, its nature and difficulties, will be seen by a few extracts from his journal, than in any other form. Under date of February 26th, 1865, he thus records a Sabbath-day's work :—

"A quiet day upon the station ; though I have had a considerable number of visitors—that is, considerable for Ribe. In the morning I taught a class of seven scholars : five of this number attend pretty regularly ; the other two were stragglers. They were all very attentive to their lessons until they became sleepy, when it was useless to proceed. The principal part of those who have been upon the station were strangers. First came several men from Kauma. They had come, they declared, to salute the 'Msungu,' their 'saha,' their father and their friend. We generally expect, after such compliments, that they have some request to make ; and so it proved to-day. 'You are our chiefs, our fathers and grandfathers,' they assert : 'you, and you only. The whole country is yours, and we are your children. Is not this well ? Is not this good ?' As I have said, so it was to-day. Our friends from Kauma were not particularly

extravagant in their requests; but as it was Sabbath-day, they were told that such things could not be attended to. 'Have you a God at Kauma whom you love and serve?' I inquired, by way of opening up the subject. 'Hakunu, hakunu,' they replied: 'there is not, there is not.' 'What is God?' I further urged. Now, as a rule, the Wanika without hesitation point in reply to this question to the visible sky. This was not the case to-day. There would appear to be a change taking place in the Wanika mind in regard to this subject—as though they could no longer think that the mere sky could properly be God, to whom they attribute, at times, the creation of the world, animals, trees, grain, etc. After some hesitation, one of the men said, 'Muhammad.' Whether anything flashed up in my face at the sound of such blasphemy, or whether the man feared he should not be right, he scarcely pronounced the last syllable of the above word, and would not pronounce it again. So much for the influence of the Arabs in East Africa. 'What!' I said; 'whom did you say?' But finding he had made a mistake, he avoided it altogether, and said, 'Well then, you are our Mulungu.' This I told him was no nearer the mark, and that it was a great sin to put any man in the place of God. 'Why,' said he, making a last effort, 'do you not know, Kertosi (Jesus Christ),—is it not Kertosi?' So much, then, for the Christian element. The people know something at least of the name of Christ. I endeavoured to explain to them the 'way of God more perfectly,' and preached salvation through Christ. The Cross must supplant the crescent, sooner or later. During the conversation held with the Wakauma, an Mgeriama arrived, laden with 'vitoma' (calabashes), etc. He had come, of course, to barter his grain for 'tembo.' Finding there was some 'maneno' going forward, he put down his burden, and sat down to listen. It was something new to him, and

he appeared greatly surprised. 'Ku foya Mulungu' (to pray to God): 'what is this?' The idea of praying to God staggered him. 'Why should a 'Mnika' pray to God? Who is God? and what? What can Mulungu do?' It was only a day or two ago that Mgomba came to us saying he had been talking about prayer to Abbe Chai, an old man, and chief of the Kambe. The old man said, 'Nonsense: why should we pray to Mulungu? Mulungu is unable to help us. If you ask me to do so-and-so, perhaps I could do it; but Mulungu is unable.' At last he threatened to beat the boy if he said any more upon the subject. However, this Mgeriama will be able to tell his friends, when he returns, that he has heard something of the duty of prayer."

In conversations such as these the day is spent. On another occasion he says:—

"Having spent a sleepless night, the result of an attack of fever on Friday last, it was with more than ordinary gladness that I welcomed the peep of day. I set out, accompanied by Ndoro, and passed through a hamlet where I generally meet with a few persons; but to-day I found it quite empty. Some distance further on, however, I found a company of about a score of individuals—to some of whom I have often preached the truth. To this group I spoke with considerable liberty upon Gospel subjects. 'Why,' said one of my hearers, 'Bana New, the Wanika are not bad people; they are very good.' 'Are they, indeed?' I replied. I then commenced reading to them the catalogue of their crimes—consisting of such things as are well known to all without going into details. 'And are the Wanika so good?' I inquired. At this appeal they laughed aloud, as though they had been simply tripped up in a pass of innocent wit. When I had done talking I was informed that a man called Jombo was very ill, and was lying in a hut a

short distance off; and that they were about to make a sacrifice in his behalf. A friend of the sick man came and begged me to call and see him. I followed him to the hut, around which a considerable number of men and women were gathered together. Upon entering, I found the poor man wrapped in a yard of greasy cloth, lying upon a few sticks, which constituted his bedstead, and literally curled up with pain. He tried to raise his head when I called out his name; but this was more than he could well do. It is hard to say what was the nature of the disease; though there were some symptoms which were too plain to be mistaken, and I thought if we could meet these, we could do the sufferer some good. As there was no time to be lost, I sent a man with a scrap of paper to the station, begging Mr. Wakefield to send the medicine required. I next preached to the people a little sermon, urging them to forsake their sins and turn to the Lord. The sick man died on the following Thursday.

“ My next call was upon Makipeko, whom I found suffering from a severe carbuncle in his neck. He therefore was full of trouble, and it was with very great difficulty indeed that I could induce him to turn for one moment from the disease and stiffness of his neck to the plague and stubbornness of his heart. ‘Just place your hand here,’ he said: ‘how hard it is! Can you not send me some medicine?’ ‘I will if I can,’ I replied; but I would he had complained of the hardness of his heart, and begged medicine for this. How delighted I should have been; and what a rich reward for my labour!

“ My next stay was at ‘Wara Wizi,’ where I found among the rest Katama, ‘saha’ of the tribe, packed like a piece of rubbish among filth, ashes, potsherds, etc., in an old hut, which I should say must come down about his ears when the first shower of the rainy season falls. ‘Well, Saha,

what are you doing here?' I said, upon entering. 'I was the only man left in the kaya,' he returned; 'and I did not like living there alone; so I have removed—at least, for the present.' I proceeded to talk to the Saha upon subjects of a more important nature; but was again pained to witness the same stolidity as heretofore with respect to everything of a spiritual character, and the same anxious grasping at the bubbles and shadows of earth. 'Bana, give me a few pice to buy a little mgasija,' (cassada), were the words which fell upon my ears almost before I had done speaking. But it was not the cassada he wanted. I do not think he was reduced to such straits; but the Wanika know that we will never give them money to purchase 'tembo,' and therefore they call it 'cassada.' If we can we generally give them this latter, when they beg for it, because we think it a proof that they are really hungry; for they care very little about eating it when they can get other food. Leaving here, we came to the hamlet of 'Mazuma Wa Niro.' Niro I found sitting beneath a small covering of plaited palm-fronds. He spread a mat for me by his side, and invited me to sit down, which I did very thankfully. Soon a number of children gathered about me; and to these I talked of salvation. Several adult persons also came to see me from the huts near at hand; and to them I told the good news from Calvary. Abbe Niro, as he is otherwise called, certainly heard the truth. Like his brethren, however, it did not interest him to be told of Christ. He ignored the wants of his soul as though he had not one. The all-absorbing consideration with him was how he could feed, pamper, and gratify his body. 'Bana New,' he begged, 'could you not give me, say two or three dollars, to assist me in buying another wife?' Just so. He is an old man now. The little shed in which we were sitting was filled with his grandchildren: but what

of this? They have to look after themselves in life. What the old man wants is two or three young wives, who will plant his crops, bring him bread, and nurse him, till he is carried to his grave. Thus a Mnika aspires to end his days. In conversation with him to-day I spoke about infanticide, and their custom of putting cripples to death. 'You say,' said he in reply, 'it is wrong for us to twist the necks of the cripples. Pray, what are we to do with them? Shall we leave them to themselves, to die?' Just as though preserving them was out of the question. 'No,' said I; 'nurse them, and feed them, and take care of them, just as you do with your other children.' 'Ah!' he returned; 'but that would not be good for us. Our customs must not be broken.'

Again, he says:—

"Another very beautiful Sabbath-day, which I have spent upon the station. My first visitors were two men from Mberria, with whom I held a long conversation. 'What is the news from Mberria?' I inquired: 'do you acknowledge Mulungu there?' 'There is much sun, but no rain,' he replied, rather indifferently; probably confounding the sun with Mulungu (God). He then expressed his fears for the crops. 'But have you not a great deal of wickedness at Mberria?' 'Wickedness! no, by no means.' 'What! is it so? Do you not despise and hate God?' 'No; it is not for man to do that.' I should observe here, that the Wanika, having such confused notions of God, confound Him with much that is material. They sometimes seem to think God a principle of evil. Perhaps this notion is most general; therefore they dread their 'Mulungu,'—which will account for the answer above. Pursuing the conversation, I said: 'Well, but you do not obey and serve God. God says, in His Word, Do this, and that; but the Wanika do just the contrary.' 'Yes, that is true; we do not serve God.' 'You do not keep His Sabbaths, but

work upon them, and do what you please, as though you knew what would do for you better than God ; and this is sin.' The men smiled, as though they did not understand this. 'Let us try again. Have you no deceit, no lying, among you ?' 'Yes, a great deal.' 'Is not this sin ?' 'It is sin.' 'Have you no robbery, stealing, etc. ?' 'It is there.' 'Is not this sin ?' 'It is sin.' 'Have you no quarrelling or fighting among you ?' 'It is there.' 'Is this sin ?' 'It is sin.' 'Have you no adultery at Mberria ?' 'Yes, it is there.' 'Is this sin ?' 'It is sin.' 'But is there no such thing as killing among your people ?' 'Yes, there is. We fight,'—and then putting himself into the attitude of a man bending his bow, he said, 'and kill.' 'And do you think this is sin ?' 'Yes, it is sin.' 'Now then,' I observed, 'it is very evident that the people of Mberria are sinners. But God has given His Son to save sinners.' Here I was brought up. 'What!' said one of the men, 'has God a son ?' A point which I was obliged to stop and explain. This I did as well as I was able to my hearers, and then proceeded with my remarks. When this was over, they told me they had come to Ribe to fetch 'tembo.' This was another subject for conversation ; and I talked to them in strong terms of the evil of their drinking habits. In the first instance they would not admit that they were wrong in this respect, and assured me that 'tembo' was an exceedingly sweet and good thing. When I urged that it wrecked their reason, set loose their tongues, inflamed their passions, and sent them to their huts like madmen, they conceded the point, and replied, 'Your maneno is true, and tembo is not good.' 'Well then,' I urged, 'why do you not forsake it ?' 'Ah ! we love it, after all, and are not able to give it up.' 'Well, you are not ; but God can help you, if you wish it and will ask His aid.' But they only laughed at the novelty of this idea.

“Katama and his brother Chai were my next visitors ; but were not disposed either to listen or talk to me. Chai is a lazy, wicked, good-for-nothing, hardened sinner, who is often lounging about the station to pick up the scraps. He has heard much of the Gospel, but he seems in no way affected for good by anything we have told him. To-day he seemed more than ordinarily unteachable and sullen. ‘Bana New,’ he said, ‘I want no maneno to-day ; I am hungry, and want food.’ ‘Certainly, Chai, this may be very true ; and you are likely to want many things while you serve your present master. Forsake your sins, give yourself to God, and devote yourself to industrious pursuits, and you will soon get on.’ Katama smiled at this ‘maneno,’ but Chai still looked stupidly ahead, and said, ‘I don’t want to hear anything to-day. I am hungry—very hungry.’ I may say most of the people are complaining of the same thing. Many have seen the last of their stock of grain, and cannot for some months to come replenish their garner. This is the result of their want of forethought and providence.”

Scenes and labours such as these might be largely multiplied ; but these are sufficient to show the kind of work in which, from Sabbath to Sabbath, Mr. New was engaged, and to suggest the many and formidable hindrances that stood in the way. In the latter part of his labours at Ribe, and when alone, he says :—

“Sunday is with me the busiest day of the week. I am engaged, with scarcely any cessation, from sunrise till sunset. Before the sun shows his face we have prayers. Then I take my bath, and after that my private devotions. Read a few lines ; then breakfast comes on. After breakfast morning school commences, and is succeeded by the public service. It is then 12·30. I rest a little, perhaps read a little, and then return to afternoon service—dismissing which, school

commences again. This closes at from 4.30 to 5 p.m. I now take another bath, and dine. By the time I have taken up a book, after this, the sun drops behind the Rabai hills. Now we go to evening prayers. I next take a short walk in the twilight, and then return to the house and perform my evening's devotions. This over, I talk or sing with some of my folk in the 'baraza,' or it may be, read a little by my lamp, and then—why, go to bed. Sometimes in the morning, before breakfast, instead of reading, I take a walk, as I did yesterday. I generally go to bed very much tired, having been often shaky throughout the whole day. Sometimes the room has seemed to go round with me, but I have never yet quite broken down. My congregation ranges between thirty and fifty hearers. This, however, is the busiest season of the year. The people are detained in their plantations."

We see in all this that the life of a faithful missionary, in such a place and among such a people, is not, in itself, desirable; and were it not that the love of Christ constraineth him, and that he is sustained and strengthened by the God of all grace, he must utterly fail and grow weary, and turn aside from a work which can only find its recompense in the favour of God and the testimony of a good conscience.

CHAPTER X.

DEATH AT THE STATION—A PAINFUL EPISODE.

IN the early part of the year 1864 Mr. New and his colleague had some painful experiences, and passed through a scene of trial the most afflictive and distressing. Mr. Butterworth, a fellow-labourer, had been sent from England to strengthen the Mission on the East Coast ; and high hopes were entertained of his future life and labours. He was a native of Manchester, and had early devoted himself to God, and laid his all upon the altar of service and sacrifice. Soon after the Mission to Africa was projected, Mr. Butterworth expressed a desire to engage in the work of evangelization among the people of that continent, and offered to join the Mission at Ribe. It was originally intended that he should go to Africa with Mr. New ; but it was eventually determined that he should remain in England for twelve months longer, that he might undergo some preparatory training in language and medicine. After passing through a short course of study in those departments of knowledge, he left England in the month of November 1863, by way of Aden and the Seychelles ; and his arrival at Ribe is thus reported by Mr. New :—

“ In the afternoon a Suahili came to the house with a box upon his head ; from which I gathered that Mr. Butterworth and Mr. Wakefield were very near. I had not long to wait before I saw them walking up the path towards the Mission-house. In another moment I grasped Mr. Butterworth’s hand, and he mine, in such a manner as left no doubt

on the mind of either as to the pleasure the meeting afforded us both. I thank God he is here. His health is good—he looks much stronger than when I saw him last; and, as I believe he brings with him a heart full of love for the work in which he is about to engage, and a determination to labour for the good of souls and the glory of God, I cannot but feel more pleasure than I am able to express; and I pray God that he may be rendered a very useful minister of Jesus Christ and a blessing to thousands on this continent.”

This entry bears date February 18th, 1864; and everything at this time, in its outward aspect, justified the hopes of Mr. New in relation to his newly-arrived fellow-labourer. Mr. Butterworth, however, began to exhibit signs of fever at an early period after his arrival; though not in a manner presenting any unusual symptoms, or calculated to cause feelings of alarm in the minds of his companions. On the 15th of March Mr. New says:—

“Mr. Wakefield, and also Mr. Butterworth, are now very poorly; both have a good deal of fever about them. However, while I kept watch they slept. This was well for them. I trust we shall all be better in a little time.”

Next day he says: “My brethren Wakefield and Butterworth are both worse to-day, and have kept to their beds. Made them some arrowroot.” And so the record continues, reporting symptoms day by day; when he says: “Mr. Butterworth is very ill. There are signs, however, which indicate his speedy recovery.”

This state of things continued for a few days more,—alternating between better and worse, but on the whole giving hopes of recovery; so much so that Mr. Butterworth left his bed and seemed to take an interest in the Mission work. On the 21st of March Mr. New says:—

“Mr. Butterworth expressed an opinion to-day that we

were not living near enough to God. This is my opinion : at least, I can speak for myself. I was glad to hear him talk in this way. His illness, I have no doubt, will have wrought good to his soul. It is good to be afflicted, if this be the result—not only individually, but relatively. The person himself is benefited, and those about him also. May the Lord stir us all up !”

Having some business at Mombasa, Mr. New left the station, and remained in that town for two or three days ; and on his return he says :—

“ Found Mr. Butterworth in a much worse state than when I left. His fever returned with increased violence soon after I left, and he has been very ill the whole of the time ; and occasionally, Mr. Wakefield informs me, he has been delirious,—so that I find him on my return in a state of weakness almost incredible. I regret his having discarded the use of quinine, and am inclined to believe that had he taken it, in reasonable doses, at first, his fever would not have been so violent. However, I have committed his case to the hands of our Heavenly Father, and I feel sure He will undertake for us. I wish we had a more comfortable place for him. The Wanika are so troublesome and noisy. They stand at the door of our house, talk in the highest key, and laugh in all the boisterousness of their savage mirth.”

Mr. New here refers to a fact that needs a little explanation. Mr. Butterworth had studied the homœopathic system of medicine, and had objected to the use of quinine as a remedy for the fever ; and as this was the only specific known to Mr. New for such a case, and as he had often proved the benefit of its use in his own person, he naturally regretted the determination his young companion had expressed not to take it. The difficulty was also increased from the fact that they were entirely ignorant of the use and power of homœo-

pathic medicines, and Mr. Butterworth soon became unable to prescribe for himself. In the meantime his weakness increased so that Mr. New had to feed him with a spoon; while his memory seemed to be entirely gone. He says:—

“ We both feel very much concerned about Mr. Butterworth’s state; and the more so as we are unable to do anything for him in the way of prescribing medicines. We should know what to do in our own case; but as Mr. Butterworth is so strongly attached to homœopathy, he will not take our medicines. That which makes the matter still worse is, that if there were ever so much efficacy in homœopathic remedies, he is altogether unable to prescribe for himself; though he has sufficient sense to know the difference between his own medicines and ours.”

Just at this juncture letters arrived at Ribe informing them that Colonel Playfair, the British Consul at Zanzibar, was intending to pay them a visit in a few days. They were hardly in a fit state to receive Her Majesty’s Representative; but resolved to make the best of their circumstances, and give the Consul as hearty a reception as lay in their power. Mr. New proceeded without delay to Mombasa, to assist the Consul in any way in which he might be able; and on his return says:—

“ Mr. Butterworth is very ill—certainly not better, perhaps worse. This I think must be the case, since he is so very weak. We have done all in our power, but it does not seem to have met his case. His hiccups have increased to-day; and on this account he would take no more quinine (having induced him to take a little), thinking that this must be the cause. He even asked for an emetic; which I was afraid to give him, and begged him not to take it. I gave him, however, a little cold water and peppermint, and a little laudanum after this,—which relieved him. Poor, dear boy!—he is very ill:

but I hope and pray he may soon improve. I am glad to know his mind is stayed on God. He feels the Lord Jesus with him, to support and strengthen him, and filling his soul with joy. When in conversation with him upon spiritual things, he has always expressed his confidence in God. His mind during his illness has been directed, in a very unusual degree, to contemplate spiritual things. How often has he referred to the moments of communion he has held with God when unable to sleep through the night ! ”

Early on the morning of the 1st of April, Colonel Playfair arrived, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Drayton, of the Church of England—the Rev. Mr. Allington having been left, unwell with fever, at Rabai. When the party had arranged their baggage and servants, they came in to see Mr. Butterworth.

“ He seemed glad to see them ; and I hoped it might do him good. After they had left the room they expressed their fears as to his safety, and recommended strongly the use of quinine, and that everything be done for him to keep up his strength.

“ We had been doing all we could, and we now continued our efforts. As he had positively refused to take quinine yesterday. I now consulted him again—telling him that Colonel Playfair and Mr. Drayton recommended it most strongly. He consented to take it again ; and I administered it to him in three-grain doses. In addition, we gave him, every two or three hours, an egg beat up in a little brandy. I felt by no means in a desponding mood—having been myself in as weak a state as he was. I prayed and looked up to God for His blessing. Towards evening Mr. Butterworth seemed to be getting worse, his breathing being short and difficult. Colonel Playfair kindly offered—I may say pressed—to sit up part of the night with him ; but this we could not think of permitting, though we appreciated his kindness. The

arrangement we made was that I should sit up until two o'clock, and then Mr. Wakefield until morning. During the time that I sat up the poor sufferer got but little rest, though he did not move as though he felt restless. His breathing was rather short and difficult, and his head turned to the left, though he lay on his back,—a position he never altered, except slightly to turn his head. His pain I do not think was great. Once or twice he called for Mr. Wakefield, who immediately came into the room. At one of these times he did not seem to notice me in the least ; but as Mr. Wakefield leaned forward to speak a few words of comfort to him, he put both his hands over his neck, and clasped them—when Mr. Wakefield said he understood him to say, ‘ Come with me ; come with me.’ Had he any idea that he was approaching the verge of eternity ?

“ Saturday, April 2nd.—Woke up early. Found Colonel Playfair, however, already in the sick room. Mr. Wakefield said that the morning had passed away without Mr. Butterworth having obtained any sleep. When I got into the room I found him in a very weak state ; and I now for the first time really began to fear the worst. It was with difficulty that he could swallow what was put into his mouth. His speech also seemed to be entirely gone. During the forenoon, however, he seemed to be a little better, and we could occasionally make out a few disconnected words. Having promised to consult him as to his wishes about the administration of the Lord’s Supper, I endeavoured at this favourable time to do so ; but we could not make him understand. He asked for a slate ; but he could write nothing, though he tried hard. We got down the letter-board after this ; but he did not seem able to make out the letters, or he forgot the order in which they should come. We regretted this, as we thought he might have wished to send some mes-

sage to his friends ; but shortly after, he said, as though he thought we were anticipating death, ‘I do not wish to die ; I do not think I shall die ; I do not feel as if I were dying’ : subjoining what we understood to be, ‘You have been as bad as I am ; but you are better, and I may recover also.’ For the moment I lost all my fears. He seemed so much better, and he was able to speak ; so that I encouraged him to believe that he might get better, though I begged him to keep his eyes on the Cross. Whatever I might have thought for the moment, it was all delusion, for he could not express another intelligible sentence. Through the afternoon he seemed to be suffering pain which caused him to groan a great deal, though this may have been the result of excessive weakness. In the evening still in the same state ; though his feet were getting cold, and I wrapped them up in flannel. Mr. Allington, who came this morning, offered very kindly to sit up part of the night ; but as he had not been well, we could not allow it, but promised to call him if any change took place.

“Mr. Wakefield and I resolved to sit up together. Until nine o’clock he continued in much the same state ; but from this time he became very calm, and remained so for about two hours ; when his breathing became laborious, as before, and continued so for about half an hour. After this, however, he gradually grew calmer ; but it was evident death was very near. I called Mr. Allington, who came immediately, and took a seat by his side ; when we all, in deep silence, breathed out our souls before God. It was an awfully solemn time. Death was in the room ; but God was there too. The dying saint breathed with some difficulty ; but his soul was preserved in great calmness. His ordinary breathing for the last half-hour was altered ; and, at midnight, four deep sighs heaved his breast—each one being

longer and deeper than that which preceded it, and the effort to make the next being greater and greater ; but with the fourth he breathed into the hands of God, without a pang, without a struggle, or the sound of a groan, that soul which he had received from the same hands twenty-three years ago.

“ Sunday, April 3rd.—After the death of Mr. Butterworth it was impossible for us to sleep ; so that we sat by each other overwhelmed with sorrow. Overcome by excessive fatigue, we might occasionally doze ; but it was to wake instantly, in some degree of terror, arising from the state of our shattered nerves. Thus hour after hour passed away ; and we anxiously waited for the morning light, that we might commence the last act of affection in the preparation of a coffin in which to deposit his remains. The Sabbath morning dawned as it had dawned a thousand times before ; and we began the painful task of measuring the timber, cutting it into shape, and putting it together, with the tools he himself had brought out. Every screw we drove suggested the thought that little did he think he was bringing them to make his own coffin. Strange Sabbath morning’s work ! We were labouring with all possible haste to carry from our abode the form we had so delighted to have with us for the past seven weeks. Still we hurried on ; and when the coffin was complete we lined it with white calico. It was all we could do. Then placing the cold, white corpse within, and taking the last look, the lid was screwed down ; and this, so far as this world was concerned, was all that remained of our dear friend.

“ He was now borne to the grave by Mr. Wakefield and myself, Colonel Playfair and Mr. Drayton, and the two Goanese servants of Colonel Playfair. The Rev. Mr. Allington, who had kindly consented to read the Burial Service, having read, in the iron house, that part which is

usually read in church, led the way, while we with measured tread followed him to the grave. It was a solemn time to me. I endeavoured to control my feelings, and read with the rest, but it was of no avail; the tears gushed from my eyes, and I felt—oh, how I felt—our heavy loss!”

So closed one of the most painful episodes of the East African Mission. It is impossible to understand the why and the wherefore of this procedure, and so we leave it until the unravelling of all things.

Mr. New thus sums up Mr. Butterworth's character:—

“I believe him to have been well adapted to the work of a missionary in this country, and among this people. This involves, of course, a nature thoroughly renewed by Divine grace. Mr. Butterworth was a man of God. God lived in him, and he in God. He has often spoken in my hearing, before his illness, of some most blessed seasons of communion he had had with the God of all grace. He was also a man of active, energetic piety. His soul was bent upon doing something for God. His labours at home, as well as his life, testify to this. ‘In labours’ he seems to have been ‘more abundant’; and such was his conduct, while with us, that had he been spared to complete and carry out his plans, it was evident he would have been no idler in the vineyard of the Lord. His motto in life seemed to be, ‘For me to live is Christ.’

“I cannot but admire the spirit of self-sacrifice in which he took up the work of a missionary to the Wanika. He does not seem to have thought of himself, but to glorify Christ in the salvation of souls. At one time—when, after our appointment to proceed together to this field of labour, he resolved to remain at home another year—I must in candour say, I feared his mind was not thoroughly fixed; but I am now convinced that he was moved by the most

praiseworthy motives. That which rendered him peculiarly fit for the work of a missionary in East Africa was his love of children. His ragged-school experiences at home, his aptitude for teaching, and the determined, persevering spirit in which he entered upon everything, were also prime qualifications. He never allowed himself to be conquered in any way while he was here. If you came to his assistance, when at work with anything with which he did not seem to get on very expeditiously, he would say, in his most decided way, 'No, no, thank you; I don't like to be beaten, and I'll do it yet.' Among such a people as we have to deal with here, men pre-eminently persevering are the kind required.

"Had God spared his life, I feel persuaded he would have made a very eminent missionary. An acquaintance of two months' standing is certainly not a long time; but it must be remembered that during this time we were always together—morning, noon, and night; so that such an acquaintance may be considered equal to two years where the parties see each other only in their leisure hours, and affords ample time to learn the nature of a man's character. After such an acquaintance, I must say I never saw anything in him that was not worthy of a man and a Christian. He was full of candour, possessed a courage equal to any emergency, upright to the highest degree, generous to an extreme, faithful to the quick, yet loving as a brother. Qualities such as these rendered him invaluable in any of the relationships of life. I could not but estimate him at a very high rate as a colleague, as a friend, and as a brother."

CHAPTER XI.

SELF-CULTURE.

WORK, such as we have seen formed the staple of Mr. New's daily life, could only be sustained by a constant dependence upon God and a diligent use of every opportunity for mental improvement. There was nothing in the outward circumstances of his position to compensate for the lack of personal endeavour; and all those springs of motive arising from the association and fellowship of kindred minds were wanting in his case. Often left absolutely alone, he had not even a second with whom to converse on things in common between them, or with whom he might have held godly fellowship, in matters "pertaining to the kingdom of God." Books, papers, and other mental appliances, there were none, but such as he might have carried with him, or that came at long intervals, and in pitiful dribblets. We cannot even imagine the disadvantages of such a position; and the man who is able, under such circumstances, not only to hold his own, but to win for himself an honoured place in the world of letters and in the house of God, is deserving at least of some commendation.

We have already seen that Mr. New was no idler; and his love of order and system stood out pre-eminently in all he did. Almost immediately after his arrival at Ribe he laid down a plan for the better use of his time, and as a guide in the cultivation of his heart and mind. Under date of Nov. 4th, 1863, he writes in his journal:—

"I have at last been able to decide upon working ac-

cording to plan. This has been my object from the first—so convinced have I been that without system nothing can be accomplished. The following plan is not exactly what I should like, but perhaps it is the best under the circumstances that I can adopt :—(1) Rise every morning not later than six o'clock. (2) Occupy the time before breakfast in writing. (3) Devote the whole of the morning, between breakfast and dinner, to the study of the Kiswahili and Kinika languages. (4) Engage myself during the afternoon, till dusk, by doing any gardening, carpentering, etc., which may need to be done ; or in place of this read,—the book always to be worth the attention devoted to it. (5) The evening to be spent in some useful study. What this shall be I cannot at present determine. I have thought of Latin, Greek, or Arabic. I resolve to do something at one or all of them. (6) Get to bed when I am really tired. Never stay up so late as to prevent early rising. (7) In addition to my present devotions—consisting of reading and prayer with Mr. Wakefield morning and evening, and private prayer according to my usual method—I intend to retire to my room, or like Brainerd to the woods, for prayer at noon, and append to my morning and evening exercises a chapter of the Bible, to be read without fail. (8) This diary to be kept regularly every day. I intend this to be strictly private—for no other eye but my own ; and therefore my notes must be made in the most free and unreserved manner, so that I may really see something of my own heart and mind. There must be no shrinking from the performance of this duty. (9) I have made many rules for myself, since I commenced life, that have first been broken, then neglected, then forgotten. I determine, therefore, to be more watchful to guard myself against the temptation to dilatoriness, arising from the oppressiveness of this climate. And as I believe these rules,

are in accordance with the teaching of God's Word, and that my usefulness depends to a great extent upon attention to them, I now present them before God, and ask His grace to enable me to fulfil them."

It will be seen that this plan was drawn up to meet the special circumstances in which he was then placed, and bears directly upon a careful attention to the work he had before him ; while provision was made for his own personal discipline and improvement. It would be too much to say that he was able to pursue his studies in exact conformity with this outline. He was subject to many and painful interruptions, arising from repeated attacks of fever and other diseases—as also from the claims of the Mission, in the way of teaching, building, planting, and a number of miscellaneous matters ; but he never lost sight of the arrangement then made, and struggled constantly to keep his system intact. Now and again he was under the necessity of modifying some parts of it, as new circumstances arose, or of adding to it as the result of further knowledge of himself and his need. Hence he says, in May 1864 :—

" I make the following resolutions for the guidance of my own conduct. The morning must be devoted to languages, etc. Afternoon to labour in the field—having been compelled to break through previous arrangement. From this time forth never joke or play with the Wanika. Never speak to my colleague in any manner which I should be ashamed a lady should hear. Give him the last word in all debates. Yield to him in all matters relating to the work of the station, though I may feel I am right. He is four years older than myself ; and this, for the sake of unity, I must respect. I must have every day a portion of my time devoted to prayer. Never give expression again to irritability of temper in any case. Give over making complaints. Endeavour to get up

to the Psalmist's mark—'I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall be continually in my mouth.' O Lord, help me! Amen."

He endeavoured, throughout the whole of his life in Africa, to maintain a close acquaintance with God. His strivings after inward purity and a holy conformity to the Divine will are seen in every part of his records. Two or three, as illustrative of the whole, may be given. In a letter to his parents he says:—

"Having been preserved in a manner so extraordinary, I have been led to the conviction that God designs me for a lengthened and useful service in His cause; for which, whatever it may be, it is my daily prayer that I may be properly qualified. Give me, my dear parents, an interest in your supplications, resigning me ever to the will of God, to do with me that which is best in His own eyes. I have no anxious desire on my own account—except that of being saved from all sin, and of doing in every respect the will of Him who is my Saviour. Beyond this I have no concern, no desire. I wish to bury everything here. This is the highest, noblest, grandest end of human life. 'Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss that I may win Christ.' This passage from the Apostle Paul is the sublimest expression of devotion to the cause of God and Christ on record, and is the height which I am emulous to gain. At present, alas! I am only panting at the base, but 'my eyes are up unto the hills from whence cometh my help.'"

Among the letters he received from England, was one informing him of the sad defection of a missionary in another field of labour; when he says:—

"What does all this say to me? 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' There goes Charles New but for God's grace. I tremble to think how near the preci-

pice I have sometimes walked. I must have fallen had it not been for God's goodness. I am grateful. 'Hold Thou me up, then I shall be safe.' 'The name of the Lord is a strong tower.' O Lord, save me from bringing a reproach upon the name of Jesus. Sanctify me, body, soul, and spirit."

While thus struggling to maintain a high moral and spiritual life, he was not the less anxious to keep his thoughts abreast of the age, and to maintain and increase his mental stature. The books he had taken with him from England were not very numerous, but they had been well chosen; and he had left a commission with his brother, to purchase and forward any book of intrinsic merit that might be published. Thus, if his library was not large, it was select; and he made his books his familiar friends, and learned much that was valuable from his intercourse with them. He had always a good book by his side, which he read with care and thought, and seldom failed to make himself master of its contents. It will be unnecessary to give a list of those we find recorded in his journal as having been carefully read. They include a fair sample of all our great standard writers in theology, history, biography, and poetry; so that on his return to England, after an absence of nearly ten years, he was familiar with the chief lines of thought prevalent in all well-informed circles, and was able to take his place with credit to himself and the community he represented. We present a few specimens, out of many, of his thoughts on men and books, which will at least serve to show how far he possessed the critical faculty, and how his reading had contributed to the enlargement of his mind.

In one place he says:—

"I have read a little of Carlyle to-day, on 'Characteristics.' Strange man! He has his say,—and a strange say it is at

times ! His mind seems full, even overflowing with thought, big and little, clear and abstruse, profound and superficial. But why he should dress them all up in the same garb,—so rich, so large, yet so grotesque,—I cannot imagine. Is it affectation ? No, the man's earnestness forbids this thought ; besides, he is too wise to be affected. It is the little and the foolish who are affected ; and Carlyle is neither little nor foolish. A man of his talents, to be affected, would be a fool. I have seen somewhere that he attributes the peculiarities of his style to translating German authors into English ; that by adapting himself to their peculiarities of style and phraseology, he formed a habit of his own, of which he has never been able thoroughly to rid himself. Then he had better let translating alone. Carlyle writes an English of his own ; he is welcome to it, but I had rather meet him in the common tongue. He has a wonderful intellect, I admit ; but it is not the more wonderful because it exhibits itself in such a fantastical shape. He is full of poetry, though he writes rugged prose. His poetry is not that of the gigantic river, flowing majestically, but smoothly, through the plain ; it is of that original kind that bursts its way through the mountain side, tumbles down headlong in torrents, over massive rocks, plunging, dashing, frothing, with an energy almost mad ; sometimes rushing over precipices in tremendous falls, that roar out wondrous music and burst into clouds of beauteous spray. Here and there are cascades of less magnitude, and of a somewhat more refined, and, I had almost said, artificial type ; but his music is generally of the original, rough, grand kind ; and such is its power that it carries all before it. He seems to be a Scotch chief to the backbone ; but whether Scotch or no, he certainly is a chief."

The following are his thoughts on reading Sir Samuel Baker's book on the " Albert Nyanza,"—a subject in which

he took deep interest, and which he could better appreciate than many, from his knowledge of the country and its people, and some of the peculiar difficulties that lay in the path of the discoverer :—

“I have got through Baker’s ‘Nyanza,’ both volumes. This is an extraordinary book—the best book of the kind that I know. Krapf, Burton, and even Livingstone, are eclipsed. I don’t know when I read a book with so much interest. I do not mean that the achievement, as such, is greater, or even as great as those of some other travellers—Livingstone especially; but the book, as regards its literary merit, I consider second to none of the kind. It enchants me! As a traveller he did wonders; as a writer he has excelled himself. The book contains less of science, etc., than some other works of the same nature; but to me this appears one of its chief advantages. Baker went in search of the Lula Uzige, and he confines himself to the work of showing how he found it. He shows you the route, and keeps you in it. Some other travellers seem as though they were bound to prove that they are not only travellers, but men of universal acquirements; that they are equally clever as geologists, meteorologists, botanists, ethnologists, etc., as tramps. No one likes to be considered a mere tramp! Even Baker must be a sportsman! To be sure, a traveller ought not to be a ninny; but he certainly should not make himself one by mere display. A traveller ought to know not a little, or else how should he give an account of himself? But, as it seems to me, his facts are to be preferred to his philosophy. Facts are facts, but philosophy differs with its teachers. Therefore Baker has done well in adhering, as he has done, to the relation of what his eyes saw and his ears heard. What he does say, however, beyond this, is by no means to be despised. I do not approve of all he says; but even here I cannot but

admire the *manner* in which he says it. He pleads for the need of commerce prior to the Gospel. He says the people must be taught to *want*; and therefore recommends, first of all, commerce—recommends it as the great means of creating the *desired want*. Now, it seems to me that commerce depends upon wants already created. What has commerce to thrive upon but the wants of mankind? And what are these wants? Wants which commerce herself does not create, I think, except indeed in a secondary degree. What is commerce? A display of fine things to catch the mind and heart. But does it belong to the nature of such a display to create a want for them? I think not, except to a very limited degree. Look at the Wanika! They have seen for ages all that the more civilized people of the Coast have; yet their wants remain the same: *a dirty cloth, and a few beads*. They do not care a fig for the gaudy dresses of their Kisuahili neighbours. The Wanika think their present toilette perfection itself. Their twisted locks, coloured with red earth and soaked in grease, looking like a mop placed upside down, to drip, they think immensely superior to the grand turbans of the Wasuahili and Arabs—not to say anything of the silk ‘chimney-pot’ of the European. None of these things affect them; they tenaciously and from choice hold their own. Commerce has been brought to bear upon them, and it is a dead failure. On the other hand, teach them to become Christians—that is, teach them their dignity, their duty, their interest—and they begin to *want* at once. They throw aside their dirty rags, and begin to make an effort for better clothes, better homes, better everything. This is not a matter of experiment; it is a fact. At this moment I have it all before my eyes. It will not admit of appeal; it is settled, and cannot be denied. They who would do so must be wilfully obstinate. Christianity dependent upon commerce! Absurd!

Where is it so? Commerce does nothing for Christianity, though the latter does everything for it. After commerce has done its best, the human heart, in relation to Christianity, is just where it was before. So far are the missionaries in India from thinking the civilized condition of the people there is favourable to a reception of the Gospel, they assert that it is largely prejudicial to it; that it is so, too, in the proportion that the prejudices of civilization are stronger than those of barbarism. Has India no commerce? Has China no commerce? Yet are these peoples Christian? Nay,—are they, in consequence of the commerce which exists among them, even more susceptible of Christian influence? A celebrated missionary said to me, when I left Bombay for East Africa, ‘In consequence of the very barbarism of the people to whom you are going, you will find less difficulty, less prejudice against you, than we have here.’ This shows how the people in India estimate the advantage of the civilization and commerce they have among them. I believe myself that the human heart is the same all the world over, and that with barbarism and civilization the work of the Gospel is the same. It is to make a clean thing out of an unclean; in short, to bring to life the dead. It is not true that when civilization and commerce steps in the unclean is partially cleansed, or the dead begin to show even the feeblest indication of life. Christianity finds all peoples in the same condition, and its work with each is principally the same.”

These criticisms and views must stand on their own merits. They might have been considerably extended; but these are presented to show the mental growth and standpoint of Mr. New. Whatever may be our own opinion on the matters in question, these were his—which he was not only able to state with clearness and ability, but would doubtless have been able to defend with the same readiness and force.

CHAPTER XII.

INTERCOURSE WITH HOME AND FRIENDS.

WE may fitly pause here a little, in the course of our narrative, and turn our attention for a moment homewards, and try to estimate the heart-yearnings of the missionary on a foreign shore, as he thinks of friends and home, and receives tidings of joy and sorrow, of births, marriages, and deaths, and a hundred other matters of family interest, in which he can take but little part, either in the way of sympathy or help. It will be difficult to understand the loneliness and sense of desertion that again and again will visit the hearts of those thus situated. A letter, a paper, the merest scrap of news, is devoured with greediness; and delay in postal arrangements is almost regarded as a personal grievance. Need we be surprised that heart-sickness and depression of mind, accompanied sometimes with a degree of irritability of temper, should overtake them, and that in their state of isolation they should almost think, at times, they are forsaken of God and man?

To Mr. New this was often a painful experience. With his earnest, loving, sympathizing nature, news from home was longed for and desired with an intensity that such natures only can feel. Home was to him the dearest and most sacred spot of earth; and parents and family lived in his heart as the most cherished objects of his affection. His letters are brimful of duty and of love; and he seems, at times, to pour it forth with a lavishness that almost threatens exhaustion, were it not that the supply is as deep and full

as his own nature. How he longs for letters!—when they come, how he devours them, how he lingers over every word, scrutinises every fact, balances every probability, and longs for more! Then his replies—how full, discriminating, faithful, kind, loving, to the last degree! His letters to his parents are models of filial duty, reverence, and love. To his brothers and sisters he writes as a father, for sageness of counsel, faithfulness of reproof, and interest in all that concerns them. The little ones are never forgotten; and we can well imagine the letters of “Uncle Charles” are held as precious treasures, and hoarded with all a miser’s care.

He had a true conception of the kind of letter to interest one in his position; and hence, writing to his sister, he says:—

“You say you like to condense what you have to tell. This may be very well at times; but in letters I like a little amplification. Telegraphic messages *must* be brief: but why such brevity in letters? In the letters of my friends I don’t want essays, sermons, dogmas, articles, proverbs, aphorisms: I want gossip—yes, gossip. I mean what I say. But I don’t want slander, backbiting, or evil-speaking. The gossip I want is what may be termed kind, good-natured, merry, or sober (according to the vein) chaffing; and this about everybody and everything. There can be no harm in this; nay, nothing will interest like it. I cannot write in this way, because I have no one, nor anything but myself, to write about. My letters, therefore, must necessarily be dull. But you ought to be full of matter.”

One marked feature in his correspondence with home was the care he took always to write to his parents. Whoever might be neglected, a line or two must be written to father and mother; and all bore the same impress of filial duty and

love. Under date of April 10th, 1865, after giving an account of the state of his own health, he says :—

“I should very much like to know how *you* are, my dear parents ; so that I might either express to you my gratification and pleasure on your account, or tender you my filial condolment and sympathy. As it is, I know not which to do. It will hardly be necessary for me to assure you of my continued dutifulness and love. Though I have been so long separated from you, and have wandered, so to speak, to the very ends of the earth, I do not remember the time, nor can I think of a spot, when and whither a sense of my obligation to you, reverence for your parental authority, and love for your memories, have not been vividly before my mind and felt deeply planted within my heart. To you I owe my existence ; to your training whatever of sound moral principle may have taken root within me ; to your influence I am indebted for my Christian character, experience, hope, and ministerial position ; to you, under God, I owe my everything, —my all. Who then has so much reason to cherish all dutiful regard and profoundest love for his parents, as your far-away and unworthy son Charles ? I do not, cannot forget you. Your sorrows must ever be my sorrows, and your joys my joys ; to hear, therefore, that you are sad and full of grief is to make me the same ; but to be informed that your sun of prosperity is shining, is to give me a clear and cloudless sky. May God bless you, mother ! may God bless you, father !—‘ fill your barns with plenty,’ and make your ‘ path drop fatness.’ May ‘ the joy of the Lord be your strength,’ and His fulness your everlasting portion ! Oh, if my wishes, my prayers, my abilities were equal to your wants, you should have them all. But you shall as it is. This is a poor offering : but never mind ; think of Jesus. All in Him is yours. ‘ All things are yours ’ if ye are Christ’s, for ‘ Christ is God’s.’”

Towards his brothers and sisters he showed no stint of affection ; and in this particular his letters have but one form, —a thoughtful, loving concern for their welfare, body and soul, and an interest in everything that affected them, in however remote a degree. He wrote to them in all the confidence of fraternal love, and discussed family matters with them as one of the circle. Their joys were his ; and in all their sorrows and reverses he bore a part, and claimed to take a share in every enterprise, and to lift in every burden. To his youngest brother, in whom he seemed to feel a special interest, he wrote on almost every subject that concerned him in the present, or might affect him in the future ; while the advice he tendered was full of judicious, practical, and godly wisdom. Learning that he was thinking of entering the ministry, and had already begun to exercise himself a little in preaching, he offers some advice that we are sure will find an echo among many of our readers ; though we are not able to say how far Mr. New was in practical harmony with his own views.

“I have one more piece of advice to give you before I close. Don't preach long. Half an hour is quite long enough. Study a sermon of this length well. I beg you not to squander your capital, or by-and-by I shall hear you are bankrupt. If you have ever so much on hand, be sparing, lay it by : you will want it all some day. While it is lying in the bank you will get the interest. Long sermons, except on extraordinary occasions, are an abomination ! It is excusable in a beginner, because he is not aware of the flight of time when he is pouring forth his eloquence, and because he is so interested in his own talk he is inclined to think that everybody else will be. Try to time yourself. You will soon get used to this. But, my dear brother, whatever you do, aim at the salvation of souls. Be satisfied with nothing less.”

In another letter he says :—

“I am sorry to hear you say you have no books ; I thought I left a good number at home, though I cannot say what they were. ‘Angus’s Bible Hand-book’ is a good thing. Study it well. The Bible, however, is the most important book in the world. Pore over it ; devour it. The study of the Bible I believe to be essentially elevating and expanding. Of course its words are spirit and life to the soul ; but in addition it contains, in a literary point of view, some of the purest *prose* in the English language ; while its *poetry* is the finest in the world ; its philosophy the profoundest ; and its ethics absolutely perfect, because Divine. As to other books, of a generally instructive and scientific character, you might read ‘Joyce’s Scientific Dialogues’ with advantage, and take in at the same time ‘Cassell’s Popular Educator’ or ‘Chambers’ Journal.’ The two last are good productions. Some of the best writers in the kingdom write for them. As to historical works, if you could pick up ‘Rollin’s Ancient History,’ and ‘Mosheim’s Ecclesiastical History,’ and ‘Josephus’s Antiquity of the Jews,’ buy and read them. ‘Macaulay’s History of England’ is dear ; but save your pence and buy it. It is the great work now ; it stands before all others.”

Mr. New’s mind was eminently practical, and looked through the mere outside and fashion of things, and was more ready to deal with realities than appearances. Hence he says, in writing to his brothers and urging them to a laudable industry :—

“I am delighted with ——’s fresh start, and I hope he will now go ahead, and at least keep pace with these stirring times. You must also be looking out for yourselves. You have now fairly gained man’s estate, and the world is before you. I do not wish to see either of you *money lovers*, but I

shall be pleased to see you both *money getters*. If you have it, you have the means of doing a vast amount of good ; and there is no reason in the world why you should not have this pleasure as well as other people. If I were not in the ministry I should resolve to make money. I believe it to be the duty of every man to do so, who does not occupy a position in the priesthood. It is not money, but the love of it, that is the root of so much evil. Money may be, and really is, a mighty instrument for good. Indeed, very little can be done without it in the present economy of things. Hospitals, schools, Bible societies, missionary societies, etc., are all supported by money. Now, why should you not do something in this way as well as others ? Some people say, ‘ So long as I can get enough to pass through life comfortably, I am content.’ That is to say, If I can feed myself well, and clothe myself, I don’t care. Can anything be more mean and despicable ! What ! is this what we are sent into the world for ? No ; the sublimest thing in life is to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked. If you come into the ministry, you of course give up all hope of making a fortune ; but while you are in the world—I mean the business world—you should aim at nothing less ; and the larger the better. ‘ Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.’ It is said that riches steal away the heart from God, involve a multitude of cares, and render spiritual progress difficult. This is quite true where men love riches for their own sake ; but the true Christian does not do this. He holds all he has as a talent from God. If God make him rich he is thankful ; if God make him poor he is content.”

Mr. New never married ; but there were few men who had a higher appreciation of that state than he had ; and more than once, in writing to the young folks at home, he gives wise and grave counsel on this matter. Thus he writes :—

“Keep your eyes open regarding marriage. Don’t be hasty; but be sure you are not too late. I wish I had been married ten years ago. Civilized peoples, and we English especially, are monstrously unnatural with regard to the time of marriage. This arises from absurd notions regarding the expenses of housekeeping, etc.; and from a feeling, which is general, that unless a man is fairly astart in the world a wife would be a hindrance to him. Hence wives and children have come to be called *incumbrances*. There is one thing to be said, however—that life in England has become so artificial, and its expenses so great, that if a man has not sufficient courage to take his own course, and to swim against the stream, I do not wonder at his shuddering at the matrimonial prospects before him. Earlier marriages, however, would be far better for society generally. There would be many blunders made, of course: but are there no blunders made now? I believe that early marriages would turn out far happier than late ones. But this is a wide subject, and I must be brief. These may seem strange things for a bachelor to write about, but they are none the less true. But my heart is no bachelor. I don’t choose bachelorship; I am one, I hope, for “the kingdom of God’s sake.” Providence has placed me where marrying is impracticable. As a married man I believe I should be thrice the being I am now.”

But now and again there came tidings over the sea that almost broke his heart. During his stay in Africa he lost two sisters and a brother by death,—to all of whom he was tenderly attached. In reply to the sad intelligence of the death of a beloved sister, he thus pours forth the full tide of his feelings, and writes like one in agony as he bewails his own personal loss:—

“Yours of October 10th was a sad note indeed. Poor

dear, dear, Lilly! My heart bleeds at the sad, sad news! Poor dear girl! I have not been good for anything since the news reached me. I have been very sad because the dear child sent me no message. Oh, if she had only said, 'Tell Charlie I thought of him as I passed away,' my heart would have felt great relief! But the dear sufferer had something better, I am sure, to occupy her thoughts. It is well. I daresay she thinks of me now. She is in the land of the blessed. She has gone to Joe. A brother and a sister in heaven! When shall we get there? My heart sickens at the thought of the distance I feel myself to be from the place of their habitation. This will be a sad Christmas to me. It never entered my mind that I should not see Lilly again. Despite her frailty, her constitutional weakness, I had never entertained the idea that she would die yet. How far away she seems to be from me now! I was only in Africa before, and she at home. Three months—and I thought I should, or could, if God so pleased it, be at her side. Now I shall travel three months, and when I ought to look upon her face, and hug her to my heart, I shall find all the distance there is between us. I came to Africa; but she has gone a journey indeed—a journey from which she shall never, never return. When Mr. Wakefield came, he brought me that family box, which I believe was packed up at brother Arthur's place, (God bless and comfort him!) and which I found contained jams and a Christmas pudding from the dear child now in heaven. The jams have been opened, but the Christmas pudding was put aside for the coming Christmas Day. I cannot tell you how I feel when I look at it. I was looking upon it, before your letter came, as a something that should, by associating me with her, and with you all, make me enjoy the Christmas Day of 1870 as I have never enjoyed Christmas Day since I left home, and perhaps

as I never enjoyed it before. All this is over : and how can I look upon the token of the dear girl's love without having my heart filled with grief ! But enough. I do not intend to say much now. Let me weep with you all ; not that my tears can help you, for my eyes are dry, and to-day my heart feels unusually callous—yet it weeps drops of blood ! I remember the poor dear child as she was a child. I can see her now taking the nauseous draught of ipecacuanha wine. I am with her at the fender again, building houses of bundle wood. I am with her again when she falls down time after time, and at last, as I pick her up, I tell her she is 'drunk.' Then mother's attention is called to her ; the child is in the mother's arms ; the mother weeps, for the child is in convulsions. I remember it all ! I remember it all ! I remember when she was born—young as, of course, I was. I remember the nurse and the doctor in the lone house in Farm Lane ; and I remember being told, in the passage from the front door, that the doctor had brought a little baby ; and I believed it with all my heart. And now she is no more ! Yesterday, as it seems to me, I was told that story in the passage ; and now to-day I am told that God has taken the baby to the skies. Oh, what poor things we are ! Truly like the grass. However, consolation is in the Gospel of Christ. Lilly was one of Christ's redeemed and saved ones. Dead, and yet she lives. This is not supposition ; it is a fact. Blessed be God ! God help us all to realize it ! ”

Scarcely had the wound healed, when it was opened afresh by the news of a dear and valued brother's death—the youngest and best beloved. Writing, he says :—

“ Your note, containing the heavy tidings of dear Sam's death, I found awaiting me upon my return to Ribe from my journey to Teita and Chaga. It was a very heavy blow for me to bear ; but I am dumb, for it is God's doings. Two

or three years ago I looked forward to my return home with feelings of exultancy ; now all the prospect has clouded over, almost as black as night, with scarcely more than one streak of light to cheer me and show me the way. Sam's death comes very near to me. He and I were companions from the cradle, just as you and Joe were. I knew more of him than I knew of any of you. You big boys left me to myself ; but Sam was always with me. He was my mate, as well as brother. And, being younger than myself, he became a sort of *protégé*, whom I had to help, back, protect, fight for, and when he was cross and awkward, as I was bad enough to think he was at times, endure. Now the dear boy is no more. God help me ! I feel alone as I never felt before. The thunderbolt strikes and the lightning scathes all but me. Ah ! but I feel myself especially scathed in being under these circumstances left unscathed ! But I deserve it all. God is good. It is all for the best. I know this, if I cannot feel it. God give me the heart to feel as well as the understanding to know ! God bless you, brother William, for your attention to Sam on his death-bed ! You did the work of us both."

From these letters we may form some faint conception of the terrible blow under which he reeled and staggered, and the effects of which he felt for many a day. But the best solace Mr. New found was in the work God had given him to do ; and from all his sorrows and trials in life he turned to this as the true relief, and in the earnest discharge of duty he gained the strength and comfort which he so much needed.

Before we turn from these home scenes, with their lights and shades, let us catch a glimpse of the manner in which he dealt with the "little ones." His love of children was a marked feature in his character ; and into whatever house he entered, where "little ones" dwelt, he was not long in

finding a way to their confidence and love. A romp with the young folk, from baby upwards, was to him a rich treat, and not less so to them; so that his coming was always hailed with a burst of delight. The following letter was written to his little niece, and is a model of naturalness, simplicity, and love. Who could have written it, but one who felt all the sweetness and freshness of a childlike nature, and could pour forth, out of his own guileless heart, counsels so adapted to interest a child?

“I was very glad to receive your little note. It was brought to me on the 26th of June. What a long way it had come! Only think! From London it was first taken to Dover. From Dover it was then carried across the water, called the “Straits of Dover,” into France. It then came right across France, and was put into a large ship at Marseilles. That ship brought it over the great, or Mediterranean Sea, to Alexandria, in the wonderful land of Egypt. This is the country, you know, in which Pharaoh lived, and into which Joseph was brought by the Ishmaelites, and sold to Potiphar, the captain of Pharaoh’s guard. This is the country in which the Israelites had to make bricks without straw, and through which the river Nile flows, upon which Moses was put when a baby, in an ark of bulrushes. This is the country in which God did all those wonderful miracles that you have read of in the Bible—where He turned all the water into blood, caused frogs, locusts, and flies, and other things, to come up and punish the wicked people; and where, last of all, the angel of the Lord slew all the firstborn, both of man and beast. Well, your letter came through this land. After it left Alexandria it came to Cairo—which you must sound as though it were written ‘Kyro.’ From Cairo it crossed a large sandy desert, to Suez; and here it was put upon another great ship, to be taken down the Red Sea.

This is the sea, you know, which God divided on behalf of His people—making a street in the midst of it, the waters standing a wall on the right hand and a wall on the left. Now, your letter came over that very spot. Leaving the Red Sea, it then came into the Indian Ocean, and found its way to the Seychelles—which you must speak as though it were written ‘Sea Shells.’ The Seychelles is a group of very pretty islands, situated in the midst of the Indian Ocean, which you may easily find by looking at your map. I hope my dear little niece will understand me. From Seychelles your note came to Zanzibar, from Zanzibar to Mombasa, and from Mombasa to Ribe, where I am living. I am afraid you will not be able, just yet, to understand all this; but you will by-and-by. Your father and mother, or your uncle Sam and aunt Eliza, will help you if you ask them. So much, my dear Polly, for the very long way which your note has come. Is it not wonderful! Yes, you will say. Well then, all this long journey your uncle Charles has travelled; but he does not forget you, and he now writes to tell you and Charlotte how much he loves you, and desires to see you grow up to be good and clever women. You know why I have come to this country, so far away from home. It is, my dear children, that I may teach the poor naked, black children, who live here, to love the Lord Jesus Christ, who said, ‘Suffer little children to come unto me.’ I need not tell you, therefore, that it is my very great desire my dear nieces should, above all things, love and serve Jesus. Next to your father and mother, there is no one who will rejoice more to see you striving to become good than your uncle Charles. I do hope that, whoever else may be naughty, you will strive to be obedient to your parents, and that you will never do anything to grieve them. Try to think that there is no one in the world who can love you as your parents do,

except it be Jesus Himself. Always remember, therefore, that they will never tell you to do anything which you ought not to do. Some children have wicked parents ; but yours are not so. They love Jesus, and will never tell you to do what is wrong. They will never tell you to do anything, or forbid you to do anything, which is not for your benefit. On this account, my dear children, do everything that your parents bid you, and never do that which they tell you not to do. Never pout, and say, ‘ Oh, I don’t like it.’ Never be cross and sulky because you cannot have your own way. This is how ignorant and foolish children act. You must do better. You will not be able to do this unless you pray every day that God would fill your hearts with love. You must first love, above all others, Jesus Christ. Next you must love your parents. Next your brothers and sisters : but it is also your duty to love everybody. If my dear little nieces do this, then everybody will love them. A great and good man, Dr. Doddridge, had a sweet little girl whom everybody loved. One day her father said to her, ‘ How is it, my dear child, that everybody loves you so much ? ’ To this she answered, ‘ I cannot tell, unless it be that I love everybody.’ Ah ! this was it ; and I am very wishful that my nieces should follow the example of this dear child. Above all things, Polly, (and tell Charlotte the same,) never quarrel with any other children. I will not say, Do not quarrel with each other, for I hope my nieces never do this. If others speak crossly, unkindly, or even strike you, never return word for word or blow for blow. Try to speak kindly to such ; but if you cannot do this, or it appears to be of no use, quietly leave them. If you do this I cannot tell you how much I shall love you. Your parents will love you, if they can, much more than they would if you behave otherwise ; but above all, oh how Jesus will love you ! I cannot

tell you how much love I shall feel for you ; but Jesus will love you ten thousand times more. Every morning, when you wake, say, ‘ O Lord Jesus ! help me to love everybody to-day, but help me to love Thee more than all.’ In the day-time, when you feel your little heart growing angry, run away in a moment, and kneel down somewhere, and say, ‘ O Lord Jesus ! fill my heart with Thy love.’ If you do this, Jesus will hear you. Jesus will help you ; and when you say at night, ‘ O Lord ! guard me while I sleep,’ Jesus will come with His holy angels and watch around your bed.”

CHAPTER XIII.

PLANS TO EXTEND THE MISSION—VISITS OTHER PLACES.

MR. NEW had not been long at Ribe before he began to feel doubts as to the wisdom which had suggested this location for missionary enterprise. The tribe selected was one of the least—if not actually the least—in numbers among the tribes of the Wanika. No sooner were the missionaries prepared to enter on their special work, than they found themselves surrounded by “wilderness” indeed, and had great difficulty in finding people to whom they could speak the “words of this life.” With a zeal and devotedness that have seldom been equalled, and perhaps never surpassed, they itinerated through the whole country, week by week, in the midst of heat and storm, for three or four years, and passed from hut to hut in their endeavours to carry the glad tidings of the Gospel to the people. The few they met were indifferent to the message, and treated it with neglect or scorn: but this fact, though painful and discouraging, was not the reason that led them to question the propriety of attempting to found a Mission in this place. It was principally the sparseness of the population, and consequently the fact that people could not be found to whom the Gospel could be proclaimed. The Committee at home largely sympathised with these views, and was prepared to turn aside and enter any other open door in the country.

In the early part of 1865, Mr. New and Mr Wakefield paid a visit to the northern parts of the Wanika land, and had interviews with the elders of Kambe, Jibana, Jogni, and

Kauma, with the hope of being able to found a settlement among one of these tribes. However, after many conversations with them, and careful inquiry among their neighbours, Mr. New thus reports the result :—

“Our chief object in taking this journey was to ascertain if there was no other spot among the Wanika more eligible for a Mission than Ribe. It was thought probable that Kauma might present greater advantages. A second object was to gather information concerning the Gallas. With regard to both these particulars I may say that we have met with nothing which may be considered flattering, or even promising.”

Disappointed in their expectations of an opening in this direction, Mr. Wakefield now undertook his first journey to the Gallas—an account of which has been published ; and though he did a great work in opening a way into their country, yet the result was not such as to encourage the attempt to found a Mission among them at that time.

At this juncture we find the following entry in Mr. New's journal :—

“Held a long talk with Mr. Rebman about missionary work in this part of Africa. He told me Bishop Tozer had written to him and suggested that we should divide the country between us, as follows : First, that his own party should work from Zanzibar into the interior—embracing that tract of country which lies between the Usambara territory and the regions of Lake Nyassa ; secondly, that the Church Missionary Society should hold their own in the Wanika country, and extend themselves into Ukambani, Uteita, etc. ; and thirdly, that we should direct our attention to the Gallas and all the peoples about them. There is something in this division which commends itself to my judgment ; only, unfortunately, I do not think the Gallas are open to us. Well,

what are we to do? Why, we must do our best, and trust in God."

The result was a resolution to leave Ribe at the first favourable opportunity, and seek an entrance, if possible, among the Gallas or neighbouring peoples. To this end they undertook a further journey to the north, and visited Lamu, Patte, Malinde, etc., for the purpose of finding the most eligible place for the basis of a Mission to the Gallas. This journey was most interesting, in relation to the knowledge gained of the people among whom they were thrown, and gave them a large insight into the life and condition of the inhabitants of these coast towns. Still, before deciding on any definite plan of action, they resolved to make another attempt to enter among the Gallas, and ascertain, if possible, the practicability of a Mission in their midst. This journey has been described at length by Mr. New in the book he published, entitled "*Life, Wanderings, and Labours in Eastern Africa*," to which we refer the reader for a detailed account of its character and issues. As the practical outcome of this last visit, Mr. Wakefield and Mr. New resolved to leave Ribe, take up their residence at Lamu, learn the Galla language, and wait for a favourable opening into the country. This was the plan agreed upon; and in the meantime negotiations were opened with the Church Missionary Society for their occupancy of the Station at Ribe.

It was just at this period Mr. Wakefield was invited to return to England, and Mr. New was left to prosecute the work at Ribe, or leave for Lamu, as circumstances might suggest. However, "man proposes and God disposes,"—for delays were followed by signs of awakening among the people at the Station, and Mr. New soon found a great and effectual door of usefulness opened among those for whom they had done and suffered so much. He now resolved to stay and

cultivate the field in which so large an amount of precious seed had been sown, and to labour for the harvest which he saw nigh at hand.

After the return of Mr. Wakefield from England Mr. New began to cherish the hope of visiting the regions to the west—such as Teita, Chaga, etc. He had long felt a strong wish to undertake this journey; and as it seemed desirable the Missionary Committee at home should know a little more of the people to the west of the present Station, he was encouraged to do so, and began to make preparations for it. He sought the protection of the Sultan, as he had done on previous occasions; and we learn from a letter from Dr. Kirk, the British Consul at Zanzibar, that he received such a document, though we have not been able to find it among his papers. We have, however, the one he received from the present Sultan's predecessor, Majid bin Saeed, which reads thus:—

“From Majid bin Saeed to all whom it may concern.

“This is our friend, the honoured Mr. New.

“You will give him perfect liberty, help, welcome, advice, and protection.

“Let no one interfere with him.

“25 August, 1866.”

The document is then signed, sealed, and delivered.

It is clear this journey had been long in his heart and in his mind; for in a letter under date May 28th, 1869, he says:—

“I am very busy. The Mission is looking up. I have got a nice little school of Wanika and Galla—pure heathen, indeed, downright savages. They are doing well. I hope, when my colleague returns from England, to pay a visit to the interior, some two or three hundred miles, to Chaga, with a view of establishing a Mission in that country. After

my return from Chaga I shall probably return to England ; and when I go back to Africa go to Chaga, and establish a permanent residence there. These are my plans ; but they may be thwarted."

Writing to his parents on the eve of his departure, he says :—

"I write to tell you that I am this day about to commence a journey some distance into the interior of this country—to a place called Chaga. It is from ten to thirteen days' march from this ; but as I shall stay on the way at Teita, to procure provisions, etc., I do not expect to reach Chaga in less than fifteen days. When there I shall, if I can, stay some time, collecting information and learning the language of the people ; but I expect to return to Ribe, at the latest, in January 1872, when, of course, I shall write at once to you. If I do not write before this, you must not be surprised. My little caravan consists of about eighteen people, mostly of the Kinika tribe. They carry the goods I am taking into the country—each one being paid ten dollars for the journey. If I could afford it, I could take hundreds of people with me ; for there is a perfect rage to go with the white man to Chaga. The men I am taking are all well known to me, and are very civil folk. Some of them are Christians, our converts. I expect to make a pleasant and useful journey, with the account of which I may be hereafter able to interest you. I shall see a great deal that is new, and I daresay strange. I start full of confidence in the providence of God, which has been over me in so remarkable a manner from the very cradle. When I return from Chaga I expect I shall leave Africa for England. Your prayers, I know, follow me wherever I go ; God hears and will answer them. It may not be that the answer will come in the manner you expect ; but in the end it will be to your satisfaction. My dear

parents, God bless you ! Rest beneath the shadow of His wings, and leave me entirely in His hands, to do with me as He deems best. Good-bye for a few months. Then I shall write you again ; and after that, I hope, see you in the flesh."

We cannot here pursue the details of this remarkable journey, with its wonderful adventures, discoveries, and valuable scientific results ; as the whole is found in the book to which we have before referred, and will well repay perusal ; but the following letter, written to his brother immediately on his return to Ribe, will sketch, in brief outline, the journey and its results. He says :—

"A word or two about the journey to Chaga. It has been to me a very pleasant and interesting tour. I hope, too, I have done a little for the cause of God. God favoured me with His aid and presence in a most wonderful way—leading me as if it were by the right hand, conducting me through all difficulties, embarrassments, and dangers, and under all circumstances keeping my mind in great calmness and peace.

"My journey has been a success beyond all that I could have anticipated. I was everywhere received with great respect and kindness. My way out took me by Kisigau, Matate, the lake Jipe, and Taveta, to Moche, in the heart of Chaga. The 'Mange' of Moche, who is a very remarkable man—on the one hand being a great savage, and on the other wonderfully civilized—received me with great cordiality, and treated me, during my month's stay with him, with the utmost deference and consideration.

"While at Moche I was enabled, by Mandara's assistance, to accomplish a feat of considerable interest—*viz.*, the climbing of the mountain Kilima Njaro, up to the limit of the snow which crowns its head ; thereby proving to the world,

what it has hitherto questioned, that there is a snow-mountain—a perpetual snow-mountain—in this part of the world. The Baron Von der Decken, a German prince, made the attempt of ascending this mountain, but failed, and this on two occasions. I made two attempts; the second, as I have described, being a success. Fancy my having experienced a white frost, and having stood at the lower limit of perpetual *snow in Africa!* This, too, after having been a stranger to any temperature lower than summer heat for nearly nine years. It was delightful! In climbing Kilima Njaro I passed, in three days, climates to be found between the equator and the poles. Kilima Njaro is the highest mountain in the world, after the highest peaks of the Himalayas. Kilima Njaro is one of the wonders of the world! Pardon my being a little elated that I should have been the first to have climbed its heights.

“In Chaga I also made a little discovery, of one of the most curious little lakes in the world. It is at the base of Kilima Njaro, and is called by the Chagas ‘Chala.’ It lies within a circular ridge of hills, below the top of the ridge from two to three hundred feet; the fall being in very steep inclinations and abrupt precipices. No human being was ever known to have descended to the water. It is considered to be the abode of strange beings, who live in caves below the water—the lowing of whose cattle, the crowing of whose cocks, together with the sounds of pounding and grinding, was said to be constantly heard by those who approached the lake near enough. I succeeded with some difficulty in descending the bank to the water; which I found to be deliciously sweet. The lake is, perhaps, four or five miles in circumference: a pretty little romantic spot, just fit for the abode of ‘water nymphs’ and ‘fairies.’ At present, however, its only occupants seem to be monkeys and apes.

“On my way back from Chaga, I visited Marango, Mambu, Msai, Jasimba, Mkulia ; whence I proceeded, *viâ* my little lake ‘Chala,’ to Taveta again. From Taveta I cut the wilderness to a water spring, Lanjora ; and from thence to the mountains of Bura. Kikumbulu and Ongolia were both seen on the left of this route. From Bura, leaving Mbololo on my left, to the north, I proceeded to the Mount Ndara. Bura, Mbololo, Ndara, and Kisigau, are mountains occupied by the people called Wateita. If they had been bred of the wild goat, these people could not have taken more naturally to rugged rocks, crags, and caves. They are a miserable race, though they do not think so. From Ndara I cut the wilderness again *viâ* Bochuma, on the Galla border, to Silaloni, in the country of the Walangulo. From Silaloni I passed through the Geriama country to Ribe.

“Twice we had to hew our way through dense woods, and twice we were in danger of exhaustion from thirst. I proved to be the strongest of the party, despite the evil effect my long residence in Africa has had upon my general health. We met with all kinds of wild animals, and were indebted to them often for the broad clean paths we so often pursued. The elephant and rhinoceros are splendid path-makers. Antelopes of every kind scampered away from us on all sides. The zebra, giraffe, and ostrich are seen in great numbers. Rhinoceroses are met with every now and then : I passed close to the noses of a couple without seeing them. The men who followed me told me of the danger in which I stood ; for, as they approached the animals, they saw the latter turn and trot away from the very edge of the path down which I had just passed. I was deeply absorbed in thought, so did not see them, or at least notice them. We found Jipe alive with hippopotami—the snorting of those animals, as they rose to the surface of the lake, being almost incessant.

“The wilderness between Bura and Taveta is infested with lions; but they did not trouble us. We only heard their distant growl. The roar of the lion is a fiction. As we lay down for a nap, in the middle of a night march through the wilderness, between Bura and Ndara, we were in some danger from lions; but nothing happened beyond an alarm. All the men were asleep, unprotected by any fence. I woke up very cold. Instantly a tremendous growl startled me; then a second. All the men sprang to their feet and ran to trees. I and my man Friday, Tofiki, grasped our guns. But the next growl was farther off, and the next farther still; so the matter ended. In one place a hyena started from a thicket close to my feet, and bolted before me with its tail between its legs, like a frightened cur. At Taveta, either a leopard or a hyena leapt almost into our very midst, as I and several men were talking at the camp-fires. Such helter-skelter! But no harm was done. On Kilima Njaro my Chaga men captured a Kirua woman, and would have either killed or enslaved her had I not interposed. But I insisted upon her instant liberation; and the poor woman was allowed, in deference to me, to take her way home to her husband and family. So I did some good, unworthy though I be.”

Mr. New also made a valuable collection of plants during his stay in Chaga; and though many of them came to grief, some were fortunately preserved, and were sent to the Royal Gardens, Kew; and are thus referred to in the report of 1872: “Among the more valuable presentations are the Rev. C. New’s plants, collected on the Alpine zone of Kilima Njaro, the only hitherto visited snow-clad mountain in equatorial Africa; which possess remarkable interest, as the flora of the Alpine zone of Africa was previously wholly unknown.”

CHAPTER XIV

SUCCESS.

“**W**EEPING may endure for a night, but joy cometh with the morning.” Never was this truth more fully verified than in the experience of Mr. New, in connection with the East African Mission. Long, dreary, and dark was the night through which he passed; and most earnestly did he long for the morning light. Year after year he and his colleague laboured with, apparently, no success; and though they followed the people from place to place, they were only treated with indifference and their message scouted and contemned. Now and then there appeared a break in the clouds, and a ray of sunshine fell upon them for a moment; but this was often succeeded by a darkness more dense and perplexing. “Hope deferred” made their “hearts sick”; and frequently they felt as though the case was hopeless. No doubt good was done in a way they did not understand, which they could not see, and were unable to trace out; but for many long weary months they stood in the midst of the tribes, the only confessors of the truth “as it is in Jesus,” and the only persons in the land caring to hear or know the name of Christ.

After a time streaks of light began to appear and relieve the surrounding darkness; and in the early part of the year 1865 Mr. New says:—

“When school was over three of the lads followed me, and took their seats by my side in the verandah. They

began at once to ply me with questions upon what they had heard, and became exceedingly interested in the explanations I gave. I have considerable hope of two of these lads. During the conversation I felt the Holy Spirit was stirring upon their hearts. One of them said, 'I have a little light, —I can see just a little ; by-and by I hope to see better. I think I shall learn by degrees.' It was asked, presently, 'Shall we know each other when we get to heaven?' When I told them that we doubtless should, they were delighted, and declared, very earnestly, and I believe sincerely, 'We will not give up learning, we will persevere, we will forsake sin and try to believe in Jesus Christ.' I felt greatly encouraged. May God bless the lads!"

How intense must have been his desire for spiritual fruit, when a conversation like this filled his heart with joyful anticipation! We are told that "a word spoken in due season, how good is it!"—and Mr. New felt this, as is seen in the following little incident:—

"On our way out, Mgomba said, 'Bana New, the Wanika must have very hard hearts not to be affected by your constant efforts for their good. They ought to see that you are not seeking your own comfort. You go out in the heat of the sun, take long and fatiguing walks, forsake your rest and food, and all for their benefit; and yet they do not believe. Oh, how greatly are they deceived by the devil!' I felt it a rich reward for all I had done and suffered, to hear him speaking in this way. The Spirit has certainly enlightened his mind, warmed, and I hope changed, his heart; and that he is the earnest of a glorious ingathering, I believe."

However, patient continuance in this course of earnest, faithful labour began to tell upon the people,—especially upon the young; and such records as the following find a place in the journal:—

“The faintest glimmer of light is acceptable to us. Among the people generally there does not appear any sign of improvement ; but our young men are determined to hold on their way. They are, to say the least, inquirers after the truth. They all keep the Sabbath, and regularly attend the services ; which they seem in some measure to enjoy.”

Again he says :—

“I had a very interesting service upon the Station. The company was the largest I have yet seen in East Africa. Young and old, there were more than twenty present.”

Still further, he says :—

“All this day very poorly and weak. Still I held service at the Station. I found strength enough, or rather God gave me strength enough, for this. I had an excellent company, and in it were some of the principal men of the tribe ; but, greatest wonder of all, Abbe Dida !—beyond all question the vilest old heathen in the tribe. All the young men were present, except Mgomba, who was out with Mr. Wakefield. Also several young women and a number of children—in all, a score. This is encouraging. O Lord, we have toiled all night and have taken nothing ; nevertheless, at Thy word we will let down the net. To the Lord we look for the draught.”

The year 1867 seems to have been the most hopeful, in relation to the work of God, of the many spent at Ribe ; and at the close Mr. New says :—

“In one respect 1867 has been one of the happiest years I have spent in East Africa ; God has given me many tokens for good. Until this year we could never secure a congregation of hearers, except as we sought them in the highways and hedges ; this year we have had, almost from the commencement of it, a regular congregation on the Sabbath, of from a dozen to a score of souls. Some of the members of it

are sincere inquirers after salvation. This is especially gratifying. ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul!’ Madiga, an old man of seventy, Kireri, a young man of twenty, Juma of twenty-two, Mgomba of eighteen, and Mungoma of the same age, are all hopeful cases. They have much to learn; but as they are quite willing—nay, desirous to learn, we have no doubt of the results. May God bless them, build them all up, save them entirely, and add hundreds to their number! Concerning the other members of our congregation, though it does not appear that they are yet under serious conviction, they are certainly in the way to be convinced, sitting under the Word, and engaging with us in prayer. We hope for them all. Oh for the descent of the Spirit in Pentecostal power!”

So the work continued to grow in extent, depth, and power; and greatly did the new aspect of things cheer and comfort the heart of Mr. New, while it seemed to inspire him with new life and vigour in doing the work of the Mission. As arrangements had been made for Mr. Wakefield’s departure to England in the early part of the year 1868, it was a question of serious moment whether a few of the most hopeful converts should not be baptized before he left the Station. After a good deal of thought and conversation, it was eventually resolved to postpone it for the present, lest they might be attempting to gather fruit not yet sufficiently ripe. Mr. New was also at this time purposing to leave Ribe for Lamu, and to place the Station altogether in the hands of the Church Missionary Society. It was therefore thought more prudent to defer the baptism of the converts until the agents of that Society had been able to satisfy themselves as to their fitness. It was, however, resolved that before Mr. Wakefield left Ribe the people should be gathered together, and an appeal made to them

on the result of their labours during the few years they had occupied the place. This was accordingly done; and Mr. New says:—

“A goodly company assembled. It was to us a very serious meeting, and we determined to speak out fully and faithfully our minds. The elders were reminded of the promise they had made, when they first received us into their midst; they were referred to endeavours which had been made on behalf of their eternal welfare; they were told of the Christian people in England, at whose expense we had come to them, and by whom we were supported among them, who were anxiously looking for good news from them—news of their conversion to God; their attention was called to the love of Christ, for whose sake and in whose name everything had been done; and lastly, they were asked what message they had to send to those whose ambassadors we were. They replied: ‘It is true we made promises which have been broken; we have not given attention to your message ourselves, nor have we sent our children to be taught, though we promised to do both. We confess that it is dishonourable on our part; but we are determined to redeem our characters. Henceforth we will keep the Sabbath and attend your services. We who are old cannot learn to read; but we have ears, and may learn a great deal by listening to the truth from your lips. But our children we will send for daily instruction.’ We did not place much confidence in these professions; yet we felt it our duty to encourage even the slightest show of a willingness to change for the better.”

Mr. New was now left alone on the Station; and though his purpose was to leave it at the earliest opportunity, yet he continued the work of teaching and preaching with his usual earnestness. Nor was he long before he began to

witness such signs of increased interest and awakening as led him seriously to doubt the wisdom of abandoning the Station at Ribe. It was just at this point, also, that a new class of circumstances arose, that placed the matter of his removal in a new aspect. He says:—

“My great object in going to Lamu was to acquire the Galla language—that part of the Coast being in immediate communication with the Galla country. Lately, however, a great change has taken place. The Somalis have opened a war upon the Gallas: the ostensible object of which is to convert the latter to the faith of Islam; the real one, to feast their bigoted and infatuated hearts upon the blood and miseries of their fellows, to help themselves to their neighbours’ cattle, wives, and children—thereby acquiring the means to live, which they have not the manliness, and which they are too proud, lazy, and mean, to obtain in an honest and peaceful way. These doughty champions of the Crescent have completely swept Ramo, the country north of the Tana, of its inhabitants; the Gallas making a precipitate flight southwards, taking up their position upon the banks of the Sabaki, and at such places as Tulu, New Ganda, Kofira, etc. Jalitcha, Kurawa, Weichu, and Chaffa, are all forsaken. To go, then, to Lamu, to Kaw on the Ozi, or Charra on the Tana, would be to go to places where the Gallas do not at present exist; and, in the two last cases, to places which have incurred the displeasure of the Gallas, on account of having rendered assistance to the Somalis. To go to these places would be most unfavourable to the prosecution of the work I have in hand. But the Gallas visit me *here* almost every day. Since their coming to the Sabaki, I have had them at Ribe in greater numbers than ever; indeed, I have been obliged to discountenance their coming, it having become almost impossible to do anything but attend to them.

Besides, as they come only to beg, with expectations proportioned to what they believe to be the inexhaustible wealth of the 'Dunga' (white man), and founded upon a notion which they seem to have that the 'Dunga' has nothing to do but to expend his wealth upon them—nay, that it is his duty to do so—I find that to gratify them is as impossible in practice as it would be injudicious in policy and wrong in principle. I see almost as much of the Gallas *here* as I should, under the most favourable circumstances, at any of the places to which I thought of going. I am in hopes, moreover, of inducing a couple of young Gallas to take up their abode with me at Ribe for some months, with a view of entering upon a systematic study of the language from their lips. This is the very thing I contemplated doing at Lamu, and which, if I succeed, will render that journey unnecessary. Thus it happens that, just at the time when we were in a strait betwixt two, and when it seemed impossible to grasp both, events transpire and bring them together in such a manner that all difficulty is removed, and the two things, so to speak, become one. As it is, I can remain and cherish the work at Ribe, and, at the same time, be preparing myself, in a most convenient manner, for the work which may lie before us in the Galla country. It will be much more comfortable to pursue my studies here, in our own home, than in a strange place surrounded by strange people. It seems clearly my duty for the time to stay where I am. When the Gallas return to their proper quarters in peace it will be quite time enough to think of undertaking a journey in that direction."

Gallas now began to throng the Station—influenced largely, no doubt, by the hope of gain from the white man, and often proving a source of great difficulty and perplexity. To a few of the most destitute he gave shelter, and found them work,

with the object of learning from them the Galla tongue, and of instructing them in the truths of the Christian religion; and in a short time they formed a little community of some fourteen souls. In the meantime the work continued to progress among the Wanika; and in the school, and in the public service on the Lord's Day, it was felt that God was present with the people, and many became sincere believers of the Gospel, and were found "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind." All thoughts of leaving Ribe now were abandoned; and entries in his journal such as the following are common:—

"This morning I had the largest congregation which has ever gathered together upon the Station. The room was crowded to the very door. There must have been between sixty and seventy persons present, taking the young with the old."

Writing home he says,—

"With regard to the affairs of this Station, a few particulars will describe what they are to-day. The Sabbath services continue, to say the least, without any abatement of interest. God is strengthening and building up our young converts; and is, I believe, opening up a way also into the hearts of others. We are pleading and looking up for the baptism of fire." In another letter he says,—

"The school is going on encouragingly. I have over twenty in it now. I teach two classes daily, having to use in each a different language. This makes it rather perplexing and difficult; yet, if you will admit the egotism, we do pretty well on the whole. My daily Testament class now numbers nine, who are chiefly Gallas, grown-up people, and are just beginning to put two syllables together. Some of them are very stupid; but others not so. Eighteen slates are filled twice daily with very encouraging characters."

So God continued to own his labours until he had gathered a hopeful and flourishing little church of Christian believers ; and on Mr. Wakefield's return to Africa he recommended twenty-one persons for baptism, and nearly twenty others for trial—all respectable, well-conducted Christians, most of whom he had also taught to read and write, and who loved him as children a father, and counted him their best and dearest earthly friend. We have a pleasing illustration of this in a note written by Mr. Yates, who had gone out from England with Mr. Wakefield, and was appointed as one of the missionaries at Ribe. He thus speaks of his first sight of the Station and its people. He had come up from Mombasa, in company with Mr. New, who had been there to meet and welcome him. He says :—

“ At the foot of the hill the people met us, and I had an opportunity of seeing how he stood with them. From the elevation of the Mission House they had seen us at some distance ; and the whole of the people—men, women, and children—came rushing down to welcome him back. Buiya was the first to rush forward, holding his ‘ toga ’ (little garment) with one hand, and grasping Mr. New's with the other, crying, ‘ Nagea ! nagea ! Abo ’ (Welcome, welcome, father !) from the depth of his heart—tears the while racing down his smiling face. Then came Mgomba, one of the Wanika, and Keringi ; then the women ; and then Abbashora's little son, and little Ashora, Buiya's pretty daughter. These at once laid hold of him ; and as he patted their heads, and stooped, turned up their chubby black faces for the accustomed kiss. It was at once evident to me that Charles New had won their hearts in the deepest and truest sense ; and subsequent experience served but to confirm this conviction.”

Mr. New was very anxious to defer the baptism of the converts till the arrival of Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Yates on

the Station, that the candidates might undergo a careful examination in the truths they had received for salvation. This was done ; and in the presence of Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Yates the rite was administered, and the converts were publicly acknowledged as members of the Church of Christ in Eastern Africa. We may fitly close this chapter by quoting from the letter sent to the authorities at home by Mr. Wakefield, after his visit to Ribe and the baptism of the converts. It is the independent testimony of one well able to judge as to the results ; and he says, under date of August 2nd, 1870 :—

“ With regard to the aspect of affairs at the Station, I can say I am not only greatly pleased, but I exceedingly rejoice. An interesting little church, composed of Wanika and Gallas, has been gathered from the wilds of African paganism,—the sight of which would gladden the hearts of our friends at home, if they could but see it ; it would, I am sure, intensify their sympathy and enlarge their generosity. These disciples have evidently been well instructed in the truths of religion ; and, as far as I can judge, give pleasing evidence of sincerity. Such a result, humanly speaking, could not have been produced without diligent and continuous labour ; and reflects great credit on Mr. New’s ability and earnestness.”

So ended this long and dark night. A bright and beautiful morning dawned, full of joy and hope ; which we trust is only the prelude of that brighter day, when “ Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God.”

CHAPTER XV.

LIVINGSTONE SEARCH AND RELIEF EXPEDITION"—RETURN HOME.

ON Mr. New's return from Chaga, in October 1871, he found an invitation awaiting him to return home to England. He had been in Africa nine years without a change, and during that period had passed through much sickness and borne a great burden of labour and anxiety. This he had done without a murmur or complaint, save of his own unfaithfulness before God. Mr. Wakefield having returned to Africa, the work at Ribe had been placed in his hands, so that Mr. New was now free from responsibility in relation to the Station. The journey to Chaga had also taxed his strength very much indeed; and though he had never asked to be allowed to return home, yet he felt the invitation was welcome, and resolved to accept it. Still there were a great many things he had to do before he could leave the country; and in a letter written to his brother, under date of Dec. 6th, 1871, he says:—

“I send this sheet just to say that I have at length decided to leave Ribe for England; but I want a little quiet time to myself before leaving. I have much to do: journal writing, vocabulary making, etc. At present I am all sixes and sevens. I think it will take me a couple of months to do what I have on hand; then I shall begin to feel my way home. My experience lately has been very sombre. The past two years have been years of great trial to me. I sometimes wonder how I bear up under what falls to my lot. But I receive Divine support, and this makes me believe

that God has some special work for me to do. How anxious I am to know what it is! I am afraid I am more anxious about it than I ought to be. I can scarcely see my hand before me at present; I am in the midst of such a thick, impenetrable fog. No sun, no moon, no stars. I trust in God for the clearing up of the prospect. I wish to place myself in His hands. You will pray for me."

It is clear from this letter that he was suffering from a little depression of mind—arising, no doubt, in some degree from the fatigue and care he had endured in connection with his late journey, as well as from diseases that still harassed and weakened his body.

In the meantime events were transpiring in England, unknown to Mr. New, that were destined to bring him prominently before the public eye. Dr. Livingstone's long absence, without any tidings from him, had begun to excite fears for his safety, and the public mind was deeply moved on the subject. Rumours had indeed spread that he was dead; and though the reports had little foundation on which to rest, yet the whole civilized world was, more or less, troubled on account of them, and a feeling began to spread through the community that something should be done, if possible, to set the question at rest. The proprietor of the *New York Herald*, with a zeal and liberality most commendable, had commissioned one of his correspondents, Mr. Stanley, to search for and find Livingstone; and he had accepted the commission, and was now on the way to its accomplishment. The Royal Geographical Society had also responded to the public wish, and had organized a party to search for and relieve the Doctor, if still alive. No reasonable expense was spared to make the Expedition a success; and all eyes were turned towards the land where it was hoped Livingstone would still be found, alive, and prosecuting his arduous enterprise.

Mr. New, having completed the work he had on hand, left Mombasa on the 11th of March 1872, for Zanzibar, at which place he arrived on the 15th of the same month. Two days after his arrival the "*Abydos*" cast anchor in the harbour, having on board the "Livingstone Search and Relief Expedition," sent out under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society. The same vessel brought Mr. New letters from England, from which he learned that application had been made on behalf of the Geographical Society to secure his services as interpreter to the Expedition, and that the Committee of the Methodist Free Churches in England had consented, in the interests of humanity, that he should so act, if willing. This unexpected turn of events naturally perplexed him for the moment; and though pressed by the leader of the party to consent at once, he desired two or three days to ponder the matter, and seek the counsel of a few friends he had on the island. His heart was undoubtedly fixed upon home, and he had a great yearning to see the old familiar faces. This in itself was a strong, and would have been a justifiable, reason for declining the invitation. Then he was not in a good state of health; so much so that Dr. Christie says: "When he proposed starting with the Livingstone Expedition I urged him to the utmost not to think of it, on account of his bodily state. For the last ten years and more he had been subject to constant attacks of chronic dysentery and other diseases. Indeed, he was suffering from precisely the same disease that carried off Dr. Livingstone." He further says: "I advised him against undertaking the journey at all to Ujiji, as I felt sure that he would break down; but he said that he was much stronger, and that his trip to Chaga had done him good." It is clear that good reasons existed against incurring the risk involved in that long journey. But Mr. New was not

the man to consider himself first and the good of humanity next. He felt that he had an interest in Dr. Livingstone, as a brother missionary, beyond that of the peril to himself of seeking and relieving him in his need, if still among the living. Then there was the hope that he might do something to further his own special work. Nor was this the last consideration with him ; for however his motives might be misunderstood, he had one ruling aim in all his explorations—the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom ; and all other interests were made to follow in the train. After mature consideration he therefore resolved to join the Expedition, as interpreter and third in command ; and true to the instincts of his nature, he sat down at once, and wrote the following short note to his mother—from which we may gather the spirit in which he entered upon the work, and the sacrifice it cost him. He says :—

“ In very great haste I pen a line or two to you to assure you, in this crisis, of my unabated and undying love for you. It is unnecessary that I should do so, I know, so far as your confidence in me is concerned ; still we cannot but speak of, and repeat many times, what our hearts are full of—particularly when full, as mine is, to overflowing. Brother William will tell you all about my engagement with the ‘ Livingstone Search Expedition.’ I hope the importance of the undertaking will excuse, even to you, the delay which it will occasion in my return home. Nothing, my dear mother, but a conviction that it is my duty to accompany this Expedition—first, for the sake of the Expedition itself, and secondly, for the sake of what I may be able to do for the cause of Christ in connection therewith—could have turned me aside from a homeward-bound voyage, with the prospect before me of shortly seeing you, and affording you some little comfort after all the sorrow which has of late burdened

your heart. Cheer up, my dear mother : God will take care of you, and of me also. I am in the path which He has marked out for me, therefore I cannot go astray. In twelve or eighteen months more I hope to have the felicity of embracing you. Tell my dear father that he is ever on my mind ; that I never forget him, nor ever shall do ; that it is my constant prayer that God may preserve him, bless him, save him, and that I may see him once again in the flesh. God bless you both, my dear parents, and give you all the consolation of His grace and love ! ”

On the same day he wrote to his brother as follows :—

“ Your short note, *per* Lieutenant Dawson and the ‘ *Abydos*, ’ came to hand on Sunday the 16th of March. It was a most unexpected communication. The cheerful and hearty manner in which you wrote greatly aided me in coming to a decision ; and I have attached myself to the Expedition in the capacity of third in command and interpreter thereto. I have not been actuated by any feeling of ambition, but have done simply what I believe it my duty to do. Now may God help me ! You, I know, will pray for me. My return to you, to my parents and friends, is delayed ; but I hope it will not be for very long—say for two years at the outside ; still I hope it may not be for so long as this. Keep a good heart, and do your best to cheer up our dear mother. God bless you a thousand times ! Look at the cloud that turns her silver lining on the night. There is such a cloud ; and you, I am sure, will not fail to make it out. The Lord—our Lord—reigns. He doeth all things well.”

Having consented to take part in the work, he entered upon it heartily ; and his long residence in Africa made him more than ordinarily useful. He was requested to visit Mombasa and Ribe with the view of engaging suitable men to accompany the Expedition as porters, etc. His visit, and

an account of his remarkable preservation, will be found in the following letter, written to his brother, under date of April 22nd, 1872 :—

“ My part of the business has consisted in helping to make the purchases and in getting the men. I have been to Mombasa for men—the Sultan having granted the Expedition his little steamer, the ‘ *Darra Salaam*,’ for making the trip to that place and back. It took me a week. On our return we nearly made a wreck of the little vessel. She struck hard upon a bank some half-dozen times at midnight ; but in the kind providence of God she slid after all into deep water. This happened a little south of Tanga, off the island of Jamvi, on our way back to Zanzibar. But what a scene awaited us upon our arrival at Zanzibar ! In our absence a dreadful hurricane had swept over the place, wrecking all the shipping in the harbour but one solitary steamer ; destroying one-half of the town, and spreading devastation and ruin over the greater part of the island. Never was anything of the kind known before at Zanzibar. The storm was terrific ! Fancy my leaving the Zanzibar harbour full of shipping, and upon my return, a week after, finding nothing whatever in it but a solitary steamer, the ‘ *Abydos* ’ ! All the Sultan’s vessels were wrecked. There remained to him only the little steamer in which I had gone to and returned from Mombasa. I was received back into Zanzibar with open arms. The storm had not reached so far north as Mombasa. I cannot give you any details ; if you care for them, you will find them in the papers. I never saw such a heap of ruins as Zanzibar presented on my return hither last week. How providential it was that my trip was neither a little earlier nor a little later than it was ! Had the ‘ *Darra Salaam* ’ been caught in such a storm, she would have gone down, head foremost, with the first gust. It is won-

derful to me how extraordinarily God's protection has been granted to me all through life. Death has often stared me in the face, but has always been compelled to retreat from me. That I should have been so signally preserved on the present occasion, makes me think that God has something for me to do—perhaps something of importance. He who has taken care of me hitherto will undoubtedly continue to do so till my work is done. Pray for me, that I may be faithful to my duty."

Soon after Mr. New's return from Mombasa, things were in such a state of forwardness that it was determined to make the first move; and the party crossed the channel to Bagamoyo, on the mainland, with the intention of proceeding at once into the interior, in pursuance of their special mission. They had scarcely arrived at this place, however, before a number of the men who had accompanied Mr. Stanley appeared, bringing the intelligence that he had found and relieved Dr. Livingstone, and that Stanley himself was now on his way to the Coast, and near at hand. The leader of the "Expedition" resolved at once to abandon the enterprise, under the plea that the work they had been sent to do had already been done.

We need not, however, pursue this matter further; as it is well known that the "Expedition" was eventually broken up without proceeding beyond Bagamoyo. As Mr. New has given a detailed account of this unpleasant affair in the book he published while in England, we must refer the reader who may desire any further information to the work itself, where he will find all that is necessary to show the honourable part Mr. New acted throughout the whole procedure. Having carefully read all the documents in connection with this strange episode, we are sure the Royal Geographical Society did Mr. New no more than bare justice

in their record, when they say: “*With regard, however, to the Rev. Mr. New, who was engaged by Lieutenant Dawson at Zanzibar, they feel bound to say, that having heard from him a full explanation of the circumstances under which he acted, they acquit him of all blame, and place it on record that he has in no way forfeited their confidence.*”

Being now free from all engagements in connection with the “Expedition,” he turned his face once more homewards; and having arranged to leave for the Seychelles, and from thence by the Mauritius mail-boat to Aden, and so to Europe, he, in company with Mr. Stanley, also the son of Dr. Livingstone and others, left Zanzibar on the 29th of May 1872, and arrived at the Seychelles too late for the boat of that month; and were compelled to remain there till the next mail was due. They left on the 4th of July; and after the usual incidents on sea and land, he arrived in London on the 25th of July, and met a loving welcome from family and friends.

CHAPTER XVI.

RECEPTION AT HOME—RETURNS TO AFRICA.

MR. NEW arrived in England on the eve of the Annual Assembly, held in Bristol in August 1872. His appearance in the midst of his brethren was hailed with great joy ; and many and hearty were the congratulations he received on his safe return. His voyage had been of great service to him, and his health was much better than when he left Africa ; for though he was far from robust, and was often reminded of the inroads made on his constitution by so long a residence in so unhealthy a climate, yet he was full of energy and vigour, and gave promise of many years of successful labour for God and the world.

After so long a term of hard and toilsome service, it was desirable he should have a little quiet and rest, and be freed from duties that are often trying to the most robust and healthy, and have not unfrequently broken down the most hardy constitutions. To speak in large and crowded meetings night after night, when the heat and excitement are raised to the highest pitch, and exposed to all the variable-ness of our changeable climate, is not the most likely course to build up an already shattered frame. Yet he had no sooner arrived in England than these were the labours in which he was engaged ; and the demand for his services was so great that it was impossible to secure the rest required, or withstand the importunity of his friends. Nor was he loth to meet the wishes of all, as far as his strength permitted ; so that he was found nightly telling the story of his African life, vindicating the right of the negro to a place in

the family gathering of the world, or denouncing, in words and tones of unmitigated detestation, the horrid crime of slavery.

Those who heard and saw him on these occasions will never forget him. Of medium height, somewhat slightly built, lithe and active in all his movements, with a dark, piercing eye, and a face reflecting every change of passion and impulse—at first a little hesitating in manner, until seized and possessed by his subject, then rushing on with unrestrained impetuosity, bearing down every barrier—he held his audience spell-bound; until, catching the spirit of the speaker, and moved with intense sympathy, they broke out into loud and enthusiastic applause. He rendered the cause of Missions—especially Missions to Africa—invaluable service; and while he did much to replenish the treasury of the Church, he did more in creating a healthy sentiment in favour of Missions generally, and in vindicating the practicability of civilizing and educating the African, and making him a possessor of the rich gift of the Gospel.

During his stay in England, he also took part in the Anti-slavery movement, under the auspices of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and rendered valuable aid to the cause in different parts of the country. These services were highly appreciated by the leading men of the Society, who took a great interest in all his movements for the good of Africa. He lectured on East African slavery in many of the principal towns and cities of Great Britain; which work, though greatly adding to the burden of his labours, he undertook with ready cheerfulness, and bore a clear and decisive testimony against the cruelty and wickedness of the traffic.

Indeed, this was one of those subjects on which he felt deeply moved, and could scarcely restrain the burning indignation, that was like “a fire in his bones,” from bursting forth in torrents of seething denunciation. Next to the work

of making known the Gospel, he felt it his duty to endeavour to crush the monster slavery. He had been witness of its debasing and degrading character in the very land where it existed without check or restraint, and where it ministered to the lowest and most corrupt passions of human nature. During his residence in Africa, he had been confronted daily with it, and often felt and lamented his utter helplessness in the presence of so gigantic an evil. Among the many references to it in his journal is the following little incident, which shows the essential spirit of the system, and is worth more than a thousand arguments against it. In their absence at Mombasa, a poor man had died on the Station, and was left unburied by the Wanika until they could be sent for. On their arrival, measures were taken to bury him at once. In relation to the case Mr. New says:—

“ One sad thing is, that the poor man had not a single individual so far interested in him as to drop a single tear upon his grave. He had a wife in Mombasa; but she did not possess sufficient affection for him to come to Ribe to see him put in his grave. He was the slave of an Arab in Mombasa, who ought to have attended to his burial; but this wretch, after having received the poor fellow’s wages for many years, did not possess the decency to take any further trouble about the matter than to come to our house on the afternoon on which the news arrived, inquire if it were true, smile and express his doubts, and make a kind of promise that he would send a man to learn the truth. Beyond this we have not seen or heard anything of him. He probably feared he should have to pay the expenses of his funeral, and to meet the man’s debts, amounting probably to two or three dollars. This is the result of slavery! Who cares for a slave? There he is—a thing, a chattel, a something condemned to hardship and toil, to support for a

time the house of his tyrant-master, and after having worked himself to the bone, to die thus ! ‘That is his lot, his fate,’ says his master : ‘bury him like a dog, as he is ; I should be a fool to repine and sigh for such a thing.’ Such is the spirit of those who assume the authority over their weaker, though not essentially their inferior, fellow-men. If such meet not, sooner or later, with a fearful retribution,

“ ‘God of the red right hand !
Where is Thy thunderbolt ? ’ ”

Another matter which engaged a large portion of his time while in England was the writing of his book, entitled “*Life, Wanderings, and Labours in Eastern Africa* : ” published by Hodder and Stoughton. Of the many good things he did, this was not the least, and will remain as a monument of his ability, diligence, knowledge, and power of close observation, for many years to come. As a book it is full of interest, and gives valuable information on all the countries and peoples he visited ; while his explorations to the west of the Wanika country, and his ascent of Kilima Njaro, form some of the most striking incidents in the history of modern African travels, and prove him to have been possessed, as an explorer, of great energy, enterprise, and courage. It was favourably received by all parties throughout the country ; and the papers and periodicals, of every shade of opinion, spoke of it in terms of high commendation. Dr. Krapf, who had himself published a work on Eastern Africa, and to whom Mr. New had forwarded a copy of his book immediately on its publication, writes :—

“ I cannot allow the old year to terminate without having replied to your kind letter, and without having most cordially thanked you for the great favour of presenting me with your most welcome book, which I shall read with the greatest interest as soon as I have a little leisure.

Until now I have had only some moments for peeping into it ; but that which I have read has convinced me already of the historical correctness and exactness with which you composed your work. I have no doubt but it will be well received by the Christian public, and will be productive of much good for the promotion of missionary and geographical operations in East Africa."

The volume soon reached a second edition ; and will, no doubt, be an authority on East Africa for many years to come.

The Royal Geographical Society also took occasion to recognise his labours in a manner that was very gratifying to Mr. New. That he had enlarged our geographical knowledge there could be no question ; and the past was a pledge that the future might be much more fruitful of results. He had also served the Society in enabling them better to understand many matters in connection with the "Livingstone Search and Relief Expedition," and the causes of its failure ; and he was asked to send a succinct narration of his dealings with the "Expedition," to be kept for future reference. We are not, therefore, surprised that he was made, on the motion of Sir Bartle Frere, "Honorary Corresponding Member of the Royal Geographical Society," and that many flattering encomiums were passed upon him by the President, Sir H. Rawlinson, and other members. It is also worthy of notice that Mr. New was the only British traveller, except Dr. Livingstone, on whom this honour had been bestowed by the Society. His name was now enrolled on the list of men who have served humanity and the world, by enlarging our knowledge of its countries and peoples, and so preparing the way for the feet of the merchant and missionary.

During his stay in England, Mr. New was also brought into personal and kindly relations with some of the most eminent of her philanthropists, diplomatists, and men of

letters. Nor was this a mere passing recognition. Among others, Sir T. Fowell Buxton took a deep interest in him and his work; and Mr. New had many interviews with the honourable baronet, and received valuable help to prepare him for his future labours in Africa. Sir Bartle Frere was no less lavish in expressions of approval, both of his missionary work and of his book. Just on the eve of Sir Bartle's departure for Zanzibar, as "Envoy Extraordinary for the purpose of revising the Treaties regarding the Slave Trade on the East Coast of Africa," he did Mr. New the honour of inviting him to breakfast, that he might have the pleasure of a little quiet talk before he started on his mission.

It will thus be seen that his nine years' labour in Africa was beginning to be appreciated, and that this recognition of his services was indirectly preparing the way for the redemption of the sons of Ham, and awakening an interest in the present and future of that land that must eventually be fraught with help and blessing.

Yet in the midst of all this excitement and honour he never lost sight of his true character and work. It would have been no difficult thing for him now to command influence and position in the Church and the world; but he was still the missionary of the Cross, and if he returned to the East it must be bearing the same name, moved by the same motives, doing the same work, and serving the same Master. From this he never swerved--no, not for a moment; and if he seemed to some to desire the work of exploration, it was that he might proclaim the truth of the Gospel, and bring to the population of Africa the knowledge of its redemption in Christ Jesus.

And now, after nearly two years' residence at home, he turned his face once more to his beloved Africa, and began the preparations for his return. It was a matter of some

difficulty to fix upon a suitable location; and a little difference of opinion existed on the question. Mr. New had a decided preference for the neighbourhood of Chaga, and seemed to think this one of the most favourable openings for the formation of a Mission in connection with that part of Africa. Some thought this was not the wisest course to take at present, as it was far removed from the Coast, and supplies could only be conveyed with great difficulty and at great expense. Then it was among a rude, savage, barbarous people, of whom, as yet, little was known; and a Mission to such a people, so far removed from the base of operations, should be well sustained with men and means. For these and other reasons the matter was a subject of long and anxious thought. There was, however, a strong wish that an effort should be made to enter Usambara, to the north of the Pangani river; and eventually Mr. New undertook to make the attempt—failing which he was instructed, in accordance with his own wish, to try to reach Chaga, and make such arrangements for his future work as circumstances might suggest.

With this plan of operations before him, he left London for the East Coast of Africa on the 7th of May 1874. He journeyed overland *viâ* Brindisi; and after a quick, but not very pleasant passage, he arrived at Zanzibar, in about twenty-six days from London. This was unusually rapid, owing to the establishment of a mail-boat, monthly, from Aden to the Mauritius, calling at Zanzibar on the way. The following letter to his mother, written very soon after his arrival, will show how first impressions affected him, and in what spirit he was found on the eve of his renewed labours in the wide field of enterprise and effort. It is dated June 6th, 1874:—

“ You will be glad to hear that I have reached Zanzibar in health and safety. The journey has not been a long one—

having occupied only twenty-six days. It has not been, for many reasons, a very pleasant journey; but I do not think I am any the worse for it. I am very well in health, but I feel the change of climate somewhat severely. It tries me more than I remember it to have done before; but this may be only on account of the sudden change. After a while I shall feel it less. This country has a far more forbidding aspect to me now than it had when I first arrived here. I certainly never realized its barbarity as I do now. This also may arise from the great contrast of the life I am now to live with that I have been living for the past two years at home. I shall try to reconcile myself to the difference; but I hope I shall never get to like life here. That would mean degenerating—going down,—and that in a sense the most undesirable. I have now before me nearly a month's travelling by land; at the end of which time I hope to be at Ribe. Then I shall prepare for other journeys. I am in God's hands, and He will take care of me. My dear mother, I think of you often, and often breathe a prayer to God that He would take care of you. Trust Him, and He will do so. Do not be too anxious; there is no need for anxiety. Give my love to father; tell him I hope he will think of me and pray for me."

Speaking of his reception, he says, in a letter to his brother:—

"I met with no lack of friends; and could have had lodgings in almost every house, from the Consulate downwards. I put up, however, with a Dr. Riddall, whom I found in the place of my former friend Dr. Christie; otherwise there was no connection between us—being perfect strangers to each other. But the Doctor was so hearty, and made it appear so clearly that I should be doing him a favour if I put up with him, that I consented to accept his

hospitality; and I spent with him a very pleasant time, except that I was somewhat poorly."

He began his work with his usual vigour, and in less than a fortnight he had organized a party for his trip to Usambara; and short of two months from his departure from the Victoria Station, London, he was in the heart of the East African jungle. Still, he says, "This haste was not prudent, and I have suffered severely for it."

We shall not trouble the reader with an account of this journey, beyond the following brief extract from one of his letters:—

"Passing along the course of the Ruvu, or river Pangani as it is more commonly called, and staying at the villages of the Wasegua for about a week, we approached the confines of Usambara. We were then under the necessity of sending on messengers to apprise the king, and his father (who is regent), of our wish to visit them. Samboja (the latter) engaged to meet me at a place midway between his own residence and that of his son; first setting himself against my going to the latter, and consenting only to my visiting his village. Ultimately convincing him that I was his friend, however, he sent me to Vuga, the capital, where I found the king. Spent more than a week there; and then pushed on over the mountains towards Mombasa, reaching the latter place in forty-five days from Zanzibar. Usambara is a fine mountainous country—the Abyssinia of Eastern Equatorial Africa. I shall write a paper to the Geographical Society on the subject. My visit was a success, so far as the reception I met with is concerned; though I had much misconception to remove. But I do not recommend our Society to spend its energies upon that place. I think it would be decidedly bad policy to do so. In a short time I shall leave this place on a tour to Chaga, at the foot of

Kilima Njaro, where I do think we could do something to our advantage and the advantage of the people.”

On his arrival at Mombasa from this journey he was much exhausted; indeed, much more so than he was willing to admit to his dearest friends. He says, in writing to his brother: “The last part of the way tired me on account of certain complaints from which I suffered, brought on by repeated alternate attacks of dysentery and fever. I reached Mombasa quite knocked up.” To a friend he writes: “What I do I must do quickly, for my health is failing me. I have some faith, however, in the power of will despite ill health.” A severe attack of fever came on soon after his arrival at Mombasa, which confined him to his bed for a week, and which necessitated his going to Zanzibar for a change; but immediately on his return he was again under its influence, and was greatly prostrated in mind and body. To Mr. Sparshott, of the Church Missionary Society, he said, speaking of his Usambara experiences, “that he had felt so ill at times, and so wearied, that had it not been for his mother he could gladly have laid down and died.” Alas! we fear these were sad premonitions of the fast-approaching end; though he studiously concealed the worst of these things from his friends at home—especially those likely to have remonstrated with him on the imprudence of any further attempts to journey into the interior.

But while in this state of body he urged on the preparations necessary for his journey to Chaga. In this, however, he met with many interruptions; to which he thus briefly refers in one of his letters:—

“I am still at Mombasa. I had hoped to have been off to Chaga before this; but I have delayed, and been delayed, through several causes. My health has been none of the best; Stanley’s arrival has taken from me the men I en-

gaged for my trip ; we are now in the month of Ramadan, (fasting month), and no one cares to engage themselves for employment till fasting is over ; and lastly, the country is suffering from drought, which would make travelling very inconvenient. In a short time, however, I hope to get under way (or *weigh*, to express myself with more nautical accuracy). At any rate, by the time you get this I hope I shall have left Mombasa. My object will be to see my old friend Mandara, and to make arrangements for establishing a Mission in his country. I think it not unlikely, however, that I may go a little farther than Mandara's territory ; but this must be as circumstances may dictate."

All things being ready, just on the eve of departure he wrote full of hope and large expectation. He had strong faith in the success of his Mission, and earnestly desired that the churches at home should be prepared to sustain him with men and means. Writing to Mr. Mawson, the Connexional Treasurer, after detailing his plans and route, he says :—

"Last week I suffered a good deal from fever, but on the whole my health is much better than it was. With care I hope to make the present journey advantageous to me rather than the contrary. I trust our churches are preparing to help us with men and means. We shall want both ; otherwise we shall lag behind. We ought to have, at least, two missionaries and four mechanics upon the field at once. I wish they were here now. A complete outfit should be sent out with them. This I have pressed upon the attention of the Committee, as you doubtless know. If the men were here now, they could be preparing themselves for the work before them. True, there is but poor accommodation for them at present ; but it is to be hoped the men you send will be prepared to rough it."

CHAPTER XVII.

HIS LAST JOURNEY AND DEATH.

AS we write the title of this chapter we feel the difficulty of our task, and would gladly have been spared the pain and sorrow involved in its sad details. We have followed him hitherto from scene to scene, and from place to place, and have been able to trace out his wanderings, record his doings, judge his thinkings, and form our estimate of his character from the jottings of his own facile and ready pen. But now this largely fails us; and though the page is not absolutely bare, it is blotted, blurred, hesitating, and broken, and imagination is often the only interpreter of much left unwritten. Alas! we know the one sad, terrible fact, that he is no more; and, while we try to spell out the remainder of the story, we do it with the painful consciousness that we already know the end.

For the main facts in this chapter we are mostly indebted to Mr. Wakefield; as we have not seen Mr. New's note-book, or any of the documents he possessed at the time of his death,—the whole having been given into the hands of Mr. Wakefield by his attendants, according to his own directions, and, as yet, not having arrived in England. We have no doubt, however, we are in possession of all that is essential to the completion of our narrative, and that we know every fact of importance, so far as the journal is concerned.

Mr. New, having engaged his men and completed his arrangements, left Mombasa on Thursday, Dec. 3rd, 1874,

at midday, accompanied by about thirty-three followers or porters. Two of the brethren belonging to the Church Missionary Society kindly went with him across the island of Mombasa, and bade him good-bye at the ferry, where he and his men crossed over to the mainland. On the Saturday following he met with a French naturalist, M. Raffray, who was collecting specimens of natural history on the Shimba Hill. He had a casual acquaintance with this gentleman, whom he knew in Mombasa; and as he pressed him to remain over Sunday, and he had a strong objection to travel on the Lord's Day, he consented, and spent the Sabbath with him very pleasantly. On the Monday morning he left, and continued his journey; so that M. Raffray was the last European that saw him alive.

For the next few days he had a number of harassing difficulties—mainly arising from reports that the Masai were in the neighbourhood; which not only alarmed his porters, but led a few to desert, who took their guns and a quantity of beads with them. His principal guide also grew stupid; wished to alter the route; and so worked on the fears of the men that they held a consultation, with the purpose of abandoning the European. There was also a scarcity of food arising from the same cause; and Mr. New began to feel very ill. Mr. Sparshott had, however, kindly given him, on his departure, three bottles of "Warburg's tincture," which proved of great service to him.

It appears that the party reached Chaga on Thursday, Jan. 14th, 1875; and his reception, and some of the circumstances following, are thus narrated by Mr. New, under date of Jan. 17th:—

"I am at Moche, on the base of Kilima Njaro, encamped by the side of the residence of my old acquaintance Mandara. I reached this on Thursday, after an unconscionably pro-

tracted and extremely vexatious journey. Of the journey itself, however, I will say nothing more at present. On my arrival here I was received with demonstrations which led me to believe that Mandara was a greatly improved man. I was told that he had been dreaming of me for several nights in succession, and that he had talked of sending to the Coast to fetch me. This led me to expect that a cordial welcome awaited me ; and indeed, at first, Mandara seemed extremely pleased. This pleasure, however, has been spoiled by his greed and jealousy. My present was not large enough ; and when I told him that I purposed visiting Deserua, the chief of Machame, with whom he is not on good terms, a thunderstorm gathered on his dark visage, and his one eye flashed lightning. His anger was such that he broke down in his speech, and left me to divine his meaning. This was as follows : ‘ I thought you were coming to see me ; to bring me a lot of fine things ; to give me the advantage of your presence, property, and prestige ; and now you talk of going to Deserua. This I will not stand ; if you go to Deserua I will have none of you ; take these presents back.’ I fear he was a little overcome with toddy, as well as passion. I left him in this mood, asking him to think well of what he was doing before he rejected my proposals or tried to thwart me. In an hour or two afterwards he sent word requesting me to take my things back. This I refused to do ; requesting him to sleep on the matter. The next morning he took an oath that he would not see me again. I maintained my ground, all my men trembling for the consequences,—but my two leading men going further, and secretly bolstering up Mandara in his absurd opposition to my plans. It was a trying time for me, but I put my trust in God.

“ All day yesterday the chief was engaged in despatching a large body of men on a plundering expedition to Marango,

an eastern state—the next but one to this. The army comprised about 2000 warriors, made up of Moches, Wakahes, and Wa-Anishas. They filed past my tent in unending streams, and assembled themselves before the doorway of the palace-yard. Violent addresses, ‘breathing threatening and slaughter,’ were delivered ; to which the warriors responded with a frightful energy and unanimity. The Masai war-song was then yelled, as Africans only know how to yell ; and the army was then despatched upon its hideous mission, with commands to return victorious, or not at all. I will not attempt to describe the appearance of this brigand horde, as it would take up too much space ; but anything more utterly savage it would be impossible to conceive. I was never more grieved in my life. That this should take place under my eyes, and I unable to do anything to prevent it, went to my heart’s core. The design had been formed and set in operation before I arrived here. When I think of the burning villages, the trembling fugitives, the bleeding slain, and the woes of captured women, doomed to be sold into bondage, it is almost too much for me. I feel like leaving the place at once, and praying for its ruin. But I remember that this is not what Jesus Christ would have His messengers do : for is it not such people as these that it is the object of missionary enterprise to save ? I betook myself to the Psalms of David, and I never found such comfort from them before.

“ Soon after the army left the rain began to fall heavily ; and some of the men returned, but were instantly sent off again. I prayed that it might rain in floods, so as to prevent the fight ; but in the evening the weather cleared up. I know not what the issue may be ; but the chief came to me to-day saying that the Marango people had got wind of his purpose, and had betaken themselves to flight—expressing his

fears that the army would return without booty. I rejoiced to hear this; though the result will be bad enough in any case.

“In spite of his oath, the chief came to see me yesterday, and has come again to-day. He is giving way, as I expected he would do; though I am far from thinking my troubles with him are over. My next move will be towards Machame, unless something very extraordinary occurs to hinder it. The chief here will make further efforts to prevent it; and all my men, except two or three, are averse to it, although they all engaged to accompany me thither.”

In the course of a few days he gives the following account of his treatment at the hands of Mandara:—

“I am still at Moche; and during the past week my head has been far from safe upon my shoulders,—and it is not secure yet, by a long way. Mandara, the chief, has robbed me most shamelessly—having shut me up on all sides, and corrupted and frightened nearly all my men; so that I have only three, out of twenty-three, who stand by me. I should be less troubled if it were not that these three, and three other helpless lads, are in danger on my account. Yesterday Mandara robbed me of my only gun—an expensive one; and of my watch and chain (a gold chronometer balance), which cost me £40, and which for special reasons I wished to keep. A long series of robberies and extortions preceded this. What the issue will be I do not know; but my trust is in God. I believe Mandara is relenting, but he has not been near me all day. A few days will decide my fate. Ulédi, the faithfulest of my faithfuls, who saw his own father's head taken off by a tyrant of a master, and who once saved another master's life at the peril of his own, wept bitterly last evening at what he feared would happen to me. The poor faithful fellow's grief went to my heart; and it would

have been a relief for me to have wept. But I am not easily affected in this way. God bless Ulédi ! ”

These robberies had been preceded by a threat of attack if Mr. New did not yield to Mandara's unjust and cruel demands ; and the whole party were to be destroyed. Mandara's mother seems to have prompted him to demand things from the white man ; while the chief himself was almost continually under the influence of liquor.

The entries in his note-book for the next few days refer particularly to his health, and to the conduct of Mandara. On the 23rd he says : “ I am very unwell in health ; have no proper food—my rice being spoiled by the rain. Very wet, unhealthy weather here.” The only food they could obtain in Chaga was beef and plantains ; also milk. On the 26th the chief wished to see Mr. New, and the unpleasantness between them was referred to ; when Mr. New says : “ I forgave him all that had passed. Shook hands with him in the end I return to my tent to lie down, ill with fever. So continued all day.”

The next day the chief visited him, and seemed very bland and gracious ; and at the close of the day's entry Mr. New says :—

“ Have been very ill all day, and am considerably reduced. The move to-morrow will be the best thing for me. Mandara says he has provided guides. Have not seen them yet. Hope we shall not be delayed here another day. My men are very gay.”

On the next morning Mr. New left Moche ; and he says :—

“ Thursday, Jan. 28th.—Was up before daylight preparing for our departure from Moche. The ‘ Mange ’ (chief) called Mbuana, one of the guides, very early ; but what for I know not. He came to look at us, or rather at the goods. He looked enviously at the cloth, beads, etc. ; and I am sure he felt a pang

that he could not—that he dare not—go further than he had. He professed the greatest friendship : but oh for patience ! It was not till towards eight a.m. that we really started. In the meantime the ‘Mange’ had left us for the secrecy of his palace. Sent for him to bid him good-bye. He expressed some annoyance, I believe, at this ; such as, ‘Plague take it!’—‘what a bore!’ However, he came, and was just civil. A few people came about us ; but scowled rather than cheered us away. They kept up the fun of begging to the last—true to themselves. The ‘Mange’ said he would write to me *per* M. Khamis Mkuffu. We shall see what comes of the correspondence. It is hard for me to keep my resolution to forgive him. There are some things, however, which I shall not do : he wants an elastic belt, ammunition, a longer gun, some shoes, and I know not what.”

It seems that the “Mange” led the way for a short time when they took leave of each other ; and having at last escaped out of the hands of this savage tyrant, on the 31st he writes :—

“I am now out of Mandara’s hands, and out of danger as far as he is concerned. I left Moche on Thursday, slept on the road, and reached this place on Friday. This place is called Taveta by the Wasuahili ; some account is given of it in my book. I am ashamed to say I am very ill, and indeed have been so for more than a week past : ashamed because I am afraid it will look like whining, which I really wish to avoid. I hope soon to recover my strength again ; but I do not think that will be done by staying here. I hope to get away on Tuesday, coastwards. The journey before me will try me—especially as I shall have to do it on foot ; one of my donkeys died before Kilima Njaro, and a second was horribly wounded two nights ago by a hyena. I have a third ; but I am not certain that she will carry me, never

having been ridden hitherto. This has been a strange Sabbath. Wearied of lying upon my hard couch, I have spent the day in the open air,—my only seat my camp-stool: a comfortable one of its kind, though. A few people have gathered round me; men in the morning, and women in the evening. I was too ill to say much to them, even if they had been prepared to listen to me. The women have this evening been amusing themselves by frightening the younger folk, in what will appear to you a strange way—*viz.*, by making a pretence to drag them towards me, ferocious monster that I am! But it must be remembered that children here are taught to believe that the white man is a sort of cannibal giant, who lives upon black children, ground into dust and made into bread. Imagine, therefore, the screaming which took place when the elder folk made a feint of carrying to the white giant the food he so much loves! I tried to disabuse the youngsters of this notion, and finally induced a very timid girl to take her seat on the ground at my side; where she remained, growing bolder and bolder, until I gave her permission to go. The others will have less dread of me after this. What do you think of this for missionary work? Yet how can we preach to a people who look at us aghast? We must gain their ears before aught else can be done; and this can only be done by treating them kindly.”

We now follow his march day by day, as we find it described in the notes; which are little more than a record of intense bodily suffering and pain, till the end came.

“Monday, Feb. 1st.—Another day spent in great weakness, sickness, and misery. I am still very ill. I have been able to do nothing except read a little. . . . The old women keep me well supplied with milk; which, by-the-bye, I cannot take in my present state.”

It is probable he was suffering from dysentery ; and hence his inability to take the milk that was kindly brought to him.

“Tuesday, Feb. 2nd.—Left Taveta this morning. It was cloudy and cool. We lost the way in the intricacies of the wood several times—greatly trying my temper. I felt scarcely able to stand. Outside the wood I mounted the last donkey, never ridden before. She did pretty well, but required a man to lead her, and another to drive her. In this way I managed to keep up with the party. I am still very ill.

“Wednesday, Feb. 3rd.—Left camp before the sun was up.”

He seems to have suffered this day most from want of proper food, though he got over the march tolerably well ; and at the end of the day's notes he says :—

“Health somewhat better to-day, thank God. But I have no food that I can eat. Oh for a mutton chop and a mealy potatoe !”

On February 4th there is nothing of importance in reference to himself, till the close of his notes, when he says : “My health is yet very indifferent. This is a great nuisance.

“Friday, Feb. 5th.—All this day spent at Bura, in great discomfort.” About midway in the entry is this remark : “My health is anything but improving ; the discomfort and want of proper food prevent this.

“Saturday, Feb. 6th.—Left Bura this morning, extremely unwell in health. In the morning I got thoroughly wet with the dew from the grass and bushes ; and when I had got about dry again a shower of rain fell, sufficient to soak me again. This, in my state of health, was not desirable. During the latter part of the march I suffered a great deal—being scarcely able to maintain my seat. Did not pitch tent : it was too late ; and took no supper.

“ Sunday, Feb. 7th.—Spent a most miserable night ; very ill indeed with fever and diarrhœa ; got but little sleep, and every doze was filled with frightful dreams : one of the worst parts of experience in Africa. Took my last dram of ‘ Warburg ’ (Warburg’s tincture) in the night. A little rain fell ; sheltered myself with ground-sheet. Got the party astir early morning ; set out before the sun was up, with light sufficient to make out the path by. Cloudy morning ; continued so through the whole of first stage ; a drizzling rain fell, making travelling unpleasant. Of course got very wet again below. Started without food. Took a dose of chlorodyne. Was very ill. Got over the stage, however, much better than I expected. The next stage, stopped to eat, and make as good a meal as we could. I ate a very small piece of fowl and a biscuit ; being unable to eat more. Ran a near chance of getting my neck broken ; scarcely able to sit upon the donkey : when she fell in a hole in the path I lost my balance, and the donkey, struggling out of the difficulty, threw me over suddenly, and with considerable force, on to my head, wrenching my neck severely. My helmet saved me.” The last note in the day’s journal is this : “ I am very ill with dysentery and fever ; not fit to travel, but must try. Lord, help me ! ”

And now comes the last entry in his journal. Up till now he had struggled to record the incidents of each day, though suffering from extreme weakness and pain ; but now the pen seems to have fallen from his hand, save when he seized it again in his death-struggle, and wrote the three short notes on the 13th of February. The following is the entry :—

“ Monday, Feb. 8th.—At Kisigau all day. Men wish to leave, on account of yesterday’s news ; but I felt unable to travel, so ordered a day’s rest. It has been a sorry day for me ; my complaint gets worse. Chlorodyne seems to do

me no good whatsoever, and I am out of 'Warburg.' Must travel to-morrow; but do not know how I shall get on. But move I must. The men are out of food; and food cannot be obtained here. The people are suffering from scarcity of food. A good crop of 'mawimbi' is ripening in the fields, 'mabiti' (green), not fit for present use. We shall have to march through the wilderness without food. There is said to be a new short cut to Duruma—one day and a half. If this be so, the Waduruma must have made large encroachments upon the wilderness of late. Do not know what the night may bring forth. I hope some abatement of my complaint."

The news to which Mr. New refers in his journal was a report which the men had heard of the burning of Mombasa; and, as Mr. New's porters were chiefly from that place, they were naturally anxious to get to the coast to see if their own dwellings were destroyed. But Mr. New's extreme illness compelled him to proclaim a day's halt, for rest.

Who can imagine the interval between the Monday and the following Saturday? Without medicine; without food; with a body wasted and shattered by disease and fatigue; not a white man near him; and longing for rest and help. Let darkness cover those few days!

We are now indebted to the gleanings Mr. Wakefield was able to pick up from the men that accompanied Mr. New.

"I gather from the porters that on this day Mr. New rode on the donkey from Kisigau till a little after midday; when he got off, finding himself unable to ride any farther, as he was suffering much pain, which was increased by the uneasy gait of the donkey. Some of the men then carried him on his light portable couch; but at the end of five or six hundred yards it broke down, and at this place they remained and camped. The following day a rude stretcher, consisting of two long poles with cross-pieces lashed to it, was made by

the men ; and his hair mattress being laid on it, he was thus carried for the rest of the journey ; but I fancy not very comfortably, especially for one suffering from such a complaint,—for, in his letter to Mr. Price, he asks for a ‘palanquin,’ and ‘*men who know how to carry.*’ ”

Some time on the Saturday he arrived at a place on the borders of the Duruma and Rabai countries, only a few hours’ distance from the Station of the Church Missionary Society. Here he had strength to make one last effort for life ; but how he held the pen it is impossible to say. However, he wrote three short notes—one to Mr. Wakefield, and one each to Mr. Price and Mr. Sparshott, of the Rabai Mission ; no doubt hoping that if one failed the others might prove successful. The notes to Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Sparshott were exactly alike. Thus he wrote to Mr. Wakefield ; the only mistake being in the date, which is the 14th instead of the 13th of February :—

“*Saturday, Feb. 14th.*

“MY DEAR WAKEFIELD,—

“I am at a place called Lubueni, nearer to Rabai than Ribe or Mombasa ; so shall go to Mr. Price, if I can reach him. I am nearly dead. If you are able, come over and see me on Monday, if I am living.

“CHARLES NEW.”

The following is the one he addressed to Mr. Price :—

“*Saturday, Feb. 14th.*

“DEAR MR. PRICE,—

“I am at a place on the borders of the Duruma and Rabai countries, returning from Chaga. I am in a very weak state, and want to come to you as the nearest fellow-Christian. I doubt if I could go farther in safety. I know you will not turn me away if I get to you. Fever, diarrhœa,

dysentery, excessive vomiting, etc., and the extreme hardships of the way, have finished me. A bottle of port to meet me on the way, or a palanquin, would greatly help me,—and men who know how to carry. Shall get to you at twelve midnight.

“CHARLES NEW.”

Having written the letters, he sent them with William Chai, one of the native Christians who had accompanied him on the journey ; and said, as he parted with him :—

“Go quickly, and perhaps somebody will be here very early to-morrow morning. If they are not at Ribe or Rabai, go quickly to Mombasa with the notes, that Mr. Wakefield or Mr. Sparshott may get food and medicine for me.” And then, as the young man left, he said : “Good-bye, Chai ; and if we don’t see each other in this world we shall meet above.”

While writing the letters he was supported by two of the men in a partially upright position in bed ; but frequently stopped, after writing a line, and threw himself slightly backward to rest and breathe—saying sometimes, as he did so, “Oh ! Ulédi, my breath is very short ;” and when the effort was over he was laid down again much exhausted. The same evening he gave his watch to Shakala, and his note-books, some to Ulédi, and others to Sclimani, saying, “Take great care of these books, and be sure and give them to Mr. Wakefield.”

Mr. Wakefield continues :—

“He ate and drank very freely the day before he died—almost ravenously ; repeatedly asking for biscuits, tea, coffee, gruel, etc. But almost immediately afterwards he vomited it all up again. I believe he vomited a good deal during his illness. He refers to this fact in his letter to Mr. Price. On this last day he consulted his little medicine-book continually, so the men informed me.

“Mr. New looked at his watch early on Sunday morning, and said to Ulédi, ‘It is five o’clock now.’ Ulédi said he looked at the appearance of the morning, and it seemed to be about that time. Soon afterwards his breath began suddenly to fail him; for he said to Ulédi, ‘Ulédi, my breath is short. I am afraid I shall not reach Rabai. Has Chai gone?’ ‘Oh yes; he has been gone since yesterday, when you sent him with the letters.’ He said again: ‘Ulédi, I think I shall not reach Rabai.’ ‘Oh yes, you will, Bwana, all being well.’ He rejoined, ‘My breath is short. I shall not get to see anybody.’

“Not long after he had said it was five o’clock, he suddenly snatched hold of Ulédi by the arm, and grasped it tight, and looked fixedly into his face, but said nothing. Ulédi said to him, ‘What is the matter, Bwana?’ ‘Oh, nothing.’ ‘Then why do you hold me like that?’ ‘Oh, I don’t know; but I think I shall not see Bwana Wakefield.’ ‘Oh yes, very likely you will; God will grant it, perhaps.’ ‘No, I don’t think I shall. My breath is short: but give all these things (all the goods) to Mr. Wakefield.’ His breath then grew shorter still, and he said to Ulédi, ‘Give me the medicine. Where is the medicine?’ referring to a phial of medicine he had used up. Ulédi said, ‘Bwana, the medicine is finished.’ He answered quickly, ‘Give me that white thing,’—meaning a silver flask, which had had brandy in, but was then empty. ‘There is nothing in it, Bwana. See,’—and he unscrewed the top and turned the flask upside down. But he said impatiently, ‘Give it to me;’ and he took it hastily from his hand, put it to his lips, but in disappointment said, ‘Pooh! it’s empty!’ and gave it back to the man. No doubt he was feeling his strength sensibly going, and was wishful for a stimulant.

“On asking Shakala, one of the Christian boys—a Galla

—if Mr. New said anything particularly before he died, he said, ‘Yes. He said, “Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!” three times, just before he died.’ I told him it was very likely, and very natural, that Mr. New should say that; and translated the meaning of the words for him. He replied, ‘I did not know what the words meant, as they were English; but that is what he said.’ Soon after this he quietly yielded up the spirit and was gone.”

The rest of the sad tale is soon told. The brethren Sparshott and Price were at Mombasa when the notes arrived; but the missionaries at the Station, on learning the state of things, sent provisions and a palanquin instantly, but he was dead before they reached him. The note to Mr. Wakefield was brought to Ribe by William Chai on Sunday morning the 14th of February, about ten o’clock. Mr. Wakefield was not aware of Mr. New’s return from Chaga, and was greatly shocked at the intelligence the note conveyed; and began promptly to make preparations to see and relieve Mr. New. While preparing the necessary things for this purpose, a young man belonging to the Rabai Mission entered the house at Ribe, with a note which said,—

“RABAI, *Sunday, Feb. 14th.*

“DEAR MR. WAKEFIELD,—

“I am grieved to say poor Mr. New has just been brought here dead. We are having the coffin made here. Please let us know at once if you wish him buried at Ribe or here. In great haste,

“Believe me

“Yours truly,

“D. S. REMINGTON.”

This sad note Mr. Wakefield read to the people in the chapel, whom he had called together instantly for this pur-

pose ; and many of the congregation wept aloud. A grave was at once marked out for his remains ; and Mr. Wakefield, accompanied by several of the native Christians, proceeded to Rabai to bring the body. Arrived there, they found that a coffin had been made, the grave dug, and all preparations for interment completed—as decomposition was setting in rapidly. It was, however, decided that his last resting-place should be Ribe, where he had lived and laboured for so many years. Accordingly, accompanied by Mr. Last, one of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, the mournful procession was formed ; and for nine miles through the wilderness they carried that large white coffin, containing the precious dust, and arrived at Ribe soon after dark. Waiting but to take a little refreshment, at nine o'clock, by lamplight and moonlight, the solemn ceremony was performed ; and, amidst the tears of all, the dust of Charles New was committed to the earth in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life.

The intelligence of his death produced a deep and sad impression on the community of which he was an honoured member and missionary. Nor was it confined within the limits of the denomination ; for, in a peculiar sense, Mr. New belonged to the Church and the world. Letters of sympathy with his parents and the Society were received from members of almost every section of the Christian Church, speaking in terms of high commendation of his personal character and public labours, and expressing deep regret at his early and premature death. It would be impossible to give a tithe of these letters ; but two or three from persons and societies outside the Church may be given, to show how wide-reaching was the influence he had begun to exert.

Sir T. Fowell Buxton writes :—

“ I can assure you of the great pain with which I heard

of the loss of Mr. New. I have long felt persuaded of his powers, both as a missionary and as a traveller, and believe that he was more fitted than any recent traveller to follow up the work of Dr. Livingstone. The earnestness with which he undertook his work, and his power of attaching the natives to him, alike ensured his success in the career that lay before him. I beg that you will convey to his friends my sincere sense of sympathy with them in their severe bereavement."

From Sir Bartle Frere the following note was received :—

"Sir Bartle Frere begs I will express to you his deep regret at learning the report of Mr. New's death ; as he feels that not only your Society, but the Christian Church at large, have lost a very zealous worker, and one who heartily co-operated in every good work in his power. Mr. New's death must be felt by all as a great blow, as he was so much looked to to establish a successful Mission station in that part of Africa, and there was such bright promise in what he had already done."

The Church Missionary Society wrote through the Secretary :—

"We desire to express the truest sympathy with you in the loss your Mission has sustained by Mr. New's removal ; which we feel to be a loss, not to your Mission only, but to all who have at heart the evangelization of the tribes of East Africa."

The Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society wrote as follows :—

"I am directed by the President and Council of this Society to express their deep regret at the confirmation, supplied by your letter, of the intelligence they had previously received of the death of the Rev. Charles New whilst on his return from Chaga to Ribe. In him they have lost an intelligent traveller, whose previous work had given great

promise of future contributions to our knowledge of the geography of inner Eastern Africa, and had led to his enrolment as one of the 'Honorary Corresponding Members' of the Society. In his efforts to extend knowledge the Council are fully aware that he never lost sight of his more immediate duties as a Christian missionary; and they direct me to add the expression of their sympathy with your Body in the great loss it has sustained by the death of so courageous and devoted a servant."

Dr. Christie, who had had much intercourse with Mr. New at Ribe and Zanzibar, and who knew him well, says :—

"Mr. New was a true missionary of the best type. I contemplate his death with profound sorrow. No one who knew him can come to any other conclusion than that such a life as his cannot have been spent in vain. I have lost a valued friend, a pleasant and profitable correspondent; and your Mission has lost one whom it will not be easy to replace."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARACTER AND OPINIONS.

IN closing the scenes of Mr. New's life, we linger, for a short time, on a few traits of character and opinion that may not have found so distinct a place in the preceding sketch, and yet may be worthy a moment's attention. A man's character, morally considered, is himself, and is best seen in the routine of daily life. Still, there may be points that we fail to catch in the rapid movements of an active and busy career, and that may perchance deepen or correct an impression, and so present the man with greater distinctness and fulness.

• It would have been impossible to have had much close intercourse with Mr. New without feeling the influence of his loving, gentle nature. He had all the softness and tenderness of woman, with all the gentleness and guilelessness of a child. Nor did this ever degenerate into weakness or effeminacy. It was the natural outflow of his nature, and existed in harmony with the sterner and more masculine elements of his character. He was exceedingly susceptible to the sufferings and sorrows of others; and while among the people at Ribe, would dress their sores and ulcers, and wait on them in their sickness with all the care and thought of a mother. In a letter to his sister he gives an account of the death of one of his boys, and mourns over his decease with deep and unaffected sorrow.

“ It has been a day of mourning. I had prepared for a day of great feasting, but God has turned my intentions

upside down. Our Christians came in the early morning to spend the day with me. One of the boys, however, who has been sick for some time—indeed, from his very birth, but certainly more or less ever since he has been with me—took such a change for the worse yesterday as greatly to alarm me. He wore through the night; but soon after breakfast this morning I was called to his bedside to pay what proved to be my last offices for him. I found the hand of death upon him; and in half an hour he was a corpse. Poor dear boy! I had nursed and attended him so long that I had grown unusually fond of him. In spite of his sickness he had learned to read and write; and was so fond of his book that he came to school when he could scarcely walk across the room, or even sit upon the form. Several times I have been obliged to send him away to bed. Now he is no more in this world! God has taken him! It is well: but my heart bleeds! I know you would weep with me if you were here.”

Mr. Yates says:—

“During the greater part of the time we were together, I was down with fever; and I can never call to mind his unceasing care, tender love, and thorough unselfishness, without tears of gratitude; for, during many anxious days, weeks, and months, he nursed me, and cared for me as a mother caring for her child. He was one of the most unselfish men I ever met—ever ready to sacrifice his own ease or comfort for that of his colleagues.”

His home affections were exceedingly strong, and he was thoroughly domesticated in all his habits and feelings; while the people and children dwelling with him at Ribe were regarded as his family, and he went in and out among them as a father with the members of his household.

Mr. New's temperament was highly nervous; and at times

he exhibited a sensitiveness that interfered somewhat with his own comfort, and occasionally exposed him to the quiet censure of others. To a close observer he also appeared a little reticent in his manner, especially in the presence of strangers,—which was likely to make an unpleasant impression for the moment, and expose him to the charge of pride. Yet few men ever lived more free from this spirit than he. He daily set a watch on his words, and jealously guarded his feelings and judgment. His private journals record the care with which he sought to avoid everything in manner and matter that should prove offensive to others; and his self-criminations, on the very appearance of the thing, were deep and bitter.

At a very early period of his missionary life he writes in his journal:—

“Brother Wakefield and myself will have to cultivate much forbearance toward each other. We shall need much grace to avoid those feelings that would mar our peace. Lord, help us to work together for Thee! May we be prepared to give up to each other for Thy sake.”

On a subsequent occasion, when he thought he had not been treated with that consideration to which he was entitled, he says:—

“But why do I feel a little touched on account of this little indignity? One thing, I think, is clear: I have a great deal of pride about me, and not enough of that charity that ‘endureth all things.’ I almost swell to explosion in a case like this. O Lord! I beseech Thee to cure me of all pride, and save me from allowing these little matters to disturb my peace. Surely if I have Thy favour it is enough; all—all I want, is here.”

Mr. New was a little impetuous; could ill brook delay; and sometimes chafed under the restraint of circumstances.

Yet all this was the result of an intense longing for active employment, and a desire to do something worthy of his calling. For a long period, during his early residence at Ribe, his journals contain bursts of passionate desire to break through the bars of his prison-house, that his life might not flit away without an opportunity of doing something to honour God and bless the world.

Mr. New was a hero, in the true and highest sense of the term. It would be impossible to read the preceding pages and come to any other conclusion. He dared to do, to suffer, and to die, for Africa. He feared nothing but sin and dishonour, and was ready, in the cause of Christ and humanity, to brave danger, privation, and death itself! In one part of his journals, speaking of the men who had distinguished themselves in African exploration, he says:—

“All honour to the brave men who have dared so much for science! Where are the men who will dare as much for Christ? I DARE! Only, O Lord my God and Saviour, let it be for Christ! Let me never think of merging the missionary into the traveller. Let me not be the discoverer of lands unknown, except as it may be necessary to the salvation of souls. Not ambition be my guide—but only Thy glory!”

Nor was he less generous than heroic. There was nothing mean or selfish in his character; but he was open, ingenuous, frank, and liberal to the extreme: the first to forgive a fault, and the last to resent it.

He was a hater of all shams and make-believes; and despised CANT as he despised sin. A lady having written to him, and signed herself “Yours in our sweet Lord Jesus,” he says, “I object to ‘sweet Lord Jesus,’ even from a woman. It sounds like what in this case it is not—CANT.”

Having received a note from a gentleman, in which he speaks, among other things, of his “darling wife,” he says:—

“ There are several things in this note which please me. There is simplicity, kindness, and piety. It would be ridiculous to criticise it as a composition. It smacks of that overstraining after exterior ‘religiousness,’ to which I have taken exception elsewhere. ‘My darling wife,’ to anybody but the wife herself, is not to my taste. A man and his wife may excusably be a little bit foolish with each other; but these things should never come before others—certainly not before those who are almost strangers. I take exception to all these endearing expressions before outsiders; the Christian name—John, Mary, or whatever it may be—is what I like to hear. There is a strength, a dignity, a refinement, an elegance, about this mode of address, that contrasts favourably with your sickly, vulgar, dotish, unmeaning ‘my dears,’ ‘loves,’ ‘darlings,’ ‘ducks,’ and all the rest of such nauseous rubbish. It is almost as unseemly as is hugging, kissing, stroking, chin-chucking, etc., in public. There is a time for everything under the sun: therefore, for those who admire them, a time for these things; and it is when man and wife are alone.”

Mr. New held his opinions with a firm and determined grasp. On most public questions he formed conclusions that he was able clearly to state, and always prepared to defend. Dr. Christie says: “While he entertained many minor opinions in which I did not coincide, he had none but what were on the side of all that is good. With strongly fixed opinions, which had been formed after mature consideration, he never flinched from any position which he had taken, whether it were on points of faith or morals.”

His journals contain short disquisitions on many subjects— theological, political, moral, philosophical, and metaphysical; and on most he not only shows a fair acquaintance with the question, but defends his positions with much ability and

force. He writes on "The foreknowledge and unchangeableness of God;" "Paul's thorn in the flesh;" "Witchcraft and priestcraft;" "Commerce, and its influence on civilization;" "Intellect of the nineteenth century;" "Capacity;" and many other subjects of a kindred character. His views on Muhammadanism and the slave trade he gives again and again. These things he hated with a perfect hatred; and he was well able to judge of their character and influence, from a long residence on the Coast.

Mr. New was also deeply interested in the questions at issue in the American war; and, though removed far away from the scene of conflict, and from the heat and excitement of opinion at home, he enters into the matter and pronounces his judgment with much ability and clearness. Writing under date of Jan. 20th, 1864, he says:—

"I am sorry the American conflict has not yet been settled. What an immense amount of life and property has been lost! Who can tell the amount of suffering that has been endured? What a sad drawback it will prove to the progress of that mighty people! Its effects are felt all over the world. When will this war be stayed? I regret the North has not been able to subdue the rebels. Struggling as they are for the establishment of a great slave-holding confederacy, my sympathies have all along been with the North. I believe that theirs is the cause of right, and I regret that the generality of my countrymen have so strongly sympathised with the South. I have felt to lose patience with the spirit of the papers: the *Times* being at the head of it all. A few only have, in my view, looked at the matter in a calm and rational way. I regret this the more, because of the influence it has exerted upon the belligerent parties—encouraging the one and dispiriting the other. It does appear to my mind as though, in some strange way, all

the supporters of our journals had taken leave of their senses when writing upon this topic. It has been a crooked, though plausible logic, which they have used to keep themselves at all in countenance.

“However, I am glad to learn that the people are coming round to their wits again, after being hoodwinked so long. Such meetings as those held at Exeter Hall, at Bradford, at Manchester, etc., must produce some effect, although these efforts seem to be sneered at as uninfluential and insignificant. If I mistake not, we hear the voice of the people in these meetings; and the people seem determined to be heard. The papers do not always speak the sentiments of the people; and it would seem they have not in this case,—so the people are now determined to speak for themselves. The voice of the people must be heard; and I feel confident good will result from these great anti-slavery meetings. ‘Emancipation and Union’ is the idea. May God succeed the cause! My hope is in God. He will maintain the right, and plead the cause of the slave; while He chastises both the North and the South for the part each of them has taken in this, to use Lord Brougham’s words, ‘infernal traffic.’”

In another entry, dated July 1st, 1865, we find the following:—

“I am delighted to hear of the great success of the Federal cause in America. The Confederacy have stood out boldly, fought bravely, and even now show a wonderfully obstinate front; but I believe that justice and right, truth and liberty, must prevail; therefore the cause of the South must fall. No amount of courage, skill, tact, or stratagem, can outdo God; and that God will stand by the Federal Government of the United States I fully believe. I cannot for one moment doubt it. The Federal Government may not have been without its faults—faults gross and glaring; for which,

with the Confederacy, God is now punishing it ; but that they have been right in all the great principles involved in this war I have never doubted. The two great principles have been 'Emancipation' and 'Union.' I believe the North has been right in supporting these principles, and the South decidedly and outrageously wrong. The people of the South were not willing to trust the former question in the hands of time and progress ; so they determined to perjure themselves to the latter, in order to put a bar upon time, shut the flood-gates of progress, manacle and imprison liberty, blind and smother up truth, crush out the manhood from four millions of their brethren because their skins are black, and establish a monstrous 'slaveocracy.' God can never smile upon such a cause, though it be garnished with the name of our 'Sacred Institution,' the Scriptures quoted in its support, and God invoked for a blessing upon it. God and the right for evermore ! Then the 'Sacred Institution' must come down, great as may be the fall of it."

In a subsequent note of the same month he writes :—

"The sad news of the assassination of President Lincoln, conveyed to us as yet only by private letters, pierces me with sorrow. He was great, glorious, and good. This bloody deed marks the extreme badness of the Confederate cause, and, I believe, its utter ruin. God will defend the right. The magnificent President and glorious champion of emancipation and constitutional right is dead ; but so is not the cause, for so is not Almighty God. The President lived to see the enemies of liberty, right, and truth, in confusion and tottering to their fall ; lived to immortalize his own name, and to support the honour of the United States : now he is gone. Others, however, will be raised up to perfect that which he so triumphantly prosecuted up to the present crisis ; to strengthen the pillars, and restore the mightiest

republican fabric of all time to more than its former state-
liness and grandeur. God and the right for ever and ever!"

His views on questions of ecclesiastical polity were as advanced as those he held on political liberty. Indeed, they run side by side; as the following extract from one of his letters will show. The language is somewhat highly charged; and in reading it we must not forget it was written in all the freedom of private correspondence with one of his most intimate friends, and must therefore be judged in the light of this fact:—

"I am glad to see you such an advanced man in politics. I love England; but she must make many great reforms before she will fully please me. Universal suffrage and vote by ballot are dictated by common sense. America, with all her faults, is vastly ahead of us. Our own Colonies, even, are in advance of us; though I fear for them unless we can reform ourselves at home. America is the freest civil, and the United Methodist Free Churches the freest ecclesiastical, government in the world; and I wish to see all nations and churches march up to the standard of these two advanced and model institutions. Always put in your vote on the side of liberty, and of civil and religious equality. I must not say all I think upon these subjects; I fear you would think me a revolutionist, than which what is more dreadful? But the truth is, I am a revolutionist. I am for turning all that is wrong upside down; nay, I am for pitching it to the only place where it has the least shadow of a right to exist, and I am for the establishment of all that is right in its place."

For the polity of the United Methodist Free Churches he had a high and loving appreciation. He says:—

"Our community is not perfect; but I believe we come nearer to perfection than any Christian organization under

the sun. The ecclesiastical polity of the United Methodist Free Churches, taking their rise as they have done in cramped, stiff, starched Old England, is the wonder of the age. In America such churches would not so much surprise me; they were analogous to the constitution of that great country; but to have taken their rise under the very nose of Conservatism, I must confess, does astonish me. But it is the work of God; and all His doings are like Himself, who is 'wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.' "

On the question of the Church as by law established, he says:—

"As to disestablishment you know my thoughts. Against the Church, established upon 'the foundations of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone,' we all know that 'the gates of hell shall never prevail.' But state-established hierarchies, richly endowed, gorgeously bedecked,—churches, though propped up by bigotry the most unyielding, and defended by a sword, however trenchant,—we have seen may easily be made to lick the dust; and hence we come to the conclusion that these establishments cannot, as such, be the Church of Christ. These are removed; but Christ's kingdom cannot be removed. This much, at least, seems very clear."

It would have been easy to multiply extracts from letters and journals of a most interesting kind; but let these suffice to show the standard of the man and the breadth of his character and thinking.

Mr. New was no poet in the true sense of that term. Indeed, he laid no claim to the possession of the poetic fire; and though sometimes he indulged his fancy in writing verse, and essayed to sing his thoughts in rhyme, yet he was the last to write himself down a poet. We insert the following lines, not because they exhibit very high intrinsic merit as a

poem, but to show the versatility of his talent, and as a memento of his ascent of Kilima Njaro. He calls them "Lines suggested to me when on the heights of the Equatorial Snow Mountain, Kilima Njaro."

Eternal Majesty, receive
My heart's deep homage. Here alone,
While the vain world below I leave,
I ardently besiege Thy throne.

From these grand heights I fain would rise
To loftier regions heavenward;
My lab'ring soul would cleave the skies
To find my Saviour and my Lord.

O Infinite Sublimity!
Where erst no human foot hath trod,
Oh, *here* unveil Thy Deity,
And let me feel that *here* is God.

'Tis not in temples made by hands
Thou hast alone Thy dwelling-place;
Where'er a faithful suppliant stands,
Thou show'st the glory of Thy face.

Deep graven is Thy glorious name
On this stupendous house of Thine,
For all its wondrous parts proclaim
An architect and skill Divine.

Its splendours I behold amazed,
Immense, all-hallowed, undefiled!
Lo! heaven's ethereal dome upraised,
On mountains upon mountains piled.

All earth and heaven their wealth afford
To form, by boundless skill devised,
A palace worthy of its Lord—
The universe epitomised.

Unwasting burn its lamps. At noon
The quenchless sun flames down its light,
And theirs, the silver-streaming moon
And countless hosts of stars by night.

There at Thine altar ever stand,
Like gods, Thine own appointed priests,
Who ceaseless celebrate in grand
And silent harmonies Thy feasts.

Celestial dignity and grace
They all in like proportion bear ;
Yet separate beauties mark each face,
And different charms the robes they wear.

Lo ! where illustrious *Spring* appears,
Now bathed in light, now laved by showers :
Rich robes of emerald green he wears,
All garlanded with budding flowers.

To beauteous *Summer* turning now,
Behold how radiant with delight !
A blooming wreath upon his brow,
And clothed in splendid robes of light.

Next see fair *Autumn* smiling there,
In charms and wealth alike untold ;
His crown, his clustering gems, his hair,
And his resplendent robes of gold.

The last is *Winter's* stately form,
August, though now in deep repose ;
Aside his cloak of clouds and storm
He shines arrayed in spotless snows.

Thus Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
Great God, before Thine altar meet,
In matchless strains Thy praises sing,
And pour their offerings at Thy feet.

Nor art *Thou* absent, Lord Divine—
Thy glorious presence fills the place ;
To faith's clear eye transplendent shine
Thy power, Thy wisdom, love and grace.

Through crystal roof, Thy glory's rays
In floods of dazzling brightness pour,
While clouds, like dust, thy footsteps raise,
Roll o'er the wide extended floor.

In this Thy temple, Mighty King,
The work of Thine Omnipotence,
Oh ! hear an humble mortal sing
Thy faithfulness and providence.

Oh ! bless me in this act of praise,
And all my energies support,
That while I tremble as I gaze,
I give *Thee* honour as I ought.

Oh ! I were desolate indeed,
To feel I had herein no part ;
My gracious Lord ! Thou know'st my need :
Fill with *Thyself* my longing heart.

Thou dost ! Thou dost ! Oh, praise Thy name ! —
Thou dost to my rapt soul appear ;
Be hush'd, then, feeble song, in shame,—
Lo, God is here ! Lo, God is here !

We have done ; and as we close this brief record of Mr. New's life, a sad and sorrowful feeling steals over us. We had a high admiration of the man before we began our task ; but as we have progressed from page to page, the feeling has grown in depth and intensity. We have communed with our subject until we have learned to love it ; and we seem to part from it with regret. To those who have cared to follow us in the preceding pages it is unnecessary that we linger. As *we* look at God's ways, his death was much too early. With a mind well balanced, and of more than average power, and with a capacity fitting him for an advanced position among his contemporaries, he only waited the opportunities of life to enrol his name among those whom "the world will not willingly let die."

In the personal and social elements of his character he was a man whom to know was to love. Freed from all that was narrow, mean, and selfish, he lived not for himself. His life was full of brightness and beauty, because it was full of goodness and love. To honour God and serve his generation was the ruling aim and principle of his life ; and though he has passed away from us at the early age of thirty-five, his "memory" is "blessed," and his "works do follow him." "He died in faith."

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

THE END.

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